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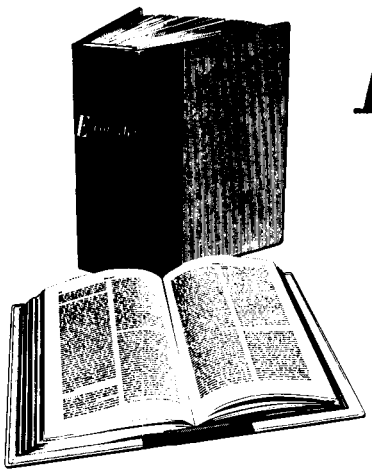

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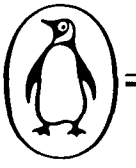

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Iain Crichton Smith

The Maze

IT WAS EARLY MORNING when he entered the maze and there were still tiny globes of dew on the grass, across which he walked, leaving ghostly footprints. The old man at the gate who was reading a newspaper raised his head briefly, and then gave him his ticket. He was quite easy and confident when he entered: the white handkerchief at his breast flickered like a tiny flag. It was going to be an adventure, fresh and uncomplicated really. Though he had heard from somewhere that the maze was a difficult one he hadn't really believed it: it might be hard for others but not for him. After all, wasn't he quite good at puzzles? It would be like any puzzle, soluble, open to the logical mind.

The maze was in a big green park in which there was also a café, which hadn't as yet opened, and on the edge of it there was a cemetery with big steel gates and beyond the cemetery a river in which he had seen a man in black waterproofs fishing. The river was as yet grey with only a little sparkle of sun here and there.

At first as he walked along the path he was relaxed and, as it were, lounging; he hadn't brought the power of his mind to bear on the maze. He was quite happy to be alone, and confident too of the outcome. He saw below him, on the stone, evidences of former passage, for there were empty cigarette packets, spent matches, empty cartons of orangeade, bits of paper. It almost irritated him to see them there, as if he wished the maze to be clean and pure like a mathematical problem. It was a cool fresh morning and his shirt shone, beneath his jacket, white and sparkling. He felt nice and new as if he had just been unpacked from a box.

When he arrived at the first dead end he wasn't at all disturbed. There was plenty of time, he had the whole morning ahead of him. So it was with an easy mind that he made his way back to try another path. This was only a temporary setback to be dismissed from his mind. Obviously those who had designed the maze wouldn't make it too easy, if it had in fact been a group of people. Of course it might only have been one person. He let his mind play gently around the origin of the maze. Of course it was more likely to have been designed by a single person, someone who in the evening of his days had toyed idly with enigmas and puzzles; an engineer perhaps or a setter of crosswords. Nothing about the designer could be deduced from the maze: it was a purely objective puzzle without pathos.

The second path too was a dead end. And this time he became slightly annoyed for from somewhere inside the maze he heard laughter. When had the people who were laughing come in? He hadn't noticed them. And, again, their laughter was a sign of confidence: one wouldn't laugh unless one were sure of oneself. The clear happy laughter belonged to the successful solvers. For some reason he didn't like them, he imagined them as haughty and careless, negligent, graceful people who had the secret of the maze imprinted on their bones.

He walked on. As he did so he met two of the inhabitants of the maze for the first time. It was a father and son or at least he assumed that that was what they were. They looked weary and the son was walking a little apart from his father as if he were angry. Before he actually caught sight of them he thought he heard the son say, "But you said it wouldn't take long." The father looked guilty and hangdog as if he had failed his son in some deep way. He himself winked at the father and the son in the passing, as if implying, "We are

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all involved in the puzzle", but at the same time he didn't feel as if he belonged to the same world as them. For one thing he was unmarried: for another the father looked unpleasantly flustered and the son discontented. Inside the aura of his own coolness he felt superior to them. There was something inescapably dingy about them, especially about the father. On the other hand they would probably never meet again and one might as well salute them as if they were "ships of the night." It seemed to him that the father was grey and tired like a little weary mouse, redolent of failure.

He continued on his way. This too was a dead end. There was nothing to do but retrace his steps. He took his handkerchief out of his pocket for he was beginning to sweat. He hadn't noticed that the sun was so high in the sky, that he had taken so long already. He wiped his face and put his handkerchief back in his pocket. There was more litter here, a fragment of a doll, a torn pair of stockings. What went on in this maze? Did people use it for sexual purposes? The idea disgusted him, and yet at the same time it argued a casual mastery which bothered him. That people should come into a maze of all places and carry out their filthy practices. For the first time he began to feel really angry with the maze, as if it had a life of its own, as if it would allow sordid things to happen. Calm down, he told himself, this is ridiculous, it is not worth this harassment.

HE FOUND HIMSELF standing at the edge of the maze and over the hedge he could see the cemetery which bordered the park on one side. The sun was flashing from its stones, and in places he could see Bibles of open marble. In others the tombstones were old and covered with lichen. Beyond the cemetery he could see the fisherman still angling in his black shiny waterproofs. The rod flashed back from his shoulder like a snake but the cord was subsumed in bright sunshine. It was possible however that this was not the same fisherman, for this one looked shorter than the other.

And then to his chagrin he saw that there was a group of young people outside the maze and quite near him. It was they then who had been the source of the laughter. One of them was saying that he had done the maze five times and it was a piece of cake. The others agreed with him. They looked very ordinary young people, not even students, just boys from the town, perhaps six or seven years younger than himself. He couldn't understand how they should find the maze so easy when he himself didn't and he had a better mind, he was sure, than any of them. He felt not exactly envy of them in their achieved freedom but rather anger with himself for being so unaccountably stupid. It sounded to him as if they could enter and leave the maze at will without thinking about it. They were eating chips from newspapers and he saw that the café had opened.

But the café didn't usually open till twelve o'clock and he had entered the maze at half past nine. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was indeed twelve o'clock. And then he noticed something else, something peculiar, the veins on his wrists seemed to stand out more, seemed to glare more than he had remembered them doing. He studied both wrists carefully. No, no question about it, his eyes had not deceived him. So in fact the maze was getting to him, he was more worried than he had thought.

He turned back down the path. This time something new had happened. He was beginning to feel the pressure of the maze, that was the only way to describe it. It was almost as if the maze were exerting a force over him. He stopped again and considered. In the beginning when he had entered the maze in his white shirt, he had felt in control both of himself and of it. It would be he who would decide what direction he would take, it would be he who would remain detached from the maze as much as one would feel detached while solving a crossword puzzle in the evening in front of the fire. But there had been a profound change which he only now recognised. The maze was in fact compelling him to choose, pushing him, making demands on him. It wasn't simply an arrangement of path and hedges. It was as if it had a will of its own.

Now he began to walk more quickly as if feeling that he didn't have much time left. In fact he had an appointment with Diana at three o'clock and he mustn't break it. It would be ridiculous if he arrived late and confessed, "I couldn't come here before because I was powerless to do so. I was a prisoner." She

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would certainly think such an explanation odd, not to say bizarre. And in any case if he arrived late she wouldn't be there. Not that deep down he was worried, except that his non-appearance would be bad manners. If he was going to give her a pretext for leaving him it must be a more reasonable pretext than that.

He noticed now that his legs were becoming tired and heavy. He supposed that this was quite logical as the stone would be absorbing some of the energy that he was losing. But what bothered him more than anything was the feeling that he now had that it would be a long time before he got out of the maze, that he was going round in circles. Indeed he seemed to recognise some of the empty cigarette packets that he was passing. They were mostly Players and he was sure that he had seen them before. In fact he marked some with a pen to make sure on a later circuit that they were the same ones. This was the sort of thing that he had read of in books, people going round and round in circles in deserts. And yet he thought that he was taking a different path each time. He wiped his face again and thought that he was losing control of himself. He must be, if he was going round in fruitless circles. Maybe if he had a thread or something like that he would be able to strike out on fresh paths. But he didn't have a thread and some remnant of pride determined that he would not use it even if he had, rather like his resolve only to use the dictionary as a last resort when he was doing a crossword puzzle. He must keep calm. After all, the cemetery and café were quite visible. It wasn't as if he was in a prison and couldn't shout for help if he wanted to, if the worst came to the worst. It wasn't as if he was stranded on a desert island. And yet he knew that he wouldn't shout for help. He would rather die in the maze.

HE DIDN'T SEE the father and son again but he saw other people. Once he passed a big heavy man with large black-rimmed spectacles who had a brief-case in his hand, which he thought rather odd. The man who seemed to be in a hurry seemed to know exactly where he was going. When they passed each other the man didn't even give him a look or a smile. Perhaps he appeared contemptible to him. It was exactly as if the man was going to his office, and the path of the maze was an ordinary high road.

Then again he saw a ghostly-looking man passing and he turned and gazed after him. The man was quite tall, not at all squat like the previous one. He seemed scholarly and abstracted and grave, as if he were staring inside himself and not outside as the previous man had done. He seemed to drift along in an atmosphere of his own and he himself knew as if by instinct that the first would have no difficulty in solving the riddle of the maze but that the second would. He didn't know how he knew this but he was convinced just the same. The maze, he now realised, was infested with people, young people, old people, middle-aged people, men, women and children. Confident people, ghostly people. It was like a warren and he felt his bones shiver as the thought came to him. How easy it had been to think at the beginning that there was only himself and now there were so many people, people who looked straight ahead of them and others who gazed down at the ground.

One in particular with the same air as the spectacled man he had an almost irresistible urge to follow. The man was grey-haired and soldierly. He, like the first man, didn't even nod to him as he passed, and he knew that this was one of the ones who would succeed, and that he should follow him. But at the same time it occurred to him that this would be a failure of pride, that he didn't want to be like a dog following its master as if on an invisible string. The analogy disgusted him. He must not lose control of his will, he must not surrender it to someone else. That would be nauseating and revolting.

He noticed that he was no longer sweating and this bothered him too. He should be sweating, he should be more frightened. Then to his amazement he saw that the sun had sunk quite far in the west. He came to a dead halt almost with shock. Why was the time passing so quickly? It must be six o'clock at least and when he glanced at his watch he saw that it was actually half past. And therefore he had missed Diana. What a ludicrous thing. This maze, inert yet malevolent, was preventing him from doing what he ought to have done and forcing him to do other things instead. Probably he would never see Diana again. And then the thought came to him, threatening in its bareness, what if he had

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chosen to walk into the maze in order to avoid her? No, that was idiotic. No such idea had come into his head. Not for one moment.

He looked down at his shoes and saw that they were white with dust. His trousers too were stained. He felt sweaty and smelly and dirty. And what was even more odd when he happened to glance at the backs of his hands he saw that the hair on them was grey. That surely couldn't be. But it was true. The backs of both his hands had grey hair on them. Again he stood stock-still trying to take account of what had happened. But then he found that he couldn't stop still. It was as if the maze had accelerated. It was as if it would no longer permit him to think objectively, and apart from himself. Whenever a thought came into his head it was immediately followed by another thought and devoured by it. He had the most extraordinary vision which hit him with stunning force. It was as if the pathways in his brain duplicated the pathways of the maze. It was as if he was walking through his own brain. He couldn't get out of the maze any more than he could get out of his own head. He couldn't quite focus on what he sensed but he knew that what he had thought or what had come to him was a truth. Even as he looked he could see over the hedge young people outside the café. They looked amazingly young, much younger than he had expected. They were not the same ones as the laughers, they were different altogether, they were young children. Even their clothes were different. Some of them were sitting eating ice cream at a table which stood outside the café, and which had an awning over it. He couldn't remember that awning at all, nor even the table. The fisherman had disappeared from the stream. The cemetery seemed to have spawned more tombstones.

His mind felt slow and dull and he didn't know where to go next. It came to him that he should sit down where he was and make no more effort. It was so ludicrous that he should be in this condition, that he should be so stupid as not to get out of a maze which others had negotiated easily. So he couldn't be as intelligent as he had thought he was. But it was surely the maze that was to blame and not himself. It had quite simply set unfair problems and those who had solved them had done so by instinct like animals. He remembered someone who had been cool and young and who had worn a white handkerchief like a flag in his pocket. But the memory was vaguer than he had expected and when he found the handkerchief it was only a small crumpled sweaty ball in his trouser pocket. He turned and looked at the flag which marked the centre of the maze. It seemed proud and completely unattainable.

He felt so sorry for himself that he began to cry a little and couldn't stop. Water drooled from his eyes and his mouth and he wiped it with a dirty handkerchief. There didn't seem to be so many people in the maze now. It was a stony emptiness. If there was some inmate whom he could recognise as successful he would follow him, yes, he would follow him like a dog. He would have no arrogance now. His brow puckered. There was someone he remembered as existing outside the maze, someone important, someone gracious, elegant, perfumed. She was . . . but he couldn't remember who she was. And in any case had she been outside the maze? Had she not rather been inside it, perhaps as lost as he was himself?

SLOWLY AND STUBBORNLY he plodded on, no longer imagining that he would leave the maze, walking for the sake of walking. The twilight was now falling and the café had shut. He could hear no sounds around him, no infestation of the maze, and yet strangely enough he sensed that there were beings there. If he could no longer escape from the maze he might at least reach the centre and see what was there. Perhaps some compensating emblem, some sign, some prize even. Perhaps even the designer of the maze sitting in a stony chair. He set his teeth, he must not give in. He must not believe that he had no power over the maze, that in fact all the power was the other way. That would be the worst of all. Not only for him but for everybody else.

And then quite ironically as if the seeing of it depended on his thoughts there was the centre, barer than he had expected, no emblem, no sign, no designer.

All that was there was a clock and a flag. The clock pointed to eleven. The sun was setting red and near in the sky. It was a big ball that he might almost clutch. The twilight was deepening steadily. For a moment there it was as if in the centre he had seen a tomb but that

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couldn't be true. That must have come from his brooding on the cemetery. On the other hand it might be a cradle. And yet it wasn't that either. There was nothing there. Nothing at all. Nothing at all but the space on which the paths converged.

He looked at the space for a long time as if willing something to fill it. And then very slowly from the other three paths he saw them coming. They seemed to be like someone he knew, like himself perhaps, they had a common resemblance which transcended the different clothes they wore. One was dressed in a grey suit, one in a black gown and one in jacket and flannels, and others again had other styles of dress. They all stood there quite passively and waited for him to join them. They were all old. One of them to his astonishment had a child in his hand. He walked forward and stood there with the innumerable others. Slowly the sun disappeared over the horizon and darkness fell and he felt the pressure of the maze relaxing and as if in a dream of happiness he saw that the roads were infinite, always fresh, always new, and that those who stood beside him were more than friends, they were bone of his own bone, flesh of his disappearing flesh.

Will

I catch my father's damp last breath
In my flared praying nostrils.
The steel hulls in the dock

Are ringing like great bells to their repairs,
Notes that shake the floor, beyond hearing.
He has gone to his nether world, the place appointed,

Or his breath has gone there, to the world of rushes,
The wind's furrowing roads, the ghostly thoroughfares.
Above the sheepfields and the dying-room

Supersonic flight rams the air
That has passed the lips of all,
This breath the latest,

As to the booming hulls the grey sea cleaves
Snorting with white nostrils the breath of all.
My father's damp breath brushes my cheek again,

The clouds are full of bosomy weeping mothers;
The damp breath from the stony beaches reaches past me,
The grass is furrowed through with it outside the window,

With gasp of death nourishing the living.

Peter Redgrove

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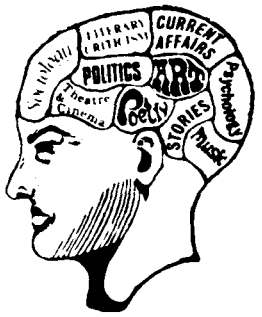
Inside the Mind of a Censor

An Interview with "K-62" on the Practice of Thought Control



The plumber, Jonas, 22 years in the factory, is a director of one of *Solidarity*'s industrial committees, and happens to be the father of another young *Solidarity* representative. The son began his career as an activist by reading Marx and Engels and attending all the Party's meetings and conferences. However, when he began to note that life around him was not exactly corresponding to their writings, he began to question them. His father implored him to cease and desist; after all, he had a wife and children. But to no avail.

"When one begins to ask questions", said the father of the son, understandably, "it is not easy to stop. . . ." POLITYKA (*Warsaw*), *5 September 1981*

THE MECHANISM OF CENSORSHIP *in Poland is well known since the publication (abroad and in* samizdat*) of the* "Black Book on Censorship", *a collection of documents smuggled to the West by a Polish censor who defected to Sweden. New information has now been published in Poland which throws additional light on the institution of censorship, giving us fresh insight into the psychology of those who actually operate it. At first, the Censor's Office refused to permit the publication of this interview with an ex-censor, but after the protest of the Editor and the printers of* Tygodnik Solidarnosc (Solidarity Weekly), *they were allowed to run it with only a few cuts, marked in the text by (. . .). The former censor—interviewed by Barbara Lopienska—did not disclose his name, present occupation or whereabouts and he preferred to use his old code number "K-62." Both the text and the fact of its open publication are revealing about the present state of "mind control" in Poland.*

THE TRADITIONAL FUNCTION *of totalitarian censorship is to create a false "reality" in people's minds. It not only seeks to hamper freedom of expression, but tries to shape individual perception. It not only creates a gap between public discourse and private sensibility, but tries to impose on society a compulsory fantasy. The undermining of this instrument permits more information to reach the public and allows "the reality principle" to reassert itself. When censorship fails, the whole elaborate edifice of Orwellian "double-think" begins to crumble; and the regained individual sense of the external world leads to increasing pressures against official fictions. "When one begins to ask questions, it is not easy to stop. . . ." This dynamic of truth is the underlying factor of the Polish anti-totalitarian revolution.*

The rise of Solidarity, *the 10-million-strong "trade union" (which now, rightly, calls itself a "social movement"), is obviously not just an economic struggle of Polish workers to improve their living conditions, but a struggle of the whole Polish society to regain its sense of reality and to retain its cultural identity. That is why* Solidarity *is concerned with such non-trade-union matters as censorship and the teaching of history in schools. The Poles realise that this struggle is a necessary precondition for social sanity and national survival. Neither can endure without the right to search for truth and the freedom to express it. Thus, in spite of censorship, hundreds of taboo questions are being asked, even on historical issues which are pertinent to the present. In a society which has been starved of truth for so many decades, answers are being sought by young Poles (and half the population is under 25) who want to know the truth about the Stalin-Hitler Pact, about Katyn, about the 1944 Warsaw Uprising, about the shooting of workers in Poznan in 1956 and in Gdansk in 1970, etc., etc.*

PRESSURE FROM BELOW *compelled the authorities to adopt a new, in principle considerably more "liberal", Censorship Law. The snag about this liberalisation is that it introduces legal punishment for publishing any kind of text outside the censorship framework. This puts into jeopardy all the unofficial free publications of Polish* samizdat *without which the Polish* annus mirabilis *would not have occurred. It is not surprising that, for instance, Miroslaw Chojecki, the creator of the independent publishing house,* Nowa, *which operates outside censorship and thus enjoys an unfettered freedom of expression, is dead set against even the relaxed new decree on censorship.*

The interview with the Polish censor published below (translation by Nika Krzeczunowicz) provides some indications to confirm such fears. It also demonstrates the present weaknesses of the censorship apparat.

L.L.

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TELL ME, can anyone become a censor?

K-62: Anyone with a college education and the desire to work in this business. Graduates with diplomas in the humanities are in the majority; one girl has studied political economy, another the Polish language, a friend of mine geography. You could find people who studied journalism.

—Frustrated journalists?

K-62: Young people with diplomas in journalism take the job because the starting salary is good. Back in 1974, I got 4,000 [zloty], but then the salary does not go up fast. A pal after seven years gets five thousand.

—Still, one must have a definite psychological predisposition?

K-62: Honest people also work in censorship—I swear to you, although you will probably find it hard to believe—as well as drunks and loving fathers, good wives, and less honest girls. The image of a censor looking like a PIDE [the secret police under Salazar] agent is completely off. I did meet a censor like that, though; there are a couple of them who work on their texts with evil smiles, but only a few. The profession is pretty well feminised, because it is a quiet and calm job. On the other hand, there is a big turnover; I don't think more than a quarter work in censorship for longer than a couple of years. . . .

—What is the mentality of a born-and-bred censor?

K-62: I would not like to create the impression that there is a definite Censor Personality. There is no such thing, albeit there is a type of mentality of a professional soldier, guard, or youth activist. Some are guided by a peculiar interpretation of ideology. They think that censorship is the best way to protect Socialism and the Leading Role of the Party. Others think that it is a super game. Like chess players. They enjoy getting the best of a journalist.

—Where would you place yourself?

K-62: Among the most numerous, those who take the job with the idea of leaving it in a few years. One keeps looking for one's place in life. It is easier if one has some talent, though . . . I have no feeling of a mission or calling. Even now, I could not tell you what I would really like to do. I know what I would not.

—What's that?

K-62: I would not like to work in the Police or in the Army. I would not like to be a priest. Today I would not like to be a censor, but then I did.

—Why?

K-62: Because I wanted to be a journalist, and I thought that nothing would train my eyes for that line of work like being a censor. If one has a fairly open mind, work in censorship greatly aids radicalism. Unless one is an extreme cynic.

—And you are not?

K-62: I think I am one-third a cynic. And a man who has no journalistic talent. I would never have been a good journalist, because it means not only having interesting and good ideas, but above all a good style. It is no use being a noble hothead who will finally show the world how it is, if he writes it all in a dead manner.

—Did you try?

K-62: I did. . . . Some censors manage to write; but not I. I did try at home in the evenings, but as soon as I wrote something the skill that was so useful in my work as a censor would take over and I only thought how I could put it differently. So I gave up. . . . Then I met some journalists personally, and I thought Jesus God, that's a zoo. And I would have become one of them, because I was not outstanding.

—And were you an outstanding censor?

K-62: I was not the worst, and they were sorry to lose me. My chief, actually, did not want to let me go. And I must tell you that I recall my work in censorship with satisfaction. I would like to add that in my whole career it was the only business that functioned well, notwithstanding what it did. An ideal mechanism.

—You don't have to convince me.

K-62: I have never had another chief like that and probably never will. I think back about him with pleasure. He took me on, and if it weren't for him, I possibly would not have taken the job. Because I am basically a liberal, I behaved with dignity at the university during March 1968; and I was never repressively inclined.

—How then, did your chief win you over?

K-62: He was direct and bright. No cant, no slogans. He said that some form of censorship had existed forever, and that he was looking for people. And I took the job.

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—Why?

K-62: Because it was interesting. I could find out what was going on all over Poland and how the repression mechanism worked. It was an observation point, and I treated my work in censorship as learning. I wanted to read papers as one reads them, let us say, in Paris. No more, no less.

—And you had no desire for advancement?

K-62: Absolutely not. I had no intention of staying on: I joined to have a look around.

—And what were the motives of your colleagues, the other censors?

K-62: I don't know. Apparently in the 1950s human relations in the business were closer. There were parties; people got married; the whole office went to help with the harvest together. Now things have changed. I would not dream of asking anyone: why are you working here? It was not the thing to do.

—Why not?

K-62: If you are so torn in two, why do you stay, then? This is a basic question that everyone has to ask himself when he takes the job. Later on, there is no point discussing it, because once a person has made up his mind to work in this business, there is nothing to talk about.

Their "Socialism" & Ours

THE "KOR" has decided to cease its activities. Other forces have taken upon their stronger shoulders this onus of struggle, which must still go on, towards our targets: Polish independence with human and civil rights. There are still forces that are attempting to return to the old system. I myself was horrified recently when I heard General Jaruzelski say that he would be prepared to mobilise the Army to defend the "cause of socialism" in Poland.

How can the Army "defend socialism" in Poland? I recently saw two programmes on television, interviews with soldiers who heatedly announced that they would be ready to "defend socialism" and would be ready to follow orders. What orders could be given by the military authorities? What orders could defend socialism? **Fire!***—at least that was my impression.*

The "defence of socialism" is a matter of principles, a matter of theory, a matter of political views. How could the situation have arisen in which the highest representatives of the state authorities threaten us with military intervention allegedly in defence of socialism? What does it mean, a threat to socialism? What are those anti-revolutionary and anti-socialist forces?

Socialism was supposed to guarantee an economy better than under capitalism with greater freedoms than under capitalism. It was supposed to be a solution to workers' problems, the "liberation of the working class." It was supposed to create conditions under which "each man could develop completely" and have free and unhampered access to culture and civilisation. Yet a socialism was created which encouraged a poor economy, clumsy and wasteful. It was this socialist economic system that led not just to an economic crisis but to an economic disaster which has no parallel in modern times.

We are not all Socialists here; but all of us here are struggling for these very aims. There are no forces in Poland of any importance whatsoever that would want a return of private ownership of the means of production, of the private ownership of the Katowice Foundry or the Lenin Foundry. There are no such forces, but we all understand that when it is a question of small industry, small trade, of private crafts, then private initiative should exist, because only private initiative is capable of running such enterprises efficiently. There are, indeed, forces that want freedom, that demand freedom, and these are not "anti-socialist" forces.

I believe myself to be a Socialist, going back to the moment of 1906. . . . The struggle for a better economy, for a democratic economy, for social ownership—not state ownership which results in a group of new private owners of the means of production—for democratic management of factories, for political freedom, for the abolition of censorship, for the possibility of the full development of the Polish nation—these are supposed to be "anti-socialist" and "anti-revolutionary" forces. But, in my view, this socialism of theirs is exactly what is anti-socialist and anti-revolutionary!

Their socialism is the socialism of prisons, censorship, and secret police . . . .

Edward Lipinski

at the SOLIDARITY Congress

(Gdansk, 28 September 1981)

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LET'S TALK ABOUT the principles on which the business works.

K-62: There is a chairman, two vice-chairmen and a couple of unit directors: press, books, performances, analysis, and training. . . . There was a "sundry printing" unit[1] too, but it has been closed down now. In all the old *voivodship* capitals there are branches of the main office, with a similar structure. (. . .) Work in branch offices is much easier; what can a censor in Zielona Gora have to do? But in Cracow work is probably as complicated as anywhere, because this is where *Tygodnik Powszechny*[2] comes out, to my mind the best weekly in the country.

—You mean the worst? Or how does one put it in your job?

K-62: I used to say the best. There is a specialised group in the press unit that reads religious publications, and its actions are the outcome of relations between the Office for Religious Denominations and the Episcopate. We call them "the Saints." Another group, called "the Funnies", would attend movie shows, theatres, and cabarets. Work in the theatre was easier, because one could hardly correct Musset or Fredro [an 18th-century Polish playwright]. One had to watch the staging. Actually, I don't recall a bigger showdown, than there was for Dejmek's *Dziady*.[3] Perhaps I am being unfair to some director here. Censors of posters had an easy job; censors of books, terribly dull. The most noteworthy group, known as the aristocracy of censors, are the press people. The avant-garde. They are the foundation of the business. It is the largest and the brightest unit. The first line of fire.

—And where were you in this line?

K-62: I did not work in repression, but in transmission. In the training and analysis unit which published an information bulletin about how a good censor should act in a given case. Instructions were given by example.

—Could you show me something of that sort?

K-62: One could not take it from the office! Everything was numbered. I did not remove a thing, although in my time one could have taken everything. Only after that fellow from Cracow ran off with the stuff [to Sweden], did things become tougher. I did not take out anything because it would have been disloyal to the business. . . . I personally prepared daily information about what had been deleted on a given day, even about the smallest cuts in a text. The unit was like an appeal to our lords and masters to take interest in the stuff that was in the press.

—Meaning the stuff that was not.

K-62: They got everything. Nothing was omitted. It was my job to present the text in its fullest detail; and all those demands and problems that have now flooded our long-suffering country, all that stuff that you journalists ferreted out and we deleted, went out neatly marked to the Press Department of the Central Committee across the road. So it is an evident untruth that the authorities were not informed. They knew everything. Although one might think that comrades from the *voivodships* pulled the wool over their eyes, they got it straight from my desk, and on my desk I had everything each day that the censors had removed. I was very well informed indeed!

—And what did it do for you?

K-62: I knew. And I could think and talk more sensibly.

—Talk? How about your loyalty to the business?

K-62: Discretion was required, and I obviously did not talk about things that were restricted for the sole information of the censor. Otherwise I was most popular at various banquets and parties. The girls' eyes just shone; I could not have had it better. Others were out of luck.

—So you liked making friends and going to banquets?

K-62: I never concealed the fact that I worked in censorship. Never. There is this business; they need people, and there are such people, and I was among them. So what? I should have a hangover about it? There would have been something wrong with me. Perhaps there is? I am capable of defending my work in censorship till I drop, although I do not defend censorship as such. I could function well while working in the business, and I stress once again that I was in contact with people with whom I had studied, with whom I had gone on strike at the university in March 1968. I remain in touch with them now, and none has seriously reproached me.

—How about unseriously?

K-62: "Oh, you dog"—stuff like that. And I must

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[1] All printed matter, including visiting cards, letterheads, and death announcements, had to be submitted to the censor—Ed.

[2] An independent Catholic weekly.

[3] The closing down of a showing of Mickiewicz's classic *Dziady* (Forefathers' Eve) in the winter of 1968 led to student riots and the police reprisals of March 1968—Ed.

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emphasise again that I worked in transmission, not repression; in creation, not prevention. (. . .) I am a Social-Democrat at heart and would not like to limit freedom of the press. And anyway, if I were in repression, I would have been deprived of some of the information. . . .

ALL RIGHT—tell me how you started in censorship.

K-62: In the beginning one goes through thorough training, being informed about things that others must not be informed about. It is the broadest interpretation of our recent history and a couple of other things that they will not let you print anyway and about which it is unseemly for me to talk, because it would be disloyal. The training takes about two weeks and is organised according to needs. There are practical exercises—one compares a text prepared by oneself with the corrections of a skilled censor.

—And they take the person who deletes the most?

K-62: Who crosses out in the cleverest way. I was given *Forum* to train on and I crossed out terribly and my chief told me: "Wrong. This is *Forum*. The texts have already been selected. They can go." I was quite shocked. In general, it is not at all a question of blue-pencilling a lot. . . . It is more like a game, where one party tries to get the better of the other. No, but seriously: there was a sort of admiration for the intelligent journalist who wrote his stuff and tried to be cleverer than us.

—Meaning that you are fond of those whom you censor most?

K-62: Sure, they are good journalists. And good things were excluded, not bad ones. Kisielewski, for instance, would write a little note to the Censor: "How about letting it through this time, pussy cat? . . ."

—And a rank-and-file censor was never tempted to let a thing like that through?

K-62: No, it would be a betrayal of skill. A good rank-and-file censor crosses out what's required and understands what he's reading.

—For us, he is the one who does not understand.

K-62: A contrary approach. In my times, the principle on Mysia Street [the location of the Censorship Office] was that if a censor did not understand what he was reading, the article might be let through as such, because the reader wouldn't understand either. We think that we are more intelligent than the average reader.

—That's the whole trouble.

K-62: Fools are not employed there. If your article was confiscated and you said: Oh, God, how idiotic? it was not us censors. Now let me make a statement explaining censors. People think that censorship is all-powerful; but it is only the arm of the press department [of the Central Committee], and the harder the times, the smaller the censor's role. It is a very fine sieve. First, the day-worker reads it, then the department head, and if the interference is to be maintained, it may go all the way up to the chief. Sometimes, if the matter was tricky, the article would go further up, to the chairman or even to the Committee. But if the text is not marked by the low-level censor, it goes to the printers unread. Because there can always be trouble, the rank-and-file censor keeps crossing out. . . . Yet, the belief prevails, as among the army engineers, that men are fallible. It was the chairman who sometimes got into trouble. I remember Jaroszewicz would ring up with complaints; but the lowly censor would not get into trouble.

—So why did you not let things slip through?

K-62: . . . you seem to forget that the business does not exist in order to let things through, but in order to ban them. If you hold down this job, you should act correctly (or, as you would put it, incorrectly). You have the choice: Either you work here or you don't. If a rank-and-file censor let something through—"what the hell, let the people find out!"—then he would be doing a poor job and letting down the business. And in the business everything depends on good human relations and it is an unusually close-knit crowd; the work requires it. Pretty tough articles would appear, but I don't think that it was the censor's decision. He may have been tempted but would decide against it, so as not to be taken in the business for one of those who have such tendencies.

—Human ones. . . .

K-62: Such guys are OK in the high echelons. And quite frequently, the higher up you go, the more liberal it gets. A censor crosses something out, and the chief restores it. My chief was very favourably inclined toward the outspoken papers, and he would save all he could. He always spoke about *Wiez*[4] in the highest terms and said that it would be a great pity if it should get into trouble (there have been such intentions) because *Wiez* offered a super approach to our national history. Among the out-

[4] An intellectual Catholic monthly—Ed.

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spoken papers, there were the incomparable *Tygodnik Powszechny, Polityka, Kultura, Literatura, Zycie Literackie*, and *Zycie Gospodarcze*. And among the dailies, the best were *Slowo Powszechne, Trybuna Ludu* [???], *Glos Pracy*, and the materials issued by the Polish Press Agency. The illustrated weeklies, in principle, suffered very little intervention.

TELL ME, does a censor get satisfaction from his work?

K-62: I was pleased when I prepared my report, and the chief told me I did a good job and nothing should be changed. . . . But it is easier to be satisfied being a journalist than being a censor. A journalist would write something—we would remove it—but he had the feeling that he had tried. A censor also thought: fine, the guy goes to the bottom with honour. But satisfaction is not a normal feeling for a censor. He can speak of a job well done, that, yes.

—After he has crossed something out?

K-62: Well, look here, Miss, he is there to cross things out. He works in a crossing-out business. So what do you want him to do, write?

—It has been done.

K-62: Oh, cosmetic improvements. Adding a "now and then", or "sometimes." As you know, a censor has no contact with the author. But in fact, I do remember a text about Watergate in which there had been so many changes that the author came to the office and rewrote the text together with the censor. In general, towards the more renowned citizens, the attitude of the censors was, how shall I put it, more elegant. . . .

—What does a chief expect from a rank-and-file censor?

K-62: Intelligence and loyalty.

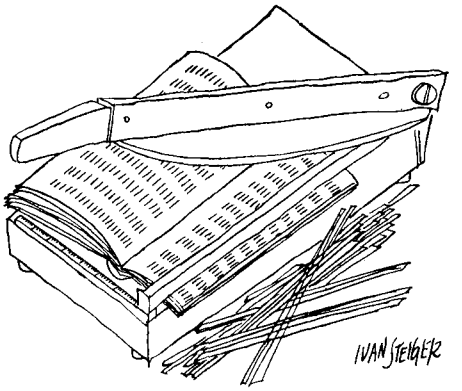
—Have there been cases where a censor has behaved disloyally?

K-62: In my opinion, the fellow from Cracow who took out all this stuff to Sweden. Because I am not convinced about his motives. He wrote later that his eyes had been opened and that he only awaited an opportunity to take this stuff out and publish it. If that is so—okay. But I have this feeling that he simply took advantage of an opportunity to make some cash and create some trouble for the business.

—Only some?

K-62: This is a very resilient business, Miss, and I don't remember any stronger reaction than some giggling. Perhaps upstairs, but among the blue-pencil crowd the incident was treated as funny. In the 1960s he would have had a much harder time taking anything out. Censorship was much less bureaucratised. . . . A lot of things were settled by telephone. Various high-placed people telephoned and gave word-of-mouth instructions, leaving no traces.

"Orwellian"?



Warsaw

STRANGE THINGS, *seemingly unnatural after decades of Communist logic, are happening in the half-light of what, as time goes on, looks more and more in Poland like a real dawn of freedom than a heart-rendingly false one. The latest is that an official licence was given for an exhibition on the campus of Warsaw University of previously censored books, including Orwell's* "1984" *and the works of Solzhenitsyn (as well as the Nobel prize-winner, Milosz). For years the independent publisher concerned has been in and out of prison for trying to achieve just this.*

And more's to come. The books are to be allowed to go on sale at the end of the week's display. Ingrained scepticism rears its head. Any of the books, or only some? And will the courageous Miroslow Chojecki actually be allowed to print, and distribute, the books—again, attempted offences for which he has often been in prison? And if so, will he be able to get presses, ink and paper? His chances are certainly incomparably better now. For one thing the climate has improved beyond all recognition, for another he will presumably have the backing of Solidarity *to whom the Government has promised, among other things, a relaxation of censorship.*

The Poles are working their way upwards from objective to objective, sometimes protected by cover, sometimes dangerously exposed. They made excellent progress during the run-ups to the German, American and French elections, which would have been bad timing for a Russian invasion. The West must now make full use of its financial hold over the Soviet bloc as a protective deterrent.

DAILY TELEGRAPH (*London*)

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—You surely won't tell me that there were no word-of-mouth instructions in the 1970s. There are some even now.

K-62: If some Minister wanted to get something, in my time he had to do it through the Prime Minister or the Party's press department. And then we would get a written telephone message from the department. The message would go to the appropriate unit with a number and a date, so that it could be found and annulled when necessary. If there had been any word-of-mouth instructions I knew nothing about them. Apart from the Press department, instructions were sent down by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Government spokesman, and Minister Wieczorek. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs would send lots of topical instructions. For instance, when Idi Amin put up a statue of Hitler, we were not allowed to write about it, because we had friendly agreements with Amin.

A censor works on the basis of a very thick instruction book and generally-stated but not fully-detailed principles of censorship. Each week we had a conference for the press censors on censorship-editing in the coming week. Some student festival was coming up, for instance, or a film such as *The Man of Marble* was opening in the cinemas. The directive was "look out, consult, don't trust yourselves too much, act collectively, because each censor has his intuition but it is highly individualised." A "feeling", an internal voice, "Hey, there is something there"—and then it is better to go and see the chief. The chief says either, "Well, yes", or else "It's all right, let it go."

DID YOU EVER get a text so horribly positive that a censor could not stand it and threw out this saccharin?

K-62: If a journalist wrote it in good faith, because he was stupid, and there are innumerable stupid journalists, then the censor did not feel obliged to teach him wisdom. But if he wrote in order to jeer, to build himself up, then he was stopped. We could distinguish there.

—Did you, as a censor, ever wonder what dictated this-or-that instruction or directive?

K-62: One takes it as it comes, because thinking is sterile. After all, what might lie behind the order not to mention that construction materials are full of poisons, or that it is a wonder that the people in Tomaszow Mazowiecki are alive at all? Must we discuss the fact that it is a bloody shame, and then work in the business and take money for it? One must not think too much about such things, because it interferes with work. A journalist who is not absorbed in his job is a poor one. A censor could end up in a madhouse. . . . I think that a modern-day censor is rather Kafkaesque, unreal.

—Except that the effects of his work are pretty real.

K-62: You will not make me admit to a bad conscience, moral scruples, or catharsis. There ain't no such thing. No way. I did approach my work in a double fashion, though. I am basically a good and honest guy, and I was doing something that was pretty nasty, objectively and subjectively.

—A split personality?

K-62: Do I really look like that? I treated my work in censorship as an episode in my life, nothing shocking. I never had nightmares about censorship.

—Yet, a man working in censorship must somehow rationalise what he is doing. You told me, for instance, that your work which was not in prevention but in creation (as you put it) informed you about what was going on in the country.

K-62: You won't get me to say it. I never pretended that by working in censorship, I was doing a good deed. It was not like that.

—Like what, then?

K-62: I wanted to know. And the longer I worked, the more papers I had on my desk, not just because there was an escalation of instructions but because the journalists were getting madder and madder. One had to react more and more strongly, according to the general principle of censorship, so that the authorities would feel good and the population would maintain the belief that everything was fine. More and more texts were rejected as a whole. And they were lovely to read.

—Lovely to read? You really had such a detached attitude?

K-62: Well, possibly I became somewhat cynical . . . . I even had on my desk a text written by a girl from my old sociology department. She worked hard on it, and then I worked hard, and in the end the whole thing was thrown out. It was an article on the language of official Party documents. A super piece. . . .

—We talk pleasantly in the past tense, but all this is still going on.

K-62: Much more liberally, you will admit. One can see that the boys are working differently now. I believe that there is a deep conviction in this profession that it is necessary. The model of censorship may change; it may become even more liberal; but it is a most durable institution.

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—Were the recent events a shock to the office?

K-62: I went to visit the office in September and asked them, can you feel the wind of history? And they said, of course, in the streets—in the papers—but not in the business. It was not shaking in its foundations. A shock in censorship, talked about to this day, was the year 1956 when the censorship department wanted to dissolve itself, and 1968 when very many Jews left work. I don't know what December 1970 was like. Nothing special happened in 1976; I don't remember any state of alert. The press struck one note, condemned troublemakers, and meetings were called. You did the job for us, although we were on the lookout and ready.

—How did the censors react to the appearance of uncensored publications?

K-62: They didn't. It was not a matter for consideration.

ALL RIGHT, NOW TELL ME why you left the business?

K-62: Certainly not because my eyes were opened, as that fellow who took out the censorship material said. It was not a case of "at first I did not know, and then I did, and was shocked." As I have said, I was first interested and then I got bored. . . . I came back in September [from abroad] and found myself out on the street once more. It is another country and, in the spirit of renewal, finding work is tough. One place I looked I was told, and I quote: "You may be a good man in private, and your references are pretty good, but it would be careless of us to employ you at this stage. You understand, we have nothing against you personally, but when people find out where you worked for a time, there might be trouble. So why start it?" All in all, I agreed with him. . . .

—And what do other former censors do?

K-62: One is a director of a sanatorium; another is with the KAW publishing house. A girl I know is in the Main Chamber of Control. A couple of them became journalists. But I really don't know what I can do. . . . I am getting married in three days time, and I put my trust in friends. I have invited 120 people. It may not be much as a goal in life, but I have no other idea.

—May we use your name in this interview?

K-62: It would not bother me. You could have my picture on Page One, too; but my wife asked me not to, and my mother would not be happy. Anyway, don't you think that it would be neater to give a number? Because in the business there are no names. There are numbers.

—Why did you agree to this interview at all?

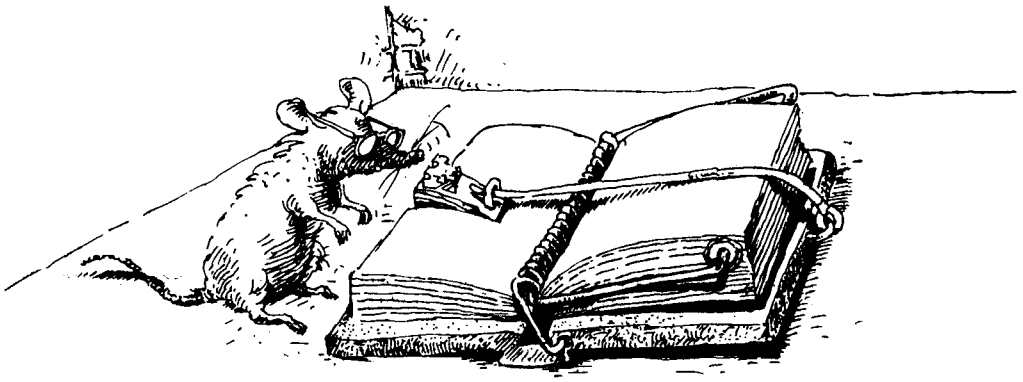
K-62: I am a helpful person. And, furthermore, I wanted people to find out how it functioned or, rather, how I think it did. Because a mountain of myths has grown up about the business—that it is all-powerful, almighty, staffed by demons.

—The question arises, will they find out? What do you think, as a professional?

K-62: I told a friend who works there. He laughed himself sick. He said that if it were up to him, he would let the whole damn thing through.

—What would he delete, though?

K-62: Miss, here you can delete nothing. You can only ban it completely.



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THE DOCUMENTS *(for 1975–76) carried by the Polish censor who fled to Sweden come from the Central Office of Press, Publications and Spectacles Control (COPPSC), the main instrument of Polish censorship, and they consist of instructions to censors in the editorial offices of journals, publishing houses and other mass media. What a world of bureaucratic unreality emerges! It is Kafka's* Castle *without mystery and Orwell's* 1984 *with a record of the humdrum daily routine of the bureaucratic "thought controllers", rather than Big Brother's* Grand Guignol.

Who but a totalitarian censor would think of criticizing a proposed guidebook to a Warsaw cemetery because it draws attention to the wrong graves and does not sufficiently extol the approved dead? Who but an Orwellian censor would be concerned about whether a slogan on a calendar (all calendars in Poland are subject to censorship) should be printed in red or black and engage in correspondence about it, rescinding his original instruction in a coded telegram?

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLES *are some of the subjects forbidden by the censors:*

"All information on the participation of Israeli representatives in conferences taking place in Poland must first be cleared with the COPPSC."

"The publication of information on the limitations of the freedom of action of Communists in Egypt, Algeria, Sudan, Iraq, Syria and Libya is forbidden."

"No information about trade relations with Rhodesia and South Africa should be published, nor should any information regarding contacts with them by Polish institutions."

"All material (even the smallest note, photograph, etc.) on Iran, the Shah and his family, or any prognostications about the role of the monarchy there must first be cleared with the COPPSC . . . . The role of Iran in the context of imperialist forces in the Persian Gulf should not be emphasized." (This item, as well as the red carpet treatment given to the Shah on his visit to Poland, can be easily understood in the context of diminishing Soviet oil deliveries to Poland.)

"There should be no disclosure of the existence in the Comecon [the Communist "equivalent" of the Common Market] of the Armaments Industry Commission or its links with the Warsaw Pact."

"The publication of information regarding the appearance in Poland of some crop diseases, the disclosure of which may create export difficulties, is prohibited."

"Information about any technical licenses bought by Poland in capitalist countries should not be printed . . . . The aggregate effect of such information can create belief in the average reader that the basis of the modernization of our economy lies in the purchasing of such licenses."

"Information on the annual consumption of coffee in our country should not be revealed in order to prevent the disclosure of the scale of our coffee re-exportation." (The intention here is to prevent Polish housewives and foreign exporters from knowing about such practices.)

"All criticism of income and social policies, including wage claims, is forbidden. This also refers to social services such as pensions, grants, leaves of absence, health care, etc."

"Any specific references to the particulars of wages and salaries offered by firms and institutions seeking employees through advertisements in the mass media should be eliminated . . . . The correct formulation should be 'Salary to be agreed during the interview'."

"No information in any publication is allowed about price changes in consumer and durable goods without the permission of the deputy prime minister or the chairman of the state price commission."

"Criticism of Marxism is not permitted in religious publications . . . . Polemical points against the Marxist conception of religion, communism, the individual and society are allowed only in specialized books."

"Attempts to link socially pathological phenomena with the restrictions put on religion and the ousting of religious values should be expunged."

"No permission should be given to the publication in the mass media of global figures illustrating the rise of alcoholism in our country."

"In reports about the Polish exhibition in Moscow, one should avoid excessive emphasis on the successes of a particular exhibitor, since this may suggest that some Polish products created a furore in Moscow and were not previously known on the Soviet market."

Such subservience to Soviet sensibilities is in line with the instruction that "in the relations between the countries of the socialist camp the established mutual practice is not to publish any information about the internal difficulties in any of these countries."

REGARDING THE MASSACRE of Polish prisoners in Katyn during World War II, the censors make it emphatically clear that only the Soviet version is permitted, though they have lifted an earlier total ban on the subject.

"Hitherto the practice of the censorship has been to suppress all references to Katyn as the place where Polish officers died in World War II. [As before you] are not allowed to let through any attempt to put the blame for the death of Polish officers in Katyn Forest on the Soviet Union." [But in] scholarly works, memoirs and biographical writings you may pass formulations such as: 'Shot by the Germans at Katyn', 'Died at Katyn', or 'Perished at Katyn.' But when such a formulation is used and the date of death is given, only dates later than July, 1941, are allowed."

The reason for this is plain: the Russians occupied the Katyn area until August 1941, when the Germans marched in.

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. . . in Poland

THE IMPORT OF *technology from America is also a problem: "A computer system, 'CYFRONET,' has been installed in the Institute of Nuclear Research in Swiezk. It is not to be disclosed that the computer was bought in the United States or which firm produced or installed it."*

But perhaps the most notable of the U.S. items is the censors' instruction of Feb. 18, 1976, telling the mass media how to handle the Bicentennial:

> **"To prevent an uncontrolled flood of publications on the American Bicentennial as a result of spontaneous initiatives, the following guidelines are to be observed: (1) Only information provided by the Polish Press Agency . . . is allowed; information from other sources is to be expunged. (2) All individual remarks are to be released in a proper context, for example by stressing that after 200 years little remains of the original values fought for at the time. (3) Historical articles should stress the progressive character of the events of 200 years ago and contrast them with the current socio-economic problems in the United States. (4) COPPSC should be consulted about any type of material on the Bicentennial not mentioned above."**

THE MOST STRIKING *impression made by the collection is how all-embracing the concerns of the censors are and how active they are simply on the "Parkinson" basis. To take just one example. On October 14, 1974 the deputy director of the COPPSC, Tadeusz Ratajski, wrote to the censors:*

> *"With reference to the principles regulating the control of the publication of calendars, I have to inform you that the decision about the possibility of making May 9 a holiday has not yet been reached. . . . Therefore permission can only be given for printing the 1975 calendars in Black. As an exception the words 'Victory Day' by May 9* may *be printed in Red."*

Three days later an urgent (coded) telegram was sent with the supplementary instruction that the printing in red of the words "The 30th Anniversary of the Victory over Fascism" was now **obligatory** *alongside the date of May 9. This is one, not untypical, instance of the myriad trivialities exercising the minds of the mind controllers.*

THE WORLD OF THE CENSORS is a surrealist one, and they create it deliberately if not always knowingly. They perform a continuous lobotomy on everybody under their control, restricting their perceptions and giving them a false picture of the world. But they are meeting with increased resistance; and the battle of wits can be seen not only in the available censored texts or in the uncensored *samizdat* but also in the official press.

The following description of the operation of censorship in Mussolini's Italy which appeared in *Polityka* (Aug 27, 1977) is a case in point:

> *"From the documents which are now available one can see the frequent use of prohibitive expressions by the censors:* **'Not to be mentioned', 'To be ignored', 'Not to be published', 'Not to be reported', 'To be expunged', 'To be withdrawn',** *etc. And what did the papers write? Nothing but the constant self-congratulatory repetitions: the merits of the regime here, the merits of the regime there, the same old vows, the ever present advocacy of the Creed, the ubiquitous Creed, endlessly repeated as if there were a permanent need for self-deception. News from abroad was only dealt out in doses. Foreign journals were available in a few places only, mainly for the benefit of the tourists."*

The censor could not stop this text: it is, after all, a denunciation of fascism. Yet what Polish reader would fail to associate it with his own "bigger and better" censorship?

AND BIGGER AND BETTER *it is. Even in its attenuated form, more "liberal" than the Soviet one, it displays the familiar Orwellian characteristics. This is well exemplified by the censors' suggestion that a Polish religious journal should replace the phrase: "***All men are sinful***" by the phrase: "***We Catholics are sinful***" or the demand that the expression "***pathology of the family***" should appear as "***pathology of the Christian family***". It is staggering that in 1977 a prominent American publisher declared that he was "rather surprised" by the confiscation of* Animal Farm *and of* 1984 *at the International Book Fair in Moscow. He also added that the censorship there "was less than had been expected partly because of self-censorship by the Western publishers" . . .*

THE ROLE OF CENSORSHIP is crucial. Under Stalin, the experienced writers used to say to their colleagues:

> *"If you can—do not think: if you think—do not write; if you write—do not publish."*

Today the censors face a much more complicated situation; in a country like Poland it is no longer easy for them to impose obligatory perception and uniformity of expression. They can expunge independent views from the mass media, but they cannot suppress them altogether. It is not just censorship but also self-censorship which is important for the smooth functioning of the totalitarian dictatorship. Its erosion comes first from the fact that an increasing number of people cease to exercise such self-censorship and are no longer subject to "double-think."

Leopold Labedz
in THE TIMES (*London*)
and THE WASHINGTON POST

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Derek Mahon

Another Sunday Morning

We wake and watch the sun make bright
The corners of our London flat—
No sound but the sporadic, surly
Snarl of a car making an early
Dash for the country or the coast.
This is the time I like the most
When, for an hour or two, the strife
And strain of the late bourgeois life

Let up, we lie and grin to hear
The children bickering next door—
Hilarious formulations based
On a weird logic we have lost.
Oil crises and vociferous crowds
Seem as far off as tiny clouds;
The long-range forecast prophesies
Mean temperatures and azure skies.

Out in the park where Celia's father
Died, the Sunday people gather—
Residents towed by Afghan hounds,
Rastafarians trailing "sounds",
Provincial tourists, Japanese
Economists, Saudi families,
Fresh-faced American college kids
Making out in the green shades.

A chiliastic prig, I prowl
Among the dog-lovers and growl;
Among the kite-fliers and fly
The private kite of poetry—
A sort of winged sandwich board
El-Grecoed to receive the Lord;
An airborne, tremulous brochure
Proclaiming that the end is near.

Black diplomats with stately wives,
Sauntering by, observe the natives
Dozing beside the palace gates—
Old ladies under wide straw-hats
Who can remember *Chu Chin Chow*
And Kitchener. Exhausted now
By decades of retrenchment, they
Wait for the rain at close of play.

So many empires come and gone—
The spear and scimitar laid down,
The long-bow and the arquebus
Adapted to domestic use.

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A glimpse of George V at Cowes
Lives on behind the wrinkled brows
Of an old codger in Lyme Regis
Making dreadnoughts out of matches.

Asia now for a thousand years—
A flower that blooms and disappears
In a sand-storm; every artifact
A pure, self-referential act,
That the intolerant soul may be
Retrieved from triviality
And the locked heart, so long in pawn
To steel, redeemed by wood and stone.

Kevin Hart

The Last Day

When the last day comes
a ploughman in Europe will look over his shoulder
and see the hard furrows of earth
finally behind him, he will watch his shadow
run back into his spine.

It will be morning
for the first time, and the long night
will be seen for what it is,
a black flag trembling in the sunlight.
On the last day

our stories will be rewritten
each from the end,
and each will end the same;
you will hear the fields and rivers clap
and under the trees

old bones
will cover themselves with flesh;
spears, bullets, will pluck themselves
from wounds already healed,
women will clasp their sons as men

and men will look
into their palms and find them empty;
there will be time
for us to say the right things at last,
to look into our enemy's face

and see ourselves,
forgiven now, before the books flower in flames,
the mirrors return our faces,
and everything is stripped from us,
even our names.

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Peter Calvocoressi

From Byzantium to Eton

A Memoir of Eight Centuries

MY MEDIEVAL FORBEARS were partly refugee Byzantine notables and partly Genoese merchant adventurers. Their meeting point was the Aegean island of Chios whither the ones had gone for safety and the others for gain. After several centuries of both, their descendants were on a given day either massacred by the Turks or forced into flight. That was in 1822. After another century I was born under British rule in India to become in due course a member of the English establishment.

The island of Chios, which became a magnet for the Coressis, the Calvos, and other such families, was in the Middle Ages famously rich. Way back in history it had not been specially distinguished except for the claim, along with six other places, to have been the birthplace of Homer. In classical times it was a bit off the map; but its position hard against the Anatolian coast, its harbour and its fleet gave it secondary importance in the power struggles which followed the death of Alexander the Great. It became briefly a maritime power in its own right and then prudently, or fortuitously, took the Roman side in Rome's wars against Eastern princes like Mithridates and Antiochus. It won a semi-independent position in the Roman empire. St Paul stopped in Chios on his third missionary journey, and a Christian church or community (the Greek word *ecclesia* means a community rather than a building) was founded then or soon afterwards.

Then for a thousand years the record is dim. Pirates ravaged the island from time to time and so did Arab sea captains, but even at its low points it kept those gifts of nature which enabled it to recover and once more prosper.

Chios is the home of the mastic shrub which may have given the island its name. The word Chios derives, some say, from the Phoenician word for mastic. More important than meanings are uses. The mastic gum can be used for perfumes and varnishes, to flavour alcohol and as bubble gum. It makes a drink familiar to travellers in Greece. The mastic country lies in the south of the island. Further north, in an arc round the chief town and port, lay acres of orchards where oranges and lemons and other fruits flourished for centuries in renowned abundance. At the height of the island's prosperity rich Chiots parcelled out this area and built themselves villas there. Over and over again, travellers who visited it described it as "Paradise." Chios also became famous for its turpentine, its silks and linen, its wine and its shipbuilding. No less valuable than its products was its commerce. Alum, rice, wheat, soap and slaves were traded through its handy and well-favoured port which faces the Asian mainland halfway up the island's east coast.

Materially the good times occupied the last two centuries of the Byzantine empire and virtually the whole of the succeeding Ottoman Turkish dominion; but Chios was also—and earlier—blessed in another way. It enjoyed spiritual grace as well as natural increase. This was largely the doing of the Emperor Constantine IX Monomachos—who takes a bit of explaining.

CONSTANTINE was a handsome and vigorous man with no personal claim to the throne. His face is one of the few you can see in Aghia Sophia in Constantinople, although the body to which it is

PETER CALVOCORESSI *was born in 1912, of Greek extraction, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. He was an RAF Intelligence officer in World War II, attended the Nuremberg War Trial, and subsequently taught International Relations at the University of Sussex. He was, for a while, a publisher (Chatto & Windus; Penguin Books), and is the author of, among other books, a study of "World Politics Since 1945" and "The British Experience" (1978). He is at present working on an autobiography.*

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attached is not his but belongs to his wife's former husband, whose features it originally carried. He was the last emperor of the so-called Macedonian dynasty which reigned for nearly two centuries. By the mid-11th century the dynasty was teetering out in females. The last true Emperor of the line had two daughters, Zoe and Theodora, whose duty impelled them into creating emperors by marriage. When Zoe, who was the elder of the two, had married twice without producing an heir a problem arose because the Church did not permit a third marriage. But the case was exceptional and the patriarch was prepared to bend the rules. Constantine became the ageing Zoe's third husband. The patriarch squared his conscience by giving the pair his nuptial blessing while leaving Constantine's coronation to an inferior cleric.

Constantine was lucky. He had spent the previous seven years as an exile on the island of Lesbos (Mitylene) on the orders of Zoe's second husband. Now he was out to make the most of the reversal of his fortunes. He became an ambitious builder. He rebuilt the Church of St George Manganas in the capital where he was eventually buried alongside a mistress who had shared his Lesbos exile. And he founded the Nea Moni or New Monastery on Chios.

His attention was drawn to Chios the year after his coronation by the discovery there of a wonder-working icon, and he despatched to the island an architect and other experts from Constantinople with instructions to raise a church of metropolitan grandeur and beauty. There is nothing provincial about the Nea Moni. It is one of the outstanding buildings of the period known as Middle Byzantine, i.e. the period from the beginning of the Macedonian dynasty to the catastrophe of the Fourth Crusade (867–1204). Chronologically it comes between Osias Loukas in Phokis near Delphi at the beginning of the 11th century and Dafni near Athens at its end. It is less famous than either of these, partly because it is less easily accessible, but it is in the same class and in spite of severe damage by an earthquake in 1881 its mosaics remain one of the splendours of medieval Greece. Round about 1700 it still had 200 monks as well as a library of 135 books, although some of the latter were half eaten by rats and the collection was in considerable disorder.

NATURE HAD GIVEN Chios wealth. Constantine IX and the Nea Moni gave it fame. And as the Byzantine empire trundled to its slow collapse the island became a favoured place of refuge for those in search of asylum from the Seljuk or Ottoman Turks who, from the 11th to the 15th century, were coveting and encircling the imperial capital, Europe's grandest city. All islands offer a certain reassuring inaccessibility in times of trouble and this one was both rich and holy. A number of Byzantine refugee grandees moved into it. This was the first migration that I know of by my ancestors.

THERE WAS A SECOND human stream making for Chios at about the same time—a stream of western adventurers, particularly from Genoa, who were to mate with the Byzantines in Chios and create there a unique form of government which persisted through the Byzantine twilight years and almost the whole span of Ottoman overlordship. This second stream consisted of seamen and merchants. Their values and characteristics can be seen in their descendants today.

During the Middle Ages sea power in the Eastern Mediterranean was contested between Byzantines, Arabs (often called Saracens), and the Italian trading republics of which Venice and Genoa proved to be the grandest and most enduring. Venice occupied Chios briefly in the 12th century and again in the 13th. More ambitiously Venice conspired with the Frankish crusaders to take over and partition the entire Byzantine empire and did so to a substantial extent in the enterprise known as the Fourth Crusade: the Venetian doge of the day is buried in Constantinople. But Venice had backed the wrong horse. The Latin empire established by the crusaders lasted less than 60 years. The Byzantines returned and did so with the help of Genoa which cashed in on this association by consolidating its eastern trading bases at Galata (a suburb of Constantinople) and Smyrna, and later by establishing the nucleus of a small empire embracing the three big islands of the eastern Aegean, Chios, Lesbos and Samos.

But although Venetian stock slumped the two rivals both remained active and Chios became one of the focal points of this rivalry. In 1304, exactly 100 years after the Crusaders' rape of Constantinople, a Genoese expedition seized Chios from Byzantium. Twenty-five years later the Byzantines got it back again. Then in 1346 two rival fleets, Genoese and Venetian, were hovering in these waters and the Venetian admiral suggested to his Genoese counterpart, Simone Vignoso, a joint assault on the island and its partition. But Vignoso had a better idea. He sailed off to Chios, betrayed the Venetian scheme to the Chiots and offered them his protection. They refused, whereupon Vignoso landed and occupied the whole island on behalf of the Republic of Genoa. The instrument of surrender was signed by five Chiot notables, two of whom were called Coressi. Genoa remained sovereign over Chios until it was taken by the Turks in 1566.

THIS SOVEREIGNTY was exercised in a curious way

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because it was delegated by the Republic to a company or *Maona*. This *Maona* was a joint stock venture formed in Genoa by private citizens on much the same lines as the English and Dutch East India Companies—but more than two centuries earlier. The members of this *Maona*, like other imperialists, acquired Chios accidentally. They had paid to equip Vignoso's fleet which the Republic had raised on mortgage for a war in the west which never materialised. So the Republic had a fleet for which it had no immediate use and had not paid. It therefore despatched Vignoso to the east with instructions to seize property out of which to repay the *Maona*. Chios was part of the loot, and the Republic did a deal with the *Maona* by which the latter—until its debt was paid off, which never happened—was to receive all Chiot revenues and exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction in the island. The company became in effect the government of Chios in much the same way as Clive's East India Company became the government of Bengal. A little later, Genoese *Maona* were created in Corsica and Cyprus too.

This strange arrangement developed into a partnership between the *Maona* and the local bigwigs who, having started as blue-blooded ex-Byzantine aristocrats, were themselves on their way to becoming a successful merchant bourgeoisie. The Genoese occupation of 1346 inaugurated a new era of prosperity and after 1453, when the Turks took Constantinople, Chios became a sort of Hong Kong—an island which the Turks could have taken if they had wanted to but which they were content to leave under Genoese sovereignty because it paid them to do so. In the latter part of this period Genoa recognised the realities to the extent of paying tribute to the Turks, a very unusual action by an undisputed sovereign.

THE TWO STREAMS, Byzantine and Genoese, Greek and Latin, intermarried. They even tolerated one another's religion, and there exist in Chios today some small double-naved churches where, it has been conjectured, Orthodox rites were performed on the one side and Roman Catholic on the other. But gradually the Genoese tinge was effaced as Genoese power declined. It had reached its peak before the establishment of the *Maona* and was to fade rapidly when Genoa lost its principal trading posts in the Black Sea in the 15th century. Partly through force of circumstances and partly through prescience Genoa turned its attention westward to the new worlds which Christopher Columbus, who came from Genoa, helped to discover. So the Chiots ceased to think of themselves as hybrids and, although some families remained Roman Catholic until the end of the century, became wholly Greek.

But before we forget the Genoese, as they did, we should recall one peculiar feature of Genoese society, for it had an impact wherever it was carried. This was the Genoese notion of the family. Genoese social life was peculiar, unlike that of any other Italian city. The main unit was an exceptionally extended family called the *albergo*. The *albergo* embraced a number of houses or palaces, sometimes up to 50 or more, all of them roughly in the same quarter of the city. The inhabitants of these households, including even the servants, all had the same clan name and the *albergo* as a whole was a self-governing unit ruled by a family council. It entertained semi-diplomatic, semi-economic relations with other *alberghi*. I often thought of the word "clan" in connection with the Chiot families in London into which I was born in the 20th century, although at that time I knew nothing at all about the social organisation of medieval Genoa.

THE CALVOCORESSIS are the clearest living symbol of the East-West alliance which came to pass on Chios, for whereas two Coressis were among the Greek signatories of the surrender to Vignoso, the Calvos are obviously of Italian origin. So are the Grimaldi, Casanova (a place near Genoa), Salvago, and Argenti. The fuller name, Calvocoressi, is a hyphenated name without a hyphen. It is one of a number of Chiot names of this kind; Petrocochino, Mavrogordato, Rodocanachi. Calvo is a common enough name in Italy and in most cases means just what it says, i.e. bald. In Genoa, however, this may not be so, since there are reasons for supposing that the Calvos of Genoa got their name from the town of Calvi in Corsica. Genoa and Pisa had fought over Corsica a long series of wars which were finally resolved in Genoa's favour in 1347 (the year after Vignoso's expedition); there were Corsicans in Genoa throughout the Middle Ages. This possible origin for the first part of my name is reinforced by the fact that my relatives and I are conspicuously unbald.

At least one member of the Coressi or Coresis (the family final "*s*" in Greek names got dropped in the West during the 19th century) deserves a greater fame than he has had, for it was he—and not Galileo—who dropped the stones from the leaning tower of Pisa. I came upon him by following up a note in Arthur Koestler's *The Sleepwalkers* (1959). Koestler is far from regarding Galileo as the heroic victim of a reactionary and unintelligent ecclesiastical establishment, but he does allow himself some relish over opponents of Galileo who came to a bad end. One of these was a George Coresio who was turned out of his professorship at Pavia and went mad. Koestler mentions that he was suspected of secret adherence to the Greek Church. This coincidence of name and

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religion sent me to the big Italian Encyclopaedia where however I drew a blank. Turning away disappointed from the shelves of the London Library, my eye fell upon the even bigger Spanish Encyclopaedia and here I was luckier. I found George Coresio, born in Chios and author during his professorship at Pavia (1609–15) of a history of the Turkish invasions of Europe in the Middle Ages and, incongruously, of a book on the Playing of Ball Games. He was a staunch supporter of Aristotle's view, or supposed view, of the laws of motion and had gone up the leaning tower not (as Galileo was said to have done) to prove Aristotle wrong—but to prove him right. I am afraid that Coresio was wasting his time, not because Aristotle was wrong but because he never taught what he was alleged to have taught about the laws of motion. However, Coresio did display the all-too-rare experimental spirit and so deserves his niche in the Spanish Encyclopaedia.

This work has another fascinating entry: a certain Coreses, also born in Chios in the 16th century and clearly therefore another relation. He had an even stranger odyssey. In some unrecorded manner he landed up in Wallachia and became the first man to preach Lutheranism to the Rumanians. Where, one would like to know, did he get his Lutheranism from in the first place? In what language did he preach? And what did the Rumanians make of it all?

WHEN CALVOS AND CORESSIS first combined to produce the very first Calvocoressi I do not know, but Calvocoressis are to be found in Chios from the 15th century. The bare genealogical record tells little about their achievements, except their longevity.

My father died in his 92nd year and so did one of his grandfathers who missed his 92nd birthday by only a few weeks. Remoter ancestors reached 88 and 86. One of these (called, incidentally, Peter) seems to have visited the Holy Land since he is recorded as dying in 1794 with the title of *Chadzi*. The origins of my mother's family, the Rallis, were at one time traced by an over-zealous historian to a certain Raoul, a Norman noble in the service of Robert Guiscard, the creator of the Norman power in Sicily and Naples, and a contemporary and cousin of William the Conqueror. Guiscard had affianced his daughter Helen to the son of the Emperor Michael VII, but this ambitious move miscarried. Michael, who spent too much of his time writing bad poetry, abandoned first the government to a rascally eunuch and then his throne and wife to a rival. He retired to a monastery and became in time an archbishop. From Guiscard's point of view he and his son were a dead loss and Raoul was sent to Constantinople to ask awkward questions about Helen whose engagement had been broken off and who had been put into a convent. All of which led to a Norman invasion of the empire with which we are not here concerned—if only because there is no evidence to connect this Raoul with the Rallis and some convincing argument against any possibility of the corruption of the one name into the other. Rallis may have begun to arrive in Chios in this period but the name is not to be found before 1511 when a Michael Ralli appears among a number of notables who are petitioning the Republic of Genoa about the disposition of the property of the Nea Moni.

In time and with riches these families evolved a hierarchy. They sported no titles like Western aristocrats but they had a well-developed sense of status. Some three dozen families elevated themselves above the common herd and, human snobbery being what it is, then proceeded to sort themselves out into yet smaller groups called The Five, The Twelve, and The Twenty. These groups fluctuated with fortune, so that a family included among The Five at one period may be discovered to have lapsed later into The Twelve; or the reverse. The Rallis, for example, achieved the ultimate eminence of membership of The Five but did not sustain it.

TURKISH RULE over Eastern Europe was not the total disaster of conventional Christian belief. Some Greeks did well for themselves. The Turks failed to create a strong central government and they did not occupy themselves with foreign trade. Although non-Muslims were second-class citizens the Turks never entirely eliminated the old upper crust (mostly landowners) who had constituted the Byzantine ruling class, nor did they seek to supplant the merchants whose unmartial pursuits they despised. The Greeks did not all lose their self-respect or forget their habits of enterprise and management, and some of them made money. For a time after the conquest in 1453 trade remained largely in the same Venetian and Genoese hands as before but by the 17th century Greeks—and Jews—were picking up business which the Italian republics, now in decline, were losing. Opportunities increased as the empire got weaker and more liberal to non-Muslims. Western historians have tended until recently to be scathingly dismissive about reform movements in the Ottoman empire which they wrote off as blinds or insincere manoeuvres executed under foreign pressures and of little effect.

In fact the turning of the Ottoman tide in Europe in the closing years of the 17th century produced a genuine "great debate" which resulted in reforms of a liberal nature. Sultan Selim III (ruled 1789–1808), reflecting on the dwindling of Ottoman power and not untouched by the currents

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of thought associated with the Enlightenment and the French Revolution, was one of those who, like the Japanese a century later, concluded that it would be an advantage to understand the ways of the European world which was bearing down upon them. Selim's Greek subjects, some of whom had been to Italian universities, had some understanding of these peoples and knew their languages. Although Selim fell victim to a conservative reaction, his cousin and admirer Mahmud II (1808–39) revived the reform movement and Mahmud's son Abdul Mecid continued it, with interruptions, until his death in 1861. In this context the Chiots had special advantages, for the self-government which they had enjoyed in partnership with the Genoese *Maona* was not extinguished when the Turks finally evicted the Genoese in 1566. The island retained its autonomous and self-taxing privileges under the special patronage of the Valide Sultan or Queen Mother and even had diplomatic representation at the Sultan's court. Thus the Chiots had had a long apprenticeship in running their own concerns when, in 1822, a terrible blow fell upon them and many were precipitated into the wider world which they knew as traders but had never imagined might become their home.

THE FEARFUL MASSACRE of Chios, one of the most famous episodes in the Greek War of Independence, was brought upon the island by its Samian neighbours. A party of patriotic Samians landed on Chios to attack its Turkish garrison. The attack was successful. Chiots joined in and proclaimed union with the newly declared Greek state. But the Turks returned and devastated the island. Its population, then about 100,000, has never recovered. The victims of the Turkish fury were counted in tens of thousands. Others were sold into slavery. Two of my great-grandparents were slaves for ten years each.

The massacre shocked Europe. In France in particular it had the same sort of effect as later massacres of Armenians and Bulgarians. Delacroix was moved to paint one of his finest works, and Victor Hugo wrote a fiery poem. For years travellers felt impelled by a fatal fascination to put in at Chios to see and write about the wreck of this once flourishing community. Survivors of the leading Chiot families (at least five Rallis were hanged or shot) were scattered abroad. The rise of Turkish power in the Middle Ages had caused them to migrate to Chios. Now its impending fall forced them to migrate once more.

Some were attracted to the island of Syros in the Cyclades because of its excellent harbour, but many went much farther. This was the Chiot Diaspora which transported families wholesale out of Greece and into Western lands. They settled in various countries. At first the main clusters were to be found in Trieste and Marseilles, but it was in England that they eventually struck their strongest roots.

THE CALVOCORESSIS were not the fastest movers. Although my father was born in France, his parents were born in Constantinople to which his grandparents had reverted after the massacre. My father went to school in Constantinople and then to the university in Paris before making a career which took him briefly to New York and Karachi and then to England where he lived from 1913 until his death in 1965. Three of his brothers lived in India and England and died in England, the fourth in the USA. My mother's family charted a similar odyssey from the Aegean to the central and western Mediterranean and then to England. Both her parents were born in London. One generation back Marseilles and Trieste were the birthplaces of three out of four forbears. Another generation back and all but one of eight forbears were born in the east—Chios or Smyrna. Though the timing varies, the pattern is the same for all these migrant families. Their descendants have included Barons of the Austrian empire; a captain of the Czar's imperial bodyguard; a member of the British parliament; and a United States admiral who has had a reef in the Indian Ocean named after him. And, continuing the old mercantile traditions, they created the firm of Ralli Brothers which became one of the largest enterprises of its kind in the world.

The Rallis had been trading abroad and even residing abroad for some time before the massacre. Two brothers, John and Eustace (Strati), set up in business in London in 1818. They did not come directly from Chios but from Odessa and Leghorn. After a few years in one of the courts off Old Broad Street in the City of London the firm took offices in Finsbury Circus where it remained until its demise after the Second World War: I often went there. John and Strati were the eldest and youngest of five brothers—there had been six but one died in infancy. John did not stay long in England. The year after the move to Finsbury Circus he went back to Odessa. In the same year Strati opened a branch in Manchester and soon afterwards the third of the brothers, Pandia, joined him in London. So, later, did the other two, Augustus and Thomas. John, who was the eldest by several years, had descendants who lived and died in Odessa and St Petersburg: one of his grandsons left a widow who survived the revolution of 1917 and died in Germany in 1929. The descendants of all the other brothers made their homes in England, and their fortunes.

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THEY WERE a remarkable clan, adventurers whose success was grounded in their loyalties to one another and meticulous standards in their dealings with others. In the gamut of adventurers which stretches from happy rascality to almost painful rectitude they stood well at the latter end. Besides Odessa and Leghorn, London and Manchester they set up businesses in Constantinople, Marseilles, Tabriz, Trebizond, Bombay, Karachi, Rostov-on-Don, Taganrog, St Petersburg and New York. The Russian enterprises were hived off in 1866 and the Persian and Turkish closed in 1870, but the rest flourished and at the turn of the century new interests were added in places as diverse as Hull, Pondicherry and Antwerp.

IN TRYING TO FORM a picture of these men and women I have little to go by before mid-19th century. Thereafter photography helps, and a few of them had their portraits painted by the more conventional artists of England and Austria. I possess large portraits of my mother's four grandparents. Posed and solemn, they look older than their years. I have become familiar with their features but learn from these static likenesses next to nothing about their characters.

I surmise that the Chiots of the Diaspora suffered a huge shock when they were forced to migrate out of their ancestral island and this shock and its memories continued to dominate them for a hundred years. Ejected from a world where they were at ease, big fish in a small pond, they had to make their way in a wider foreign world which owed them nothing and had not even heard of them. They had to learn and observe new rules and customs and forget that in the past they themselves had made the rules. The successful males among them were hard-working, pertinacious, prudent, unostentatious, socially comformist. In England they became honorary Victorians.

In this graduated society they cautiously made their way through the grades, living alongside rather than in the English middle classes, moving into bigger houses and more central ones. My great-grandfather lived in Streatham. The next generation began to edge into the next-to-most-fashionable parts of London. One of his daughters, my grandmother, who was widowed at 35 and died at 97, lived in Porchester Terrace, W2, in a 19th-century stuccoed house which had several living rooms including a billiards room, a broad winding staircase leading out of a big hall up to a first floor with five or six bedrooms and two bathrooms and, beyond them, another ample layer of children's and servants' quarters. The sense of amplitude was enhanced by the garden with its huge mulberry tree beyond the French windows of the drawing room (used in my time only on Sundays). My grandmother's friends, many of them relatives, lived in similar if smaller houses, often within easy walking distance.

THIS WAS A WORLD of Greeks who were still rather shy of the parallel world of English people of like means and occupations. The tightness of their community is strikingly displayed by their marriage record. Seldom did a member of one of their families marry outside the ring and in the case of my mother's family it was common for Rallis to look no further than Rallis. On my mother's side my grandmother, both my great-grandmothers and two of my four great-great-grandmothers were born Ralli and married Rallis; and they were far from being the only ones to do so. One result is that I do not have the regulation number of ancestors, since the same individuals crop up in more than one place on the family tree. My grandmother was perhaps an extreme case. Her husband was her mother's first cousin and three of her four grandparents were born Ralli; but, contrary to what some might expect from this orgy of intermarriage, she was exceptionally good-looking and intelligent and lived into her 98th year. These Chiot families have been cited in support of the argument that, given a certain kind of closed society such as may be found on an island, inbreeding may become eugenic instead of producing imbeciles. (By a coincidence my wife's family is cited in the same work, along with the family of J. S. Bach, to demonstrate the infertility of cousin marriages.)

A curious transitional feature of the London Greeks of the early 20th century was their speech. Some of them habitually spoke Greek among themselves and although fluent in English spoke it with a discernibly foreign accent. But others never learnt to speak Greek at all and barely understood it. More than anything else this bisection showed how the Chiots of the Diaspora had become semi-Westernised but no more in the first hundred years after the massacre of 1822. There were, of course, exceptions but they depended on personal talent and endeavour. My father's youngest brother, for example, moved easily in either of the two communities, Greek and English, but—his own considerable qualities apart—he had two adventitious aids: he was a bachelor and so comparatively unattached, and the First World War took him into the peculiarly British ambience of the Brigade of Guards. (He was one of those who faked their age in order to join up at the outset. He felt he owed Britain a lot.)

THE LONDON GREEKS were in many ways like the more successful Jews, distinct, self-sufficient as a community and proud. If they were less obtrusive that was partly because they were fewer, partly

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because even the richest among them avoided display—they did not produce any Rothschilds—and because their religion was inoffensive to Christians and undemanding. To the average conformist Greek, religion is a matter of observance rather than profound feeling and is reserved for particular times of the year—notably Holy Week—when religion is, as it were, turned on. Otherwise one kisses the bishop's hand out of a proper respect for his office and because others do so, and one aspires to be chosen churchwarden as a mark of recognition of social standing and worldly success: doing the right things in the sight of the congregation is at least as important as doing them in the sight of God.

There were therefore no insuperable hurdles in the way of the Greeks into English society when they were ready to take it. And there was one thing that was obliging them to take it. They did not provide within their community their own education system. Their homes and their businesses were self-sufficient; but their children had to go to schools, and the schools they went to were English schools and the other children they met there were English children. Boys were sent automatically to private preparatory schools and then to a public school (Eton in my own case). There was virtually no alternative nor, I suspect, any thought that there could be. Mothers might bemoan this system because it took their boys away from home for more than half the year, but the system was famous and highly prized and in any case it was what was there.

And so it was through this schooling that the offspring of these families settled in a strange land percolated into what we now call the host society. They did so at the top end of the social scale, in the company of the upper bourgeoisie and even the aristocracy. In consequence some of them performed a third migration, away from the Greek community and into the mainstream of English life. Chios became a memory, much as several hundred years earlier Byzantium and Genoa had become memories for the descendants of those who had so successfully sought refuge and profit in that island of the Aegean.

AUTHORS

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Werner Cohn is Professor of Sociology at the University of British Columbia. He has recently concerned himself about Western writings on Communism, and has contributed articles on this topic to *Problems of Communism* and other journals.

Leo Labedz' contribution to this number is based on remarks which he made to an international conference in Würzburg (organised by the University's Institute of Democratic Research), during which the German section of "The Committee for the Free World" was launched.

The Ornaments in the title of Norman Ravitch's article are details—as printed in *The Armenians*, by Sirarpie Der Nersessian (Thames and Hudson, 1969)—from a Gospel illustrated in 1193 at the monastery of Skevra, in Cilicia, for Prince Het'um of Lambron and his brother Archbishop Nerses of Lambron by the scribe Kostandin.

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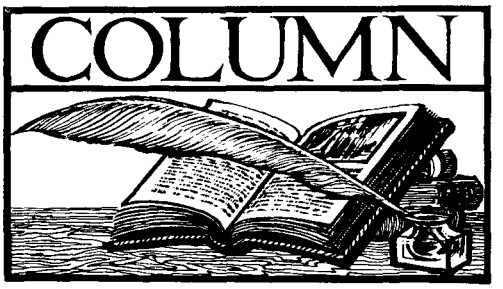

BEFORE LONG, the toy departments in the big stores will parade their Father Christmasses—cidrous, rheumy-eyed old men in red dressing-gowns and tobacco-stained false beards. As a child, I found them unattractive. They wheezed and twinkled unconvincingly: I knew that they were selling, not bearing gifts. And they were obvious impostors: not one of them was slim or agile enough to come down my parents' chimneys. Worst of all, they were really clean-shaven. Where was the jollity without a beard?

Primitive reasoning, you may say; and you'd be right. But the same ludicrous logic still skulks about in our reactions to other people, and perhaps especially to politicians in an audio-visual age.

Let's begin with beards. In my lifetime, they've come back from a Victorian limbo, one of whose sole survivors seemed to be King George V. Dark fuzzy nosebag-like appendages, they used to connote the foggy paterfamilias, the mad scientist, the absent-minded professor: they belonged to the stuffy, gaslit world of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, and W. G. Grace. If anyone still wore what P. G. Wodehouse habitually called "face-fungus", he was probably an anarchist, a crank, or the comic villain of a Marx Brothers movie.

Then came a change. Sensible men, tired of harvesting the daily stubble, decided to let nature take its course. After a few weeks of looking like hobos, they emerged in their home-grown finery—long and curly, short and dapper, square, spade-shaped, pointed, straggling, a Blake, a Lenin, a Van Dyck. The choice was theirs: but ours was the reaction. To wear a beard was surely more "natural" than shaving—yet in a shorn society it seemed assertive, as if laying claim to status as a sage. Young bearded men, in particular, were often plump and bald-headed: their facial hair seemed like a comforting consolation-prize. Amid the locks, their lips looked gentle, and their eyes took on a soft, reflective light. If they smoked pipes, the ancient-of-days persona became overwhelming; and even without smoking, many of them ruminatively fingered their beards. Slow, considered, deeply individual: that was the general impression; and clean-shaven onlookers could hardly help feeling that it was slightly factitious. They felt it still more in the face of mere moustaches or elaborately tended beards, which needed as much care as shaving; and most of all when confronted with latter-day imitations of Christ.

Hair, of course, has always been emotive. From Samson down to the liberation of Europe in 1945, shaving the head has had magic significance; and show business, from Yul Brynner and Telly Savalas to punks and skinheads, keeps the same tradition alive. Long-haired young men—no doubt to the chagrin of some of them—have largely ceased to shock their elders; but the reggae performances of Grace Jones, gawky, cropped, and cruel, show how electrifying the obverse can still be. We still react, in other words, like animals transfixed by the defensive "display" of a crest, a bristling coat, a stiffened tail, bared teeth, or the simulated "eyes" on a butterfly's wings.

All politicians play on these responses. Many of them start with the advantage of being tall. The working lunch, the bar, and the tea-room help to make them burly. How many trade-union leaders are short or slight? Not everyone exploits his own physique as consciously as the late General de Gaulle; but many lesser figures are as reluctant as he was to wear their spectacles—as if "far-sighted" were more than a metaphor for the helmsman of the ship of state. Is there not something disconcerting in seeing the Queen don spectacles to read her speeches—or realising that Harold Macmillan, even with glasses, has to hold his text so close to his eyes?

TELEVISION has intensified our scrutiny. It must have been after the Party conferences that Hamlet noted "one may smile, and smile, and be a villain." Politicians always knew that a grin was a winner. In the words of Orson Welles's only attempt to write a popular song, "*Everybody loves the fellow who is smiling.*" It used to be enough to smile with the lips and teeth. Now the camera seeks out the eyes; and even the most chilling demagogues have to try to look like Robert Redford. It doesn't always work, especially when they mistake which camera's on; but ambitious charmsters now have so many crow's-feet that they're becoming crinkle-cut chips and chaps.

IT'S NOT QUITE CLEAR what many of them are selling. Friendliness? They may be on first-name terms with the studio presenter, but the intimacy sounds strained. "And you know as well as I do, Robin . . ." or "But, Brian, I happen to believe . . ." are hardly endearing phrases. Are the smilers trying to tell us that their policies won't hurt? "But, you see" (in a sweet, little-boy-owning-up voice)

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"Parliamentary democracy is what it's all about"—"it" being abolition of the House of Lords, withdrawal from Europe without a referendum, or various steps to water down NATO. Perhaps the smile is reassuring its owner's enemies? "No, I don't think" (patient, plodding voice—the big man being gentle with the silly Billies) "that we should have a witch-hunt." Or maybe the smile is there to communicate mere sincerity? Head on one side, eyes half-closed, lips slightly pursed to look "discriminating" and "well-mannered": "And of course there *is* no other way. . . ."

The usual prizes—i.e., none—for identifying those specimens. Of course, it's all grossly unfair. By zooming in on the faces, the camera distracts us from the policies. Politicians on the box are like the animals in children's picture-books, dressed up in suits of clothes with just their heads sticking out (although with a hole for the tail). Only human beings, surely, would focus so intently on eyes, muzzle, ears, and whiskers, when so much else is important too.

Policies, clearly, are what matter when the chips are down, crinkle-cut or not. Why judge Ronald Reagan on his hair dye, Yasser Arafat on his beard, Menachem Begin on his resemblance to Sartre? Why be inhibited from supporting the *SDP* because Roy Jenkins sometimes looks like a harassed schoolmaster? Why not worry about racism rather than Enoch Powell's accent or eyes? If dashing looks were all that counted, Colonel Gaddafi might win the Redford stakes.

Why "Hairy" is Scary

New York

"The market's been a little hairy the past few months," said stockbroker Arthur Gray Jr. A hairy stock market? Yes: Any situation that causes nervousness or fear is now said to be "hairy."

"My theory," writes Michael Johnson, director of McGraw-Hill World News, "is that it originally was someone's idea of a colorful way to modify 'hair-raising.'"

Good theory, with which the Oxford English Dictionary's supplement appears to agree: "Frightening, hair-raising", is one slang meaning, following the older meaning of "out-of-date, passé," which I assume came from a combination of bewhiskered age and "hoary."

But what is so scary about "hairy"? The hirsute state—"face lace," as it has been called—was never more desirable than in the 1960s, when this adjective first came into its latest vogue. Psychology Today reports on a study by psychologists Parley Newman and Darwin Gale of Brigham Young University: "Beards frighten children." When 250 boys and girls aged 3 to 7 looked at four drawings of a man's face—from clean-shaven to fully bearded—the peach-fuzz-cheeked tots proclaimed the beardless face to be "the nice man" and the same fellow with a beard to be "the scary man."

William Safire

INTERNATIONAL HERALD TRIBUNE

YET, LIKE IT OR NOT, looks matter—and in quite sophisticated ways. At the lowest level, electors "size up" politicians by what they look and sound like, whether justly or otherwise. In the British Conservative Party, Sir Alec Home's popularity derives in part from his air of being, uncompromisingly, his own man. So, in some degree, does that of Lord Carrington. Edward Heath and Margaret Thatcher suffer, by comparison, from having had to scale the heights. In the Labour Party, paradoxically, similar considerations seem to favour Tony Benn—even among supporters avowedly the opposite of "deferential" and bitterly opposed to the "class" from which he comes.

More indirectly, appearances may affect the way in which politicians do their jobs. It is not just a matter of winning elections. In some senses, political leaders are canvassing all the time. They have to ensure the loyalty of colleagues. They have to impose their decisions on civil servants. They have to cajole trade unionists, managers, foreign creditors, military allies, ideological opponents at home and abroad. Like Royalty or general practitioners, they're never off duty. A casual snub or a glimpse of weakness—and a snapshot is taken, real or remembered. The Royal family must never be photographed eating. A successful politician has to mind his manners all the time.

And not all the time can he be in command of his face. Each morning, shaving or partly shaving, or not shaving at all, we face the bathroom mirror. The face that looks back at us is hopeful and friendly, wise and alert. Unconsciously, we flatter ourselves. We glow, with just a touch of self-admiration. And if the glow lasts through the day, we measure the truth of Orson Welles's youthful lyric. People seem friendly and positive. We add our mite to the sum of human camaraderie. But if not—? Weep, and you weep alone, perhaps. Glower, and the world glowers with you. Touchy, querulous, discontented, a crosspatch creates crosspatches. A crosspatch politician creates crises. "*Nix on Nixon*" was a shrewder slogan than at first it seemed.

So, just as the dread routine of shaking hands and kissing babies is a useful qualifying round for the still more dire routines of government, exposure to television may be a salutary trial by ordeal. Rather than discount the finely-tuned perceptions which convince us we can spot a phoney, we ought perhaps to accept them, and tune them more finely still.

This means, I think, taking three quite conscious precautions.

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THE FIRST IS to acknowledge a deep, half-conscious fund of prejudice. When the London *Times* revealed the names and provenance of some of the activists in the Left-wing campaign behind Tony Benn, it was hard to avoid quasi-chauvinist reflexes. Who was this refugee from Eastern Europe? Who were these other rootless-sounding characters with not quite English names? What did a jazz musician know or care about parliamentary democracy? Weren't all "these people" typical members of the "bed-sitter brigade"? Well, perhaps they were: but if that made them undervalue things that mattered to more settled citizens, the proper response was argument, not abuse.

Even more insidious is another half-conscious reflex, as common on the Left as on the Right. Try saying "Margaret Thatcher." If you're a man, it's even money that, whatever your political opinions, there'll be a tinge of . . . something in your voice. Not a sneer, unless you're a Left-winger; not quite deprecation; not by any means dismissal. None of these, necessarily: but something—a touch, a grace-note, a very slight distancing. Why? Clearly, because she's a woman; but it's more specific than that. What makes some men uneasy is the hint of the school-marm, the masterful mother, the incongruity of great strength concealed by a feminine stereotype. If she were plain, or rather scruffy, or totally sexless, things might seem simpler: it's the careful grooming, the lady-like grace, the elocution, that make the toughness harder to take. Mrs Thatcher backs herself both ways, as it were. Meet her steel with steel, and you risk the mute reproach of not behaving like a gentleman. Fall for the feminity, and you hit the steel.

Whether this is how her colleagues react I can't be certain: but I think it underlies the public response. We're still absurdly unused to women in powerful places: just look at the "friendly" gibes at Mrs Shirley Williams—her "lovability" her "lack of organisation", her hair. In place of a politician, too many people see a husky-voiced tomboy. We ought to be more subtle than that.

OUR SECOND PRECAUTION, in using our so-called "instinct", should be to keep it on the leash. Finely-tuned perceptions may tell us many things about the people who seek our votes: whether they're honest, whether they're quick on the uptake, whether they can take criticism—even, it may be, whether we'd care to live or work with them. What instinct can't tell us so reliably is how such people will react to the unforeseen future. Did those who backed de Gaulle in 1958 ever imagine that he planned to make Algeria independent? Did those who voted for President Carter foresee either Camp David or the hostages in Teheran? And may it not be that in some circumstances a man or woman who gives us a pain as a person is just the right choice as a leader? When I first met General Montgomery, early in World War II, I and most of my colleagues thought him a dim, old-fashioned martinet. Alamein made us eat our words. Ever since then, I've been wary of negative snap judgments. In 1945, Harry S. Truman looked a hick. A generation later, President Sadat looked a possible warmonger. Today, can we really trust our gut-reactions to Ronald Reagan or Hosni Mubarak?

THE FINAL PRECAUTION is to recognise that appearances change. When girls first started wearing heavy eye make-up, they looked dissolute, drug-sodden, and depraved. We gradually got used to it. Then came boots—the Christine Keeler look, or *The Avengers*: the whiplash woman who gave as good as she got. These days, the boots are worn by dumpy housewives whose feet are cold. On the masculine side, have you recently seen a newsreel of Hugh Gaitskell? Resurrected from the archives, he makes twenty years seem a very long time in politics. The style, the voice, the dress—all are redolent of a vanished age. Where, then, were steel-spectacled Trotskyists, safari-suited sellers of *Militant*, sharp-jacketed West Indians, civil servants in flowered shirts?

And where were the beards? Confined to Hampstead critics, Lake-District Sunday painters in socks-and-sandals, a few retired sea-captains, and actors preparing for period parts. In Westminster, they're still a rarity; but even there an attentive beaver-watcher may detect signs of change. Recently, the most notable shock was when Prince Michael of Kent wore a beard with Army uniform. A legal loophole, it seems, let it through. Unlikely, one would have thought, in the days of Montgomery: but even the Army doesn't stand still.

SO, AS WE SCAN our would-be leaders, let's keep a sense of proportion. When more than a certain percentage of the population has ceased to shave, the smooth-chinned man begins to be the one who looks crankish, self-absorbed, over-assertive, vainly clinging to the semblance of youth. ENCOUNTER, after all, has a famously bearded editor. Any vacancies for a clean-shaven Santa Claus?

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Thermidor or the Retreat from Fantasy

By Richard Cobb

FROM THE START we are plunged, without explanation, into a fantasy world, drifting apparently outside time and space, *l'Embarquement pour Cythère*, and peopled by strange, hybrid creatures: a *Lycoperde*, a *Nerprum*, a *Sorgho*, all three perhaps in flight from the zealously proscribed *emblêmes féodaux* and attempting to earn their passage, like unicorns who, abandoning their side of the Royal Arms, and turning to republicanism, leave the lions in sole control. Or, perhaps, we have strayed, inadvertently, into a closed, scented, and overheated *pensionnat*, a well organised finishing school of elaborate vice, run by Madame Janus, or an Academy of Manners for the Instruction of Innocence, in the tender path of *Paul et Virginie*. Or, judging from the names of those present, of the female company: a bit of both, the exciting ambivalence of Innocence and Vice. For here are the prissy *Guimauve*, the rather melancholy *Ancolie*, the strident and quarrelsome *Coriandre*, the intrepid *Sabine*, the gentle *Garence*, the tender *Carline*, the exotic *Cochléaria*, the sleepy *Gentiane*, the dusky *Mandragore* (recruited from the Algiers slave market of Delacroix), the rustic *Pâquerette*, the shameless *Jonquille*, the incorrigible *Roquette*, the jolly, southern-voiced *Pastèque*, her vowels wide open, full house at *les Contemporaines*, but hinting too at the crowded stage of the *Boulevard du Crime*. But, in this heavily perfumed and scantily clothed community, there are hints too of *la Belle Epoque*, of *Casque-d'Or*, and of the vulgar, muscular bad girls of the Faubourg: of Belleville and Montmartre, the chosen or imposed terrain of *Belle-de-nuit*, *Garence*, *Corbeille-d'or*, *Verge-d'or*, and *Valérine*.

Well, yes, of course, the secret is out. I have been referring to the names of medicinal herbs and healing plants, of pretty flowers and nourishing vegetables, all drawn from my own copy of *l'Almanach National de France, l'an Deuxième de la République Française, Une et Indivisible* (chez Testu, successeur de la veuve d'Houry, rue Hautefeuille No 14). And so I must send this little army of attractive, impudent, wilting, shy, fainting, presumptuous, coarse, insolent, provocative, indecent, decaying girls back to the fantasy world from which I have briefly rescued them in order to put on a colourful and energetic *farandole* for our benefit. Alas, these were *never* real people: just liquids in the coloured jars of *apothicaires*, just *useful* plants and nutritious vegetables. It is only I, a frivolous historian, who have endowed them with a brief vitality, human face and gesture, before sending them back to the box of revolutionary toys to which they belong.

ROBESPIERRE, more than anyone else, even Fabre, would have been quite at home in such a pretty flower and vegetable garden. He liked pretty things, pretty colours, pretty dresses (with pretty girls inside them, but not outside them), he felt secure in half-tones and muted shades, pale blue, pale pink, pale yellow. No doubt the flowers of Thermidor had been freshly provided each day in his study. He was one of those provincial poets who thought they understood the language of flowers: roses, daffodils, jonquils would have inspired him, behind his tinted glasses, to suitably restrained tears and to gently turned evocation. It is appropriate that what must have been the happiest day of his public and his private life (there had really been no division between the two since May 1789), or at least what had started out as such, 20 Prairial, the Feast of the Supreme Being, should

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have fallen both on a Sunday (Whit Sunday) and a *décadi* called, rather menacingly, *Fourche*—a warning perhaps not lost on a man so deeply concerned with symbols and images, because they protected him from a reality that he might have found distasteful, or that, in his ignorance of the ways of the world, he might even have failed to recognise.

Robespierre had to be surrounded by symbols, because they cosseted him in the reassurance of a familiar interior. Not just objects, but also words. The tragic dimension of this unimaginative, unattractive, uninspiring, bookish man is to be discovered in the gulf that separated his personal iconography and his personal vocabulary from the awful reality of what was going on down below, in the airless, sweaty streets, below his open windows (through which he never looked out) and from the appalling manner of his own death. He was a man who seems to have used words as screens. Thus, 4 Germinal, the day of the execution of the so-called *hébertistes*, was rendered almost bloodless under its label: *Tulipe*. If anyone was deceived by this kind of verbal sleight of hand, Robespierre would have been. On the 14th of that month, it was the turn of the so-called *dantonistes*, spirited away almost rustically under the harmless codeword *Hêtre*. What could apparently be more inoffensive than the hideous Law of 22 Prairial when packaged under the insipid label of *Camomille*? It is like having the murder rooms hygienically designed with washable tiles. It is like those jolly Soviet songs of the second half of the 1930s, full of health, muscle, optimism, and collective joy, in which every propeller would call out the words *Long Live Stalin*.

THE YEAR II, as idealised and sanitised in the revolutionary calendar, resembled one of David's stage-managed papier-mâché collective festivals extended over a whole year.

It was a carefully constructed edifice of fantasy and illusion. Even the new months—however pretty-sounding—had been the creations of poets who had never ploughed nor sown, who knew nothing of the burdens of the agricultural calendar, and who could in all comfort evoke the rigours of *Nivôse*, because they had fires laid for them at home, and travelled, well wrapped-up, in closed carriages, or who, in *Brumaire*, had torch-bearers walk before them. Apart from Jean-Bon Saint-André, would there have been a single Conventionnel to have experienced the realities of *Ventôse* at sea? And *Vendémiaire* could be joyfully evoked at the imbibing end by those who had not the first idea about the process of wine-making. *Thermidor* and *Fructidor* no doubt could incommode every city-dweller, but in very different proportions between those who slept alone or two in a bed, and those who slept in a room containing half-a-dozen mattresses on the floor. I have not encountered any Deputies on the river bank or swimming naked in the Seine.

Novelty and invention represent the enjoyment of the privileged and the educated, those cognisant of the new codewords and of the fashionable analogies, because they serve to separate them from the mass of the population, so that the new months must have reinforced any exclusiveness that they were meant, theoretically, to combat. Their current use represented a parlour game for the elect. And by the Year XIII, even *Thermidor* failed to echo any *national* experience, whether of extreme heat and accompanying pestilence, or of *national* memory. It had become, it is true, along with *Messidor* and *Fructidor*, the hardy annual of south-eastern killing and vengeance, as well as of Parisian insult, but that was because they merely papered over the familiar June to September cycle of vengeance and bad temper, not because people consciously harked back to the political significance of the original *Thermidor* of the Year II. *Thermidor*, and its accompaniment, *Thermidorian*, dangerous words that have stalked through the political vocabulary of the 19th and 20th centuries, and that have even now not quite lost their potency, remained the property only of the politically conscious and committed, of revolutionary minorities and their opponents.

Can one imagine a water-carrier or a *savetier*, a *décrotteur* or a horsedealer exclaiming: "This is a warm day for *Frimaire*", or "The leaves are turning late this *Fructidor*"? As if there had ever been any *other Fructidor*! Can one hear a countryman comment, on meeting a neighbour in the street, or a *portière*, shaking out her broom on the doorstep early in the morning: "*Le fond de l'air reste frais pour Floréal*"?

Popular indifference or rejection may also have owed something to the unfortunate way which the vagaries of the season had had, from the very start, of hitting back at the new calendar, and making it look, at best, very silly, at worst, positively baneful. *Messidor* was designed to spell out the golden ears of ripe corn waving in the gentle wind—a favourite sexual symbol in boring Swedish or Czech films of the 1930s—yet in *Messidor* Year II, the harvest was quite disastrous, the worst since 1789, only about a third of the usual annual yield; and that of *Messidor* Year III was even worse. If *Messidor*, *Thermidor* and *Fructidor* were supposed to suggest heat, as well as abundance, France got the heat all right, but not the abundance, the summers of 1794 and 1795 being the hottest of the century. And it was the same with the cold months of *Frimaire* and *Nivôse*, even colder in the Year III than in the Year II, as if out to prove their worth and the accuracy of their names. Deep frost and deep snow came as if to order, followed, in *Pluviôse*, of both these terrible years, by freezing rain and sleet.

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SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE had some reason to suggest that the new months brought bad luck, *portaient la guigne*. And, indeed, they went on making a fairly regular habit of doing so, in the various, odd corners in which they have managed to survive up to the present day.

A submarine called *le Floréal* sank in shallow water off Calais, with the loss of all hands, in 1913. I do not know whether the French Navy had imprudently committed itself to a dozen submarines similarly named; but service on *le Nivôse* would hardly have been appealing, despite the obvious inaccuracy of the name. Nor do I know whether *le Vendémiaire*, the first of the series, and *le Fructidor*, the last, suffered similar fates, and sank, like stones, in shallow water, or whether, after the disappearance of *le Floréal*, the naval authorities, never known in any case for their attachment to the First French Revolution, decided on a cash programme of renaming.

But I recall the tragic fate of the Dieppe trawler, *le Vert Prairial*, smashed to bits on the rocks off Land's End some time in the 1950s, again with the loss of all hands: there was a photograph in *The Times* of the stricken ship, lying on its side, the trefoil on its funnel, the emblem of the trawler company, clearly visible. Again, whether there were sister ships called *le Vert Floréal* and *le Vert Messidor*—there could hardly be a *Vert Frimaire*—I do not know. The company went into liquidation. A café with an orchestra on the boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, *le Floréal*, a familiar landmark of the 1930s, went bankrupt in the 1950s, and was replaced by a café with a name less likely to tempt providence. The mine, in *Germinal*, as is well known, collapsed with a mighty roar, providing Zola with one of his finest *pièces montées*. Marx hardly contributed to the rehabilitation of *Brumaire*; and a Soviet friend of mine, Yakov Moissevich Zakher, owed to the fact that he had written a book in the 1920s entitled *9 Thermidora*,[1] a sojourn of 26 years in the area of the White Sea and far away from the French Revolution. After he had turned up at one of the Leningrad terminuses—I do not know whether it was the Finland Station—holding a brown paper parcel containing his possessions, and taken up his chair again, in 1956, he started to catch up on twenty-six years' reading.

Stalin had been—rightly—sensitive to the sound and to the allegory of Thermidor, a word that carried with it the, to us, comforting suggestion—indeed the historical proof—that a revolutionary dictatorship could be brought to a sudden end, and that a process of revolutionising was not irreversible.

Ventôse, it is true, has managed to survive, without any apparent damage, in the small and pretty town of Dourdan, in the form of the annual March fair, *la foire de Ventôse*. I do not know the fates of the poor mites who, in the Year II, even in the Year III—but not after that—parents and administrators of orphanages having no doubt learnt their lesson by then—were given the names of the revolutionary months in which they were born. There must surely have been some *Germinals* and *Floréals*, and *Vendémiaire* would have been quite a promising name for a girl; but *Ventôse* would have been liable to misinterpretation, or, on the contrary, to an interpretation too literal, and even the most ardent Jacobin would surely have thought twice about calling an infant *Messidor*. But, judging from the register of the Dijon foundling hospital, *les Bonnets Rouges* (nothing to do with the phrygian cap of the Jacobins), children with revolutionary names did not have long to bear them; poor little *Noisetier* lasted six weeks of the spring and summer of the Year II, *Probus* only three weeks, *Brutus* under a month, *Lin* only three weeks. *Espérance* lived just over a week, but it is arguable that her unfortunate name was not strictly revolutionary. It would be only fair to add that the more conventional Ursules, Sophies, Victoires, Adélaïdes, Jeans, Edmés, and Philiberts died almost as quickly.[2]

IN TERMS OF VOCABULARY, the Year II was a vast charade in which the official nomenclature and the official costumes contrasted quite horribly with the ugly realities that they may have been designed to disguise. Or perhaps this is rather a jaded view of the contemporary scene. Some people may have really believed in the charade and may have persuaded themselves that a vocabulary of hope, innocence, and utility would condition a new race of citizens distinguished by their optimism, their purity and their skills. It is easy to mock; and it may even have been fun to have been a child in such exciting times. No school, and plenty of spectacles. Plenty of opportunity too for a new race of little *Emiles, Brutuses* and *Guillaume Tells* to denounce their parents, though goodness knows what happened to such little zealots of Virtue in the very different conditions of the Year III, when parents no longer had anything to fear from that quarter. There is certainly no evidence to suggest that people were any *better* in the Year II than in the years preceding such collective regeneration. In Paris, both murders and suicides were a little above the annual average; so were divorces (but there was a long backlog on which to catch up, and many of the divorces of the Year II concerned couples long since alienated). Banditry was down, but embezzlement was up.

Evidence, in terms of absenteeism, the declining

[1] Y. M. Zahker, *9 Thermidora* (Leningrad, 1926).

[2] A. D. Côte-d'Or L 1216+: registre d'entrées aux Bonnets Rouges, 1790-an IV.

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attendance figures at clubs, would suggest that, by the summer of 1794, by *Floréal*, more and more people, among the literate and the politically committed, had begun to turn their backs on the charade, on symbolism, myth and fantasy, had become *bored* with such insistent collective pressures, and had sought solace in more conventional refuges: the family, the *billard*, the enjoyments of leisure, the extreme privacy of love, the private world of greed and lust, even in *promenades solitaires* so oddly recommended by the originator of the charade, Rousseau.

By the summer of the Year II, the fantasies had worn very thin, and a vocabulary of abundance could not conceal the visible and daily evidence of penury. What a derision to call a *décadi* CHEVAL, when there was not a horse to be had up and down the country, almost all having been requisitioned for the Army! To call a *quintidi* COCHON, when, in cities at least, all pigs and, indeed, most other livestock, had been slaughtered for sale on the black market! Why call a *décadi* CHARRUE, when the only hands to a plough were those of women and children and old men? Why give a *quintidi* to CHIEN when, all over the Republic, urban bow-wows had been put down, as providing bad sexual examples to young citizens, or had been eaten? Why award a *quintidi* to TRUITE at a time when rivers had been fished dry, generally at night, often with the help of explosives (one of the few articles of which there was no shortage)? And so why make mouths water at the mention of CARPE? Where would one encounter a DINDON or a PINTADE, other than in the pages of the revolutionary calendar? One could not eat the revolutionary calendar, a document that laid out a rich menu that did not exist. It is easy to see how people might turn away, in disgust and fury, from a fantasy that must have seemed a cruel provocation in existing conditions.

One could not expect miracles such as those that occurred in Aymé's story in *le Vin de Paris*, when a painter of still life, during the Occupation, all at once discovered that his paintings of game, meat, fruit and vegetables were actually eatable.

THE RÉGIME of the Year II was offering its citizens a whole range of objects that it could not provide, many of which had become little more than memories, *names*, thus lending to the new calendar and the new vocabulary a sort of ironical reality. It was all very well for Robespierre to ask why he should have to bother himself with "vulgar groceries" when he had the Happiness of Mankind to work on; on his table, as we know, there appeared, regularly, *real* tomatoes and oranges, peaches, small birds and pastries. He might—and did—live in a fantasy world, but he did not have to eat his own fantasies, tasting as they would of cheap, coarse, yellowish revolutionary paper. His Golden City was not one conjured up by a delirious, starving man. But then, Robespierre kept away from the window, looked inwards, and only received the sort of people who talked his own language. It is doubtful if he ever even *noticed* the queues outside the shops in his own street, he had no eyes for that sort of thing, and, of course, he would not know about queueing, something that could be left to women and servants.

By Thermidor—perhaps long before it—in Germinal or, at the latest, Floréal—people who took the trouble to read had got fed up with Virtue. It was not an edible commodity. They had got tired, too, of the endless reiteration of the words Unanimity and Indivisibility, because, like Abundance (illustrated in pretty pictures of cows, trees and farmyard animals, windmills, waterfalls, canals, bridges), they too flew in the face of evidence. Most people knew that the France of the Year II was endlessly divisible, whether into 83, or into 10,000 separate components; and Unanimity was like a game of Musical Chairs, with fewer and fewer players, as one rigged trial after another removed more and more of those who were *not* unanimous. By Thermidor it might indeed have seemed that it would all end with the Unanimity of one. That would remove the problem. It was the same with Plots; there had been too many of them, they had all followed the same recipe, they had all been served up several times, both hot and cold, according to a menu as repetitive and as improbable as that advertised in *l'Almanach National*. Nor could Supreme Beings contribute to the food shortage. Much of the execration heaped over the memory of the recently murdered Robespierre, in no way a really bad man, rather a boring, self-righteous one full of good intentions, was that reserved for someone who had been, rightly, shown up as a *marchand d'illusions*.

ROBESPIERRE had been the principal victim of his own fantasies, at least in the last month of his life, for, earlier, he had managed to combine Virtue, *le Bonheur Commun*, with a healthy sense of political realism. In this case, there had been a retreat into make-believe, provoked possibly by increasing despair.

Saint-Just is a more complex case. In his missions to the Armies of the North and the East, he had shown quite remarkable qualities of military leadership and conciliation, had taken a sensible middle-of-the-road line, lashing out at the extremists, the out-and-outers, the impossibilitists. Yet he had also contemplated putting the population—or at least the male half of it—into white, as worthy members of a new Sparta. All were to wear linen togas. What this would have

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meant in terms of the mud, dust and filth of the Paris streets and of the almost total lack of soap—the selfish city of Marseille taking care to hold on to this precious commodity—is not hard to imagine. It would certainly have made of the Year II a (somewhat shivering) Republic of *blanchisseuses, repasseuses*, and *amidonniers* and would have drawn on the brawny, watery support of the *garçons baigneurs* of the public baths—*Bains Chinois, Bains Poitevin*, and so on. Historically, there must be some lingering interest in such unpublished fantasies of Saint-Just, as perhaps the first revolutionary theorist to have equated political orthodoxy with personal cleanliness. Certainly an illusion as great as any of Robespierre's, as there is ample evidence to suggest that, the more a *sans-culotte* was orthodox, the more he smelt. But, unlike Robespierre's, Saint-Just's fantasies were only made known a number of years after his death, when his secretary, Gateau, published extracts from his *Fragments*.

THERMIDOR, the most accidental of all the revolutionary *journées*, the most unexpected, save by a narrow circle of politicians that included Robespierre himself and his most consistent enemies: Amar, Vadier, Rühl, Fouché, Châles, Thuriot, Bourdon de l'Oise, Léonard Bourdon, Lecointre de Versailles, Tallien, and the most widely and spontaneously welcomed, for once on a truly national scale, has not ceased to be an object of discussion among historians, both as to its causes and its consequences.

The Thermidorians, a very mixed bag, are themselves not easy to define, even in the simple statement that they were all those who survived Thermidor, for some of these were to survive only to Germinal or Prairial of the following year, and the Thermidorian régime (should one not say régimes?) is so fragmented as to defy any simple analysis. But the most positive effect of this momentous *journée* was to bring a sense of physical relief and an end to fear; and, up and down the country, as the news of what had happened in Paris; in Rouen, on the 12th; in le Havre and Dieppe, on the 13th; in Dijon, on the 14th; in Lyon, on the 16th; in Marseille, on the 19th; in Toulouse, on the 22nd; in Perpignan, on the 24th; in Bayonne, on the 25th; in Nice, outside the month which had given its name to the *journée*, at the beginning of Fructidor, the same thing happened without any orders having been given by higher authority: the prisons were opened, and the prisoners, both political and criminal, poured out.

There may have been some sort of chain reaction, the Narbonnais benefiting from the news of what had happened in Montpellier, the Perpignannais emulating the Toulousains, though there is no firm evidence for such transmission of news. It seems more likely that, everywhere, municipalities and National Guards bowed to irresistible and spontaneous public pressure. And those who expressed incredulity, or who suggested that it would be best to wait for further orders, were at once brushed aside. So Thermidor opened, as the First Restoration was to open in March 1814, as a day of national reconciliation and forgiveness, a mood, however, that was not to last, soon giving way to unrestrained vengeance. In this respect, Thermidor represented a return to the type of local initiative that had so much marked the early stages of the Revolution; and this was a process that rapidly proved irreversible. Thus Thermidor also represented the decisive defeat of Paris and of Parisian dictatorship, an event to which the *journées* of Germinal, Prairial, and Vendémiaire merely provided the epilogue.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER ASPECT OF Thermidor that has received scant attention. It represented a deliberate escape from fantasy and illusion, a rejection of boring and meaningless orthodoxies on such subjects as Indivisibility, Unanimity, Vigilance, a revolt against a public language that had become totally divorced from private discourse. So it signified a conscious attempt to put meaning back into words and to lessen the gap between intention and reality, and the rejection of a vocabulary weighed down and obscured by hints and allusions.

For instance, whereas in the spring of 1794, at the time of the crisis of Ventôse-Germinal, the official line had been that there *was* no food shortage, denying the evidence of the queues, and that indeed there *would* be no food shortage, provided people did not talk about such a possibility (so that anyone who *did* talk about such a possibility could be seen as deliberately seeking to bring about a *disette factice*). *After* Thermidor, the authorities, both municipal and national (though the former were the more candid), referred openly to the existence of a famine crisis, which, by the autumn of 1794, was real enough, and suggested practical remedies by which it might be alleviated: the purchase of grain on the Baltic markets, of rice in the United States, public subscriptions for the relief of the starving, the expulsion from the cities of those who could not justify the proof of a year's residence. Thermidor brought to an end hints and silence, releasing a cacophony of dissent, discussion, denunciation and argument, giving momentary vigour to a quarrelsome press, and even raising hopes among ultra-revolutionaries. It also bridged the gap that had grown up between public and private language, to the advantage of the latter, in the same way that it represented the assertion of long-contained private aspirations, private enjoyments, and private pleasures (including every

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possible form of vice). Thermidor was a public assertion of privacy, both in language and in priorities.

ROBESPIERRE, in the last few tormented weeks of his life, had retreated so far into his closed vocabulary of rhetoric and hint as to fail even to name names, so that even the Enemies of the Republic—and these continued to turn up with distressing regularity, no sooner than the last lot had been cut down—had become little more than the other faceless, bodiless concepts that provided the Incorruptible's most malleable company, as opaque as Innocence, Virtue, Youth, and Age, so that they might be almost anybody at all, or at least anybody known by name to Robespierre; and, as he knew a great many people, probably as much as half his six hundred-odd colleagues in the Convention, a great many might be asking themselves if they were not the latest *promotion* from Robespierre's flourishing *Ecole Pratique pour la Formation des Ennemis de la République*. And this could be a very alarming thought, as the school continued to pour out successful candidates who had passed the course each month.

There was *one* area at least in which Robespierre, indeed to the very last, and increasingly so, as Messidor ran into Thermidor, retained a firm hold on reality. That was his insistence on *death*, and indeed—for he had to personalise everything, whether it were Virtue, or Moderation, or Sufficiency (*une honnête suffisance*, meaning what it would take to keep him in soap, starch, laundry, powder, and regular, if slight, meals, washed down with watered wine)—on his *own* death, almost as if this was his one remaining aim, in a world of imperfection, corruption, and compromise. No doubt, at first—and he had been evoking his own death, as a threat, should he not get his way in this matter or that, almost from the beginning of the Revolution, possibly as a reminder of what a terrible loss it would be to the people of France—this had been little more than a formal exercise in rhetoric, yet another example of his taking refuge in fantasy. But, by the summer of 1794, he seems to have envisaged his own premature death as a distinct, and even desirable, possibility. So many other things had by then eluded him, as he began to despair of the ultimate perfectibility of revolutionary man and of the emergence, here and now, of the Republic of Virtue. Robespierre, like de Gaulle, had soon come to the conclusion—by the summer of 1794 at any rate—that the French were *unworthy* of him and of the high purpose to which he had destined them.

But, unlike de Gaulle, there was no comfortable line of retreat, no Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises, no Erménonville amidst grottoes, cascades, broken columns and artificial ruins, beneath the weeping willow, for him to go and sulk in, till the Call came. The fate of Danton had proved that it was impossible for a revolutionary of the first rank to pull out and retire to the country; and in any case, Robespierre was much too conceited ever to have contemplated a return to Arras, something that would have been an admission of defeat and failure in the eyes of his compatriots, and he had always been particularly anxious to impress the Arrageois. He had remained a provincial scholarship boy. If he had never quite come to grips with the realities of life and with the existence of living people—and he was certainly not what might be described as a "life-enhancing person"—he could at least make sure of a death of suitably emblematic significance.

I AM NOT SUGGESTING that he had actually stage-managed every detail of the truly horrible and cruel process that had taken him from the tribune of the Convention to the Louis XVI table in the Pavillon de Flore, and thence to the Place de la Révolution, though, such was his sense of self-importance, such was his concern for detail (death, like a speech, or a *journée* could not be improvised, it had to be worked on, like a *devoir* in a lined notebook), the desire to be his own *entrepreneur de pompes funèbres* (after all, he had before him the examples of Brutus, Marat, Lepeletier and the poor little Ruined Boys of the revolutionary prize-givings, Bara, Viala, and so on. Ruined Girls, too, pierced with a thousand counter-revolutionary bayonets, as, dressed as soldiers, they had attempted to hold the bridge, and he would not have wanted a *discreet* departure), one would not have put it past him.

When the time came, though previously he had given so much thought to the event, important to himself, and, as he saw it, to the Republic, he had in fact been overtaken by accident, a tiresome, disrespectful imp, his plans had gone awry, and he had been borne away on a stream that he had not conjured up, like that which had spewed forth from the mouth of the cardboard Virtue, at his touch, on the Feast of the Supreme Being. He had gone through all his usual meticulous ablutions on the morning of the 9th, had taken his usual care about his personal appearance, had put on his best clothes, as if in preparation for some big event. And it was to have been a big event: he was to appear at the tribune of the Convention, there would be a hush of respect, and then he would proceed, yet again, to "unveil all" (*tout dévoiler*): the evidence of plots, much wickedness, Pitt-organised corruption, the cancer of the Republic, the blight on a rosy future.

Certainly, it could never have occurred to him that this time, he would be prevented from being *heard*. Such a shabby trick did not figure in the

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Classics: a dagger, a *thousand* daggers (*mille poignards*), a knife, a shot, a poisoned chalice (of only the best quality), an Infernal Machine (most flattering), *yes*. But *not* an unruly uproar, as if the Convention had transformed itself into one of the lower, rougher forms in the Collège Harcourt. So when it came, it did come as a surprise, so that all the diligent preparation in the lined notebooks proved a waste of time, quite uncalled for. Even so the sheer horror of the business ensured Robespierre, dead at 36, nearly two hundred years of posthumous interest. His death assured him an importance that, owing to his inability to cope with life, he did not deserve.

DEATH HAD, of course, long occupied a place of honour, along with its accompaniments of willows, urns, and weeping vestals, in the impossible vocabulary of revolutionary orthodoxy—always concerned to impose a final choice—*this* or *that*: *Liberté ou la Mort* (when most people would have said: "Neither, thank you very much, but could I have more mustard?"). And the morbid David had made sure that *perfect* death—at the hands of counter-revolutionary assassins—should be brought home, in pictorial form, to his colleagues, in his two huge pictures of the murdered Marat and the dead Lepeletier (the latter apparently mixed up with the bloody bedclothes). David had also taken a more practical interest in death, as a member of the Committee of General Security.

Nor was this repetitive evocation of death merely an exercise in revolutionary symbolism and exaggeration (for any person of sense, that is almost anyone other than Robespierre, would know that a choice, say, between Victory *or* Death was just not on). Revolutions are primarily destroyers of life, human and animal, revolutionaries are haters of life, at least as it *is*, here and now, something that can be lightly discarded in order to ensure a golden future. They are unable or impatient to come to terms with its complexities, its doubts, and its contradictions; and the one thing that all revolutions have been successful at is death.

The revolutionaries of the Year II had destroyed the crops, livestock, agricultural productivity, but, always, death they had over-produced. Revolutionaries such as Robespierre did not like corpses in the street—they would stay indoors till they had been cleared away—but they thought nothing of signing away thousands of lives, as long as they were just names on pieces of official paper (though it should be added, in fairness to Robespierre, that even this aspect of revolutionary productivity was beginning to worry him in the last weeks of his life). By the summer of 1794, France had had a surfeit of death, only a professional like Fouquier-Tinville had retained an appetite for still more. And the *early* Thermidorians at least had spoken from the heart when, after the 10th, they had suggested that it was now time to get back to the business of *living* and *enjoying* (after, it must be said, quite a bit of clearing up first).

NOT THAT DEATH was banished from Thermidorian France. Rather was it stripped of its litanic, evocative pomp. No more invocations; no more packaged choices, more likely a cynical, flippant slogan such as Death *and* Dishonour. But plenty more lynchings on the basis of individual initiative (the Thermidorians believed in free enterprise). The symbols and trappings of death disappeared from the letterheads of official notepaper. And only a handful of Montagnards, like Robespierre, the victims of a classical education, *les Martyrs de Prairial*—were sufficiently attached to a now dated revolutionary grandiloquence ostentatiously to have stabbed themselves on the steps of the Convention, a gesture both disgusting and inconsiderate that did not provoke a wave of emulation. It was a matter of taking revolutionary vocabulary too literally.

THERMIDORIAN DEATH was re-personalised, given names, stripped of the alarming anonymity of so many of the *robespierriste* invocations of the previous summer, principally in the form of vengeance, which, to be effective, had to be visible. The Thermidorian approach to death was a practical one: a dead terrorist was better than a living terrorist. And the *égorgeurs* of the Midi *enjoyed* killing their known and named (and often *tutoyés*) victims, generally their neighbours. So killing became more intimate and was deprived of its moral force.

No one after Thermidor put forward the idea that killing was *good* for you, even, and especially, for the victims, that it was a purge that would make the Republic better. Killing became a private or semi-collective enjoyment, stripped of its medicinal qualities. Thermidor was a régime of enjoyment (at least for those who could afford it), in which random killing could be accompanied by over-eating, over-drinking, singing and dancing, though there do not seem to have been many instances of the *égorgeurs* actually *eating* their victims, an exercise in revolutionary symbolism carried a stage too far by some of the more simple-minded *septembriseurs* of 1792, who, like Robespierre, had been unable to distinguish between words and realities and who had apparently believed that, by eating various parts of the Princesse de Lamballe, they were making a major contribution to the

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destruction of aristocracy. The *septembriseurs* tended to take words rather literally.

IN RESPECT OF DEATH, as in so many other matters, Thermidor witnessed a return to private values. 1795, the Year III, *Nonante-Cinq*, was, indeed, a year of death, one almost as abundant as the Year II. But the dead of the Year III, in Paris at least, were discreet and often nameless: *cadavre masculin inconnu*, naked, with a grey beard, washed up from the Seine, *cadavre féminin inconnu*, clothed, but shoeless, lying in the snow, having died of cold or hunger. There seem to have been rather more suicides in the Year III than in Robespierre's golden year (or almost completed golden year); but these—and those that followed during the years of the Directory and the Consulate—often represented a backlog from the high tide of Terror and Revolution, the memory of terrible events, and the nagging fear of their return.

Thus the Terror of 1793 and the Year II cast a long shadow over the years that followed. No one expected Robespierre to rise from the dead (though some of the silly *babouvistes* seem to have *hoped* that he would) but the Revolution had been such a fearful experience for so many ordinary, humble people, that the idle, imprudent boasts of some ex-terrorists that they would soon be back in the saddle and that the guillotine would be back in a central location, place des Terreaux, place de Grève, place de la Révolution, place de la Rougemare, place des Quinconces, place de la Comédie, was enough to drive quite a number of people to kill themselves, rather than risk witnessing it all over again (or, at least, this is what they often say in suicide notes left behind on the mantelpiece, and there seems no reason to disbelieve them).[3]

The Year II was a year of fear, much more than the optimistic 1789. And the fear lingered on, often into the next century. But at least the Thermidorian authorities, cynical and hard-headed people, never attempted to make of death an act of state and an example of moral regeneration. They were more merciful—or merely more experienced—than their predecessors (in many parts of France, especially the East, at local level they were in fact the same people)[4]; and, faced with the daily spread of massive desertion and *insoumission*, they had no need to be reminded of the rapid decline of revolutionary spirit and enthusiasm. *La République ou la Mort* was not a slogan of the Year III, most men, particularly young men, not wanting either, indeed, actively rejecting both. *La trompette guerrière* now blew very thin indeed, and young men showed no inclination to emulate Bara and Viala. They did not want to get killed, at least in the service of the Republic, even though they might be prepared to take to the road, to the perilous highroad, of banditry, which, in many of the craggier parts of France, offered quite a reasonable chance of survival, for a few years at least.[5]

In important matters—and none more important than life and death—the Thermidorians were realistic people who had lived through and beyond the years of enthusiasm—*le délire révolutionnaire*—and who had come to know how little to expect of their compatriots. They were well aware, from the summer of 1794 onwards, that *arbres de la liberté*, fragile saplings planted at a time when Liberty was non-existent—a typical example of revolutionary logic—tended to wither away and die, or met with accidents: sawn through, snapped by a cart or a carriage, teetering over. They did their rounds, as obedient *commissaires* or *juges de paix*, reported the dying or destroyed symbols of the Year II, suggested, without enthusiasm, that *perhaps* they might be replaced (they never were).[6]

IT WAS NOW THE SAME with the *décadi*; they went through the motions, admonished offenders, and seem to have been really surprised when they actually found a shop closed on the official day of rest. It would generally turn out that it had been closed for some private reason: death, illness, a stock-taking, a removal. Death, too, had been demoted, it was now—as it had been before the terrible Revolution—a *problème de voierie*, a matter of keeping the streets clean and tidy, and corpses hidden from public view. People who live in post-revolutionary periods are exceedingly fortunate, if, that is, they manage to reach that happy stage. The Year III was pretty awful; but things had been so much *worse*.

OF COURSE, Thermidor was not long in creating its own fantasies, its own vocabularies, not least the much-reiterated slogan of *le retour au règne des lois*, an intention both reasonable and sincere in July 1794, but which would look pretty odd in the conditions of local anarchy and vengeance, of banditry and lawlessness that were to prevail in much of France one year later.

What the Thermidorians *most* wanted—and, just because they were such a mixed lot: moderates, former ultra-terrorists and dechristianisers,

[3] See my *Death in Paris* (1979).

[4] See the unpublished D. Phil. thesis of the Hon. Justin Wigoder on the Courts of the Haute Marne during the revolutionary period.

[5] See my *Reactions to the French Revolution* (1972), pp. 181–211.

[6] See my *Sociability and Neighbourhood in an Urban Environment, Paris and Rouen* (to be published in the near future).

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royalists, adventurers—they *had* to find some common platform—was a return to some semblance of legality and an end to random "revolutionising" and to revolutionary justice operated through so-called peoples' courts. The *règne des lois* meant what it said: the re-establishment, in all their powers, of the normal courts: *tribunaux criminels de Département, tribunaux criminels de District*, and an end to parallel justice. In the Departments and the Districts, the leading, most zealous, and most influential Thermidorians were judges and public prosecutors, especially in the District courts. And these were the people who carried out the legal proscription of the former terrorists.

Thermidor also represented a return to another sort of legality in that it re-established parliamentary government, as a result of the demotion of the two governing committees (though that of General Security retained some negative power throughout the Year III, as a check at least on full-scale anti-terrorism, and as a safeguard for some of the leading provincial terrorists) and a return of sovereign power to the Convention, or to what was left of it. This concern for a return to some form of legality—but from when to date legality, in a revolutionary period? The Thermidorians would have said: 1790–91, no doubt—was further expressed in the new importance, among governmental committees, of the *Comité de Législation*, which in a period of extreme confusion, particularly at local level, is revealed, time and again, as the ultimate arbiter in points of law (like so many Thermidorian bodies, it was composed of professional men of law of considerable experience and ponderation).

With a return to parliamentary sovereignty came the renewed importance of the Departmental authorities, and, above all, of their representatives in Paris, the *députations*. Though central authority was maintained by the despatch, as in the previous year, of *représentants en mission* to specific areas, real power, both at local and national level, came to be increasingly monopolised by the 83 *députations*. Thus, in the Thermidorian Convention, the *députation* of the Seine-inférieure would be likely to get its way in all matters directly concerning that Department; and the powers of *députations* increased the further south one moved from Paris, so that those of the Bouches-du-Rhône, the Gard, the Ardèche, the Rhône, the Haute-Loire, notably, could generally succeed in limiting the interference of visiting *Représentants* sent from Paris. The autonomy of the *députations* and their identity of interests with the Departments that they represented brought about a devolution of authority that was to make Thermidorian France extraordinarily difficult to govern.

Indeed, it can hardly be said to have been governed. But the longing for legitimacy was genuine enough, at least in the summer of 1794. And when the Thermidorians invoked the pressing desirability of *la concorde*, they were not being hypocritical, were not speaking in riddles. Thermidor was the one genuinely national *journée* of the revolutionary period; all the preceding ones had been received with mixed feelings at the local level. And the Thermidorians were well aware that they enjoyed the active support of a population fed up with orthodoxy, austerity, revolutionising and make-believe. *La concorde* would include everybody save the terrorists and the non-jurors; and as the terrorists represented a tiny minority—40,000 at most—they could safely be left out: a very minor amputation compared to those carried out in the autumn and winter of 1793 and in the summer of 1794. The Thermidorians had neither the will nor the means to go to war with this or that area of France, as the Jacobins had done and the authorities of the Directory were to do. Even Lyon could find a rightful place in the Thermidorian scheme of things. So they meant what they said and did not attempt to hide their message in riddles.

THEY WERE EQUALLY CANDID in their reference to themselves: *les honnêtes gens*. This was not to be taken literally, for no contemporary would have suggested that a Barras, a Fréron, a Tallien, an Isabeau, or a Boisset, or scores of other Thermidorian luminaries were honest. *Les honnêtes gens* meant respectable people, those with a stake in the country, wealthy *acquéreurs de biens nationaux*, property-holders, office-holders, members of the judicature, traders, men of substance, in fact the very opposite to the erstwhile *sans-culottes*. The Thermidorian régime was a class régime, and was not afraid of describing itself as one. The Jacobin dictatorship had also been a class régime; but it had been afraid of describing itself as such. Robespierre at least, so often the first victim of his own fantasies, may even have believed that it was *not* a class régime, and that it enjoyed popular support. So the Thermidorians at least had the virtue of candour. They said what they meant: that the Republic was to be made safe for men of substance, and they then proceeded to ensure that it would be.

In a régime bent on putting everyone back in his proper place, the shopkeeper in his shop, and so on, occupational, professional and trade definitions re-acquired an accuracy that they had often lost in the course of the Year II, when a vast number of people had been pretending to be what they were not. In the Year III, a building-contractor would not be afraid of committing a sin against Equality by describing himself as such; but, in the previous year, he would, as often as not, have demoted himself to "carpenter", might indeed even have put

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on a carpenter's clothes every time he went out.[7]

In 1794, the number of people who dressed like *sans-culottes* far outnumbered the totality of that elusive and holy state, and neutral visitors to Paris might have been excused for coming away with the impression that Equality had indeed become personalised and was walking the streets and sitting in the cafés. A régime of make-believe will be given to dressing-up; and revolutionary conformism (at least up to the spring of 1794) would even have offered a premium to girls to dress up as men, thanks to the idealisation of those girls who are supposed to have got into the armies of the Republic and not to have been spotted until they had been wounded or met a heroic death. In the Year III, the pretence and the clothing of Equality were abandoned, with alacrity, and in the interest of accuracy, recognition, and good policing. One can bemoan the fate of poor Duplay, but, with his two hundred-odd employees, he had himself participated in fashionable make-believe when he had allowed himself to be described, and had indeed described himself, as *le menuisier Duplay*. The Thermidorian régime was no doubt more selfish, less optimistic, but it was also more honest.

OF COURSE NEW CLICHÉS, new riddles replaced those outmoded by Thermidor. Few can really have believed that *buveurs de sang*—the official epithet now applied collectively to the former terrorists, or, at least, to the lower ranks of the former terrorists (for no one would have suggested, in the Year III, that leading Thermidorians such as Fouché or Boisset could be so described)—was to be taken literally. At worst, it was meant to suggest that they had drunk a lot of wine and spirits—probably stolen—not blood.

La jeunesse dorée was a very polite definition of very nasty, selfish, cowardly middle-class young men who were just over-dressed thugs. The guillotine continued to masquerade under half-a-dozen squeamish euphemisms—*glaive de la justice*, and that sort of thing—while the man who operated it, with an assistant, was still never called *le bourreau*; the word would have shocked Thermidorian susceptibilities, just as much as it had shocked Jacobin ones, as altogether too reminiscent of the elaborate executions of the *ancien régime*. It was only those—a closed corporation of fifty or so, all of them closely related, through direct descent or marriage—who practised that profession, who continued to insist on being called by an old name that they clearly felt honourable, while firmly rejecting the immensely pompous official designation of *exécuteur des hautes oeuvres*, as if they had been superior undertakers. What nonsense! They were nothing more than honest artisans, most of them carpenters by trade, who knew their job and who gloried in the fact that they had practised it, *de père en fils*, or from father-in-law to son-in-law, without a break since the later Valois.

BUT AT LEAST SOME WORDS, designed to mislead or to frighten, disappeared altogether.

The adjective *révolutionnaire* (which, in fact, meant "arbitrary", as well as, even more sinisterly, "expeditive") was the first to go, much to the general relief; and while *contre-révolutionnaires* still flourished, in real life as much as in the official vocabulary—the Thermidorians needed them as much as had the Jacobins, and they would have invented them, had they not existed, and multiplied in fact—their opposite numbers, *révolutionnaires*, went out of business, changed their clothing and their language, a silent and unspectacular process which had already begun several months *before* Thermidor, from the time, in December 1793, when Saint-Just had started to coin the expression: *ultra-révolutionnaires*.

Officially, there were no revolutionaries any more in Thermidorian France. Nor was there a Revolution. The omission was deliberate, as indicating that the Revolution had been completed. This certainly was the image that the Thermidorians most wished to promote, both at home and abroad. At home, they were highly successful, only too successful, so that, in Lyon and most of the South-East, the genuine counter-revolutionaries were encouraged to believe that their moment had arrived. Abroad, on the other hand, they completely failed, fears of revolutionary France being even greater in 1795, in England and elsewhere, than they had been during the Jacobin period.

THE DROPPING OF *révolutionnaire* was not just an omission. It was meant to have a more positive constitutional significance, as proclaiming publicly the abrogation of the famous decree of Brumaire Year II stating that "*le gouvernement de la France sera révolutionnaire jusqu'à la paix*", a characteristically oblique manner of indicating—and warning—that the Revolutionary Government (the Jacobin dictatorship) would go on indefinitely. In the autumn of 1793, the prospect of peace seemed pretty remote, and, indeed, the Committees of Government could be relied on to *keep* it remote, as the best means of prolonging their own power—and that there was no question, in the near future, of a return to parliamentary government. Well, through no fault of the leading Thermidorians in the Committee of Public Safety and in that of General Security, who, in toppling Robespierre and his alleged accomplices, had had no intention of

[7] See my *Police and the People* (1970), pp. 49-81.

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dismantling the huge apparatus of centralist dictatorship, within six weeks of Thermidor, the Revolutionary Government was in ruins.

The *true* Thermidorians—those who had been opposed to the Revolutionary Government from the autumn of 1793—were concerned to get the message home and to proclaim that both the apparatus and the Revolution itself were over, and that power had now reverted to the legitimate authorities: *les autorités constituées*. Contemporaries were quick to interpret such subtle changes of language, such silent dropping of words. It is more difficult for ourselves, unused to such negative hints. In revolutionary and post-revolutionary language, the undramatic disappearance of a word previously much in use may provide evidence for a total change of the political climate.

ANOTHER ADJECTIVE: *temporaire* (which, in fact, had meant just the opposite, at least in intention; for, in Revolutions, what is "temporary" is pretty sure of becoming "permanent"; it is just that "temporary" sounds more reassuring, with the vague suggestion of an end that is not going to come; and it is thus a word likely to put people off their guard, in the mistaken belief that it is only a matter of sitting things out, when there will be light at the end of the tunnel) was likewise quietly dropped.

The Thermidorians, in their optimism, were hoping for permanence and stability; but they were also aware of the sort of shudders that the evocation of the dreadful *Commission Temporaire de Commune-Affranchie*,[8] the authority entrusted with the carrying out of massive repression in Lyon, following the surrender of the Second City in the autumn of 1793, would send down the spines of those Lyonnais and Lyonnaises lucky enough merely to have survived into the Thermidorian period, a case of very fine timing for many, as guillotines, up and down the country, had been taking an increasingly heavy toll even on 8 Thermidor. The Thermidorians were themselves quite capable of setting up *ad hoc* bodies to try political offenders—as after Prairial—but they took care not to call them "temporary", even though that is what they were. Bluntly, and accurately, they would call them *Commissions militaires*.

ANOTHER FAVOURITE of the Year II, *populaire*, was drummed out, as reminiscent of the various *Commissions populaires* or *Commissions de justice populaire* that had been the principal administrators of collective killings in provincial France in 1793-4, killings, of course, in the name of the People, another disembodied concept that would have appealed to Rousseau. The People either were absent from such proceedings or provided its principal victims. The logic would be that an *ouvrier en soie* or a *fileuse*, condemned to death by such a body in Lyon, would readily *accept* their fate, as being self-imposed. *Populaire* meant in practice: "arbitrary", without appeal", in the absence of a jury, rapid, political, allegedly class-motivated, in short, a mockery of justice delivered by amateurs, militants who had grown experienced in summary repression in the back areas of the Vendée and Brittany in the summer of 1793. It is an adjective that has made a sinister, and apparently permanent, return to political vocabulary in the present century, in the equally mendacious form of "Popular Democracies", a double misnomer.

"*Populaire*", in Thermidorian remembrance, evoked not just justice—or injustice—but also power. The *sociétés populaires*, political clubs run by and composed of tiny militant groups, had, at one time, laid claim to sovereignty, before being definitively silenced by Robespierre and his colleagues in the spring of 1794. The Thermidorians merely completed the process formally in Ventôse Year III, when any surviving clubs were legally dissolved. Needless to say that, in their heyday, the *sociétés populaires* had included men of substance, professional people, well-to-do merchants and tradesmen, wholesalers, manufacturers, shopkeepers, independent artisans, schoolmasters, publicans, but that the People had not gained an entry. In the *société populaire* of le Havre-Marat (the Marat was dropped shortly after Thermidor, the bust of the Martyr, on which two small Havrais had wickedly pencilled a moustache, was ceremoniously smashed with a hammer, and the port became once more le Havre-de-Grâce), dockworkers had been specifically excluded, as being too ignorant to participate in discussions relating to the Public Good.[9]

OTHER WORDS TO FALL into oblivion at this time were *électrique*, meaning much the same as the adjective *révolutionnaire* and, like that adjective, calculated to frighten into submission, and *choc électrique*, one of many euphemisms for a really good, but quite unscientific and unhygienic, massacre. Out, too, would be the verbs *révolutionner* and *électriser*. The Thermidorians were themselves not averse to moving fast, particularly in the matter of prison massacres, such as started to occur over much of the South-East from the summer of 1795 (Prairial Year III) onwards, but they were less concerned than their

[8] See my *Terreur et Subsistances* (1965): "La Commission Temporaire de Commune-Affranchie", pp. 55–94.

[9] See my *Terreur et Subsistances*, "Politique et subsistances en l'an III, l'exemple du Havre", pp. 221–55, and "la société havraise", pp. 95–120.

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predecessors to place the emphasis on speed of action. They came *after* a revolutionary process had run itself out, they felt that they had time on their side, and that there was less need for haste (after Thermidor, one no longer encounters the phrase, very much in vogue during the anarchical period of the Terror, in the autumn of 1793: *il faut frapper un grand coup*, as a way to impress, in the knowledge that one had little time in which *to* impress). They were probably right, because their mood and their priorities were much more in accordance with those of a population that had grown sick of constantly being whipped forward—faster, faster—verbally and even physically, and was only too anxious to resume a more comfortable, more traditional pattern of work and leisure, to sit on the step or at the open window, in order to enjoy the slow-moving spectacle and the varied noises of the street (something that poor Robespierre had never done, apparently even as a child).

As THE THERMIDORIANS, cynical in the awareness of their very diversity and fundamental disagreements, in their appreciation of pleasure, money, women, food, drink, never made any claim on Virtue and Purity—both notable victims of the famous *journée*—the equally menacing adjective *épuratoire* (as in *scrutin épuratoire*, an operation of public breast-baring, conducted in the full glare of a club, generally at night, under the heat of blazing lights, a sort of revolutionary Quakerism by which the examinee owned up to all that he had done, or had *not* done, for the Revolution, where he had been at this or that crucial date, whether he had taken part in this or that killing: "Where were you on the 10th August?"—"I was fishing on the Petit Morin"—*Out*—"I had gone to the funeral of my mother-in-law"—*fail*—"I had drunk too much the night before and overslept, by the time I had got up, dressed, and put on my uniform and musket, it was all over, the killing had stopped, I was very disappointed"—*fail*—"What were you doing before the Revolution?"—"A valet"—*fail*—"Did you attend the feast of the Federation?"—"I was not told about it"—*fail*—"Did you turn out at the time of the Flight to Varennes?"—"I was playing dominoes"—*fail*—"Where were you on 31 May?"—"I was in bed with a prostitute"—*fail* and *expulsion*) disappeared from the French vocabulary (only re-emerging in the sinister *Epuration* of the summer and autumn of 1944) along with the institutions that had made this sort of personal and public inquisition both possible and perilous.

Yet the Thermidorians occasionally fell into the same trap as their predecessors, in the belief that if you changed the name of something, you would change its nature. Predictably, after 9 Thermidor, *Section, sectionnaire* (a person) and *sectionnaire* (adjective) fell out of favour. The noun and the adjective disappeared, the topographical unit lingered on, very much in eclipse, until it was replaced, in 1796, by the apparently harmless word: *Division*. Paris had been divided into 48 *Sections*, it was now divided into 48 *Divisions* representing exactly the same areas, though the names of some were changed: *Montagne*, back to *Butte-des-Moulins; Bonnet-rouge*, back to *Fontaine-de-Grenelle; Sans-culottes*, back to *Jardin des Plantes; Unité*, back to *Thermes* . . . . in all instances, a return to a name both more familiar, and, in a society largely illiterate, more meaningful, as depicting a recognisable topographical object: a hill, a fountain, a Roman ruin, a garden, an inn-sign, a hospital, a prison, a market.

The Thermidorians, however, were not satisfied with eradicating the dangerous word: *Section*. They placed the unit itself under an entirely new administrative body, the twelve *arrondissements*, each one comprising four of the old *Sections*. Unhappily, the word—and the institution—*surveillance* survived Thermidor, though under entirely new management. The eye staring through the triangle likewise topped Thermidorian official notepaper, though it stared, balefully, in a different direction, and was on the look-out for those who, a year earlier, had been *surveillants*.

The revolutionary months and *décades* were retained, the former earning new significance, the latter almost universally ignored. Thus Germinal, associated in the Year II with the two great rigged trials, now became identified with the failure of a popular uprising; Prairial, linked with the terrible law of the 22nd Prairial, now marked the crushing defeat of the Faubourg (the two together providing the Soviet historian, Evgen Tarlé, with the title of his book, *Germinal i Prairial*). But both pretty Floréal and by no means innocent Prairial marked, in Year III parlance, the first round of the prison massacres in Lyon and Marseille and most of the other towns of the South-East, massacres that also added an equally sanguinary connotation to the following months of Messidor, Thermidor, and Fructidor, sultry months of vigorous killing in the same area. The winter months of the Year III, on the other hand, remained somewhat pale, as people in large numbers—30,000 in Paris, a little more than in the previous year—died quietly of starvation and cold. There were few suicides in these pallid months, disease and want being the main agents of death. Ventôse this time witnessed a sudden and massive thaw, provoking all over the valley of the Seine and its tributaries disastrous floods, the predecessors of those painted by Sisley, in the same valleys, in the 1870s.[10]

[10] For the floods in the Ile-Saint-Denis and elsewhere, see my *Paris and its Provinces* (1975).

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THE REVOLUTIONARY MONTHS continued to lead a formal and rather bloodless existence for another nine years; and the longer they lasted, the weaker became their hold on popular awareness, not then like playing cards which grew limp, dirty and discoloured from constant use and replay, but more like a new pack hardly ever used. They merely became identified with a series of *coups d'état* that marked the troubled history of the Directory and the installation of the Consulate, and created new and barbarously-named groups to compete with the more familiar, almost respectable Thermidorians: Floréalists, Fructidorians, Brumairians. By the Year XIII, when the new calendar was interred without fuss, most people had probably lost count even of the new cycle of years. The resumption of the old calendar was as much a measure of common sense, as a conscious attempt to win over Catholic opinion. It was also a means of erasing the memory of a recent, and troublesome, past. At least then there could be no more Brumairians and their other bizarre partners or rivals.

At several stages in the subsequent revolutionary history of France, there were attempts, generally on the part of crackpots and backward-looking neo-jacobins and neo-*hébertistes*, to bring back to life the revolutionary months—it was more difficult for the years, with a gap of some fifty years: in 1848 and in 1871, efforts were briefly made to revive both, as if, by so doing, something of the vigour and the optimism of the Year II, in its early stages, not in its jaded state of Prairial, Messidor and Thermidor, would be injected into an evanescent régime. But new killings: *la Révolution de juillet, les journées de juin, le coup d'état de décembre, la semaine sanglante de mai*, made old revolutionary killing months seem irrelevant.

THERMIDOR is a suitable point at which to stop, to rest, and to observe certainly no mountain, not even a *butte*, but rather the old, unspectacular marsh and plain, that had always been part of the landscape, but that, not being dramatic, had previously escaped attention, a landscape indeed favoured by those, the majority, whose prime concern had been to keep out of sight, well away from the tribune (how many *Conventionnels never* seem to have spoken at any time since their arrival in Paris in September 1792 and July 1794! though a number seem to have recovered speech after Thermidor), and so out of trouble and so to survive, a perfectly respectable ambition in times of Revolution.

In terms of the Convention, these were the nameless (though some regained their names as well as their tongues after July 1794, even adding lustre and originality to the much more lively debates of the rump Thermidorian assembly) but numerous, members of the old *Plaine* and the *Marais*, the true inheritors of Thermidor, men little concerned with pretty iridescent soap bubbles, golden, blue, red, and pink, and with gentle or fierce words recalling the soft breezes of spring, the dry *mistral* of the summer, the cruel winds of winter, the flowers of the field, the abundant cornucopia of well-tended garden and orchard, the golden corn, the contented Normandy cow, the powerful Percheron or Ardennais cart-horse, the snorting pig, and the shrill-voiced cock.

We should not make fun of Robespierre and those of his kind for their rather touching attachment to words and symbols. They probably believed in the regenerative power of both, and no doubt their greatest error was over-optimism, the naive, but generous, belief that others would be willing to share their pretty dreams and to participate in their redeeming allegories. After Thermidor, the evocative months, Robespierre's cherished playthings, his brightly-coloured butterflies, lie like broken toys, or insects with their brilliant wings fading, adding to the bitter pathos of a life hardly lived, and then largely in fantasy, that had seen so little, neither the sea, nor the bright Midi, nor the Alps, nor the green Pyrenees, nor even very much of Paris, and terminated at 36.

Of course, it should not have ended thus; he should have been allowed to wander on into old age, with his butterfly net and his water-colour pad, his chalks and his lined notebooks for delicately turned poems about bright flowers and rosy-cheeked girls with the pale blue eyes of the Pas-de-Calais. But here am I making the same mistake as he did, and giving metaphors and fancies the force of realities. 1794, the year of illusions, was followed by 1795, the year of the loss of illusions. After 1984, what of 1985?

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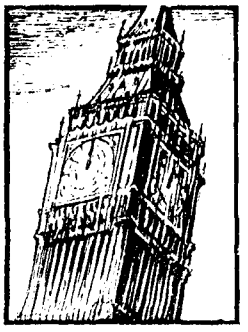
NOTES & TOPICS

London Commentary

Copping Out, in Malign Neglect

The Policeman's Lot—By EDWARD PEARCE



ONE WRITES WITH some circumspection about race, the police, riots and street crime, all of them topics which are preoccupying us here in Britain, and which have been doing so since the rash of predominantly black rioting which occurred in the summer. For all four interrelated topics carry with them compulsory opinions, not only on the campaigning Left but also among those defined as "liberal" in England—a wider and more sloppily defined constituency than even American liberalism and one which contains elements from *all* political parties.

The first compulsory opinion is a deep aversion to any suggestion that wrongs done, laws broken, goods stolen by West Indians can ever be laid at the feet of West Indians as their fault or responsibility. I would have thought this a profoundly paternalist not to say racialist view. Is it not a new and deeply slighting re-definition of the old concept of diminished responsibility? Nevertheless the attitude flourishes, and discussion of fault is drowned in a tide of chatter about "alienation": a loose word, which once severed from its ideological moorings, drifts at will, part alibi, part reproach.

The second compulsory opinion in nice circles is a very heavy censure of the British police. Odd, one would have thought, since hundreds of unarmed and generally unprotected policemen were injured in the riots. Naïve observers might have expected the response to the various burnings and petrol-bomb throwings by rioters, black and white, to have been one of sympathy with those standing at some little risk between the citizenry and mass violence. The mere public may indeed hold such inexcusable opinions, but the mere public is very little regarded.

Instead, knives are out—notably but not exclusively, for the Chief Constable of Merseyside, Mr Kenneth Oxford, who (with Home Office authorisation) ended the Liverpool-Toxteth riots by using tear gas. Now here is the essence of things. Outside Northern Ireland, devices like plastic bullets and tear gas are not supposed to be used in Britain. We have taken a reasonable civic pride in the fact that whatever harmonisations with Europe—kilogrammes, kilometres, bribed farmers, and decimal currency—might be forced upon us by the political class, the methods of the beastly *flics* would not prevail here. It is an honourable objective with roots in British moderation and distaste for violence; but if somebody is burning the city down, not altogether a practical one.

The magisterial *Economist*, which has a stately priggishness all its own, has been demanding the dismissal of Mr Oxford, who was faced with the worst riots of all. The grounds seem to be two: firstly, that excessive force was used in stopping the riot, and secondly that Merseyside police do not have that sought-after and desirable liaison with "the community" which is decreed to be essential. ("Community" is the new British in-word for Jamaicans who, more than other West Indians, and vastly more than citizens coming from the sub-continent of India, may sometimes find themselves in court for criminal offences.)

Now the first point seems absurd. The Toxteth rioters, who thoroughly desolated their own district around Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool, were only a very short distance from the commercial centre of that city (or what is left of it after nearly 40 years of secular decay). The tear gas available to the Chief Constable was the wrong sort; or rather it had to be discharged with more volition than he would have wished (for the best of democratic reasons). The Home Office doesn't approve of tear gas for crowd control and, accordingly, doesn't have the right firing apparatus readily available. What it does have, and what the Chief Constable had to use, as an option to letting central Liverpool be burned down, is the equipment used for overpowering, say, an hysterical or violent individual who has barricaded himself into an upper floor with a hostage. Hence the volition of the firing mechanism.

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But it is worth recalling that when British football hooligans, a regrettable native phenomenon, rioted in their unpleasing way at a match in Turin they were seen off by the Piedmont police, whose fine Italian hand ran to tear gas and truncheons, all recorded dispassionately by BBC TV. No disquiet there; no demands for an international inquiry; no attacks on the vicious *carabinieri*; merely a measure of satisfaction that unloved and frightening youths, too well known to us, were coming up against something hard, nasty, and continental which our own police for their jobs' sake would not dare to dish out.

The "ethnic community", however, is another matter, and it was interesting to watch the logical facility with which critics at one and the same time denied that what had taken place in Toxteth was a "race riot" and denounced the police for their treatment of the blacks involved.

Now the rash of riots this summer—Toxteth, Brixton and Moss Side, Manchester, followed by a dozen or so lesser riots across the country as inner-city conduct was adjusted to accommodate urban fashion—were preceded some months earlier by another preponderantly West Indian riot in the St Paul's district of Bristol. There is quite a case to be made that the Chief Constable of what is now called Avon (a district taking in Bristol and parts of what were once Somerset and Gloucestershire) is the man who gave the green light to rioters throughout England.

The man lost his nerve and effectively abandoned the St Paul's district to the lads with the petrol bombs. For several hours they burned and looted unmolested with the police remaining, on orders, at a remote and respectful distance. There was no call for this man's head; but if ever a senior officer laid down the safety and property of local citizens in the interests of his career it was he. For when a half-hearted and limp-wristed attempt was made to prosecute a handful of men accused of taking part in the looting and burning at St Paul's, the result was a hung jury. The charges were then completely withdrawn "in the interests of good race relations." The nationwide riots began a few days later. Clearly, the problem in Britain is that some senior police officers spend too much of their time looking over their shoulders at politicians and Home Office civil servants who, in turn, are looking over *their* shoulders at *The Observer*, the *Sunday Times* and *The Guardian* to see if they are still described there as "humane" . . . "civilised" . . . "liberal. . . ."

Attitudes to crime in general, and racially flavoured crime in particular, are paralysed by this self-consuming vanity. Surely, all humanity, civilisation, and liberalism can only operate within a framework of rules which are observed and a law which is kept. The events of St Paul's indicated to the Jamaican population, generally regarded as including the hard core of most trouble involving blacks, that one can do an awful lot with impunity in this country. In consequence of which Mr Whitelaw, the Home Secretary, wrung his hands with anguish this summer and had to authorise the use of tear gas, and later to inform Parliament that rubber bullets as well as tear gas would be held in reserve for the future. Traditional peace-keeping methods cannot handle the riots we have acquired and which we expect to see again. But it is not the Home Office's Baldwin-like avoidance of deterrent rearming which is blamed. It is the police, who else?[1]

WE SHOULD SORT OUT two different strands in this hostility: the far Left's dedicated programme for playing the streets against the police and enfeebling the latter through political (i.e. local city council) control, and the vapid liberalism which presumes that in all conflicts between the "ethnic community" (West Indians, blacks, etc) and others, the others must, in some etiolated way, be to blame.

The first attitude was summed up by a delegate to the recent Labour Conference at Brighton who observed that Mrs Thatcher was concentrating public spending on defence, the prisons, and the

[1]Nor is Britain quite alone in Europe in facing the spectre of slowly losing the traditional reliability (and possibly even the professional loyalty) of the local police in the contemporary "law-&-order" crisis. In West Germany, too, a sensitised public opinion is one-sidedly alerted to every sign of police "over-reaction", every incident of "excess" or "brutality"; and the dire results are beginning to show as riotous demonstrations become a regular feature of the scene, as in West Berlin and in Frankfurt-am-Main.

The *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* reported recently (5 October 1981, p.12) that its local police, in the first half of this year, had been forced to do some 550,000 hours of "overtime" and that, in general, morale—at least since "Bloody Saturday" (the Anti-Shah demonstration of 25 November 1978 during which 182 policemen were injured)—has been sinking to its present low point. Given the reluctance of the public prosecutor to press charges, and of the courts to convict, the police are showing themselves more and more unwilling to arrest even the most well-known "professional" rioters. In the two recent Frankfurt outbursts, during which several million D-marks damage was caused, the police arrested only three and then four of the militant and armed demonstrators. Police officials conceded that "the men don't want to risk their necks to go in and grab a tough and violent hooligan. . . . After all if something dramatic happens anywhere in the world, from Chile to Iran, you can be sure we'll be faced with a protest demonstration in our streets. . . . At the moment our mood is rotten, *stinksauer*. . . ."

A typical Frankfurt incident involved an Iranian student who admitted to the court that he had, in the excitement, thrown a stone at a policeman. The judge liked his confession, and dismissed the case. Stone-throwers of the world unite! You have nothing to lose. . . .

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police in order to prepare the way for the Gulag society she intended for us. The second is best illustrated by Mr Louis Blom-Cooper, Q.C., who submitted to the inquiry into the Brixton riots the argument that More Police means More Crime. For, said he, the number of police in Brixton (our most heavily West Indian district) between 1977 and 1980 was 13% in excess of establishment. "No special police operation should be used in any ethnic area or the Metropolitan [London] Police district until the hypothesis that more police power increases the crime rate has been thoroughly tested by the method described herein." Upon whom this hypothesis should be tested he did not say. Crimes have a tedious tendency to involve victims.

Unfortunately for Mr Blom-Cooper's remarks the 13% over-establishment police of Brixton have turned up certain criminal affairs rather in excess of 13% above par. For, as Mr Wilford Gibson, a senior Metropolitan Police Officer (Deputy Commissioner) put it to the same Inquiry: the sub-district of Brixton, which is not big enough to be one of London's boroughs, has figures for mugging and robbery which are, respectively, two-thirds and three-quarters those for Greater Manchester with a population of 2.65 millions. If the borough of Lambeth which contains Brixton is cited, then that township has *more* muggings and more robberies than Greater Manchester.

WE ARE STUCK with the great unutterable fact, true in the USA and true in Britain, that there is an "ethnic" criminal crisis of major dimensions.[2] It is unfortunate, but there has been such a problem even in the years before our present very high unemployment. Some understanding may perhaps come if we compare other immigrant populations in Britain. The Indian, Pakistani, and Chinese citizens of this country very heavily under-perform the average when it comes to convictions for violent crime. And they have only been involved in any public strife as a result of the activities of the small but odious racialist groups. A riot was sparked in London's Southall, which is heavily Indian, by a performance of "*Oi*" music which appears to be the low I.Q. White's come-back to reggae. The Indians, with a reputation for civility and law-keeping in this country, were provoked beyond bearing by a concert of "*Oi*" music slap in the middle of Southall. They were wrong to hit out, but they will find most Englishmen understanding, if not condoning.

Immigrants from the sub-continent, who have put their best efforts into galvanising Britain's listless official hours-bound retail trade to the point where Londoners talk admiringly of the "all-night North Circular Road Gujarati grocers" have behaved very like the East-European Jewish immigrants of a century ago. Of Flower Street and Dean Street in the East End of London the young Beatrice Webb wrote, "These streets, once wholly gentile and wholly vicious, are now entirely Jewish and entirely respectable. . . ." Not that the previous inhabitants of Southall are to be thus faulted or fitted into the comparison—they were unhappily obliged to move on, since all groups in this multi-racial society about which we go on chattering . . . tend to live apart. But the civic merit as well as the innocence of violent crime of the Asian immigrants is not in dispute.

WHICH BRINGS US BACK to the fact that quite other "ethnic groups", while they provide many solid respectable railwaymen and other public-sector employees also provide muggers, sectarian fanatics, users of soft drugs, a great number of the functionally illiterate after schooling, as conceded by the Rampton report: altogether the sort of losers whom well- (and ill-) meaning people can call "alienated", a lost word still in search of a meaning. What is urged is that those who fail must not be called failures. And the discontented unsuccessful have discovered in guilt-ridden British liberalism a perfect helpmeet to their own self-pitying denial of responsibility. It is only too obvious that until there is some plain talk on the matter, attention will be absurdly focused on a scapegoat, the browbeaten police. An American film critic reviewing *Fort Apache: the Bronx?* made a memorable comparison between the US liberal attitude to their police and Rudyard Kipling's dictum of "making mock of uniforms that guard you while you sleep. . . ." The generality of the British have no difficulty in understanding which side they are on when the new rookeries erupt as the old ones used to in the days before Peel, Rowan, Mayne and staggeringly successful Victorian policing.

[2] See, in ENCOUNTER, Nathan Glazer's article, "The Ethnic Factor" (July 1981); also, in general, Sir Leon Radzinowicz, "Illusions about Crime and Justice", ENCOUNTER, February–March 1981.

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But among the educated classes there is a lot of conscience preening, much irrational exemption of the "ethnic community" from the consequences of actions. They are notably sustained in this by a custom-built progressive policeman, John Alderson, Chief Constable of Devon and Cornwall, who addresses little homilies to his Northern colleagues, who he implies are racialists. He has proclaimed that he will not accept the tear gas or plastic bullets now to be provided by the Home Office. Now "the White Crow of Exeter", as he has been unaffectionately christened by colleagues, is blessed with a small peninsula made up of holiday towns and retirement bungalows. It might, just at a pinch, be necessary to say "Now move along there, please" on a heavy day in Sidmouth, but the artists and retired folk of Newquay are about as likely to throw petrol bombs as the long-buried in the famous cemetery of St Just-in-Roseland. My American parallels are often a little uncertain but Mr Alderson's moral stance is the rough equivalent of Connecticut reproaching Detroit or the Bronx. Our police may privately express unelevated thoughts about Brixtonians they see loitering. Considering what in the real world often comes out of that "loitering" they would have to be men of marble not to curse a little.

"Reproach" may, perhaps, be too mild a word. For Chief Constable Alderson has accused his fellow police of "tooling up against the public", an astonishing definition of the Home Secretary's reluctant decision to provide fall-back equipment in the aftermath of riots which put 700 policemen on the injured list. But then Chief Constable Alderson gives a curious indication of not very much liking policemen and of taking a somewhat idiosyncratic view of his prescribed duties. It was recently necessary for the Central Electricity Generating Board to go to the High Court to seek a writ of *mandamus* compelling him to remove squatters from a site which may be used to build a nuclear power station. The squatting was illegal; the Chief Constable is required to uphold the law. However, he made it known that he did not wish "the Devon and Cornwall Constabulary to be seen as the private army of the CEGB. . . ." In short if there is something difficult or controversial to do, the "community policemen", as Mr Alderson describes his constables, will not be instructed to do it. In consequence real private armies—security squads—would have to be hired instead. As it in fact happened, the withering and disdainful instruction of one of our leading judges, Lord Justice Templeman, put Mr Alderson back to work. But the implication of such favour-currying by a senior policeman, if translated into the circumstances of metropolitan violence and inner-city criminality, is apparent.

What it amounts to is the creation of "no-go areas", those very "rookeries" or "Alsatias" as they were called before 1850: areas of immunity where the law does not run. The soft option in dealing with "ethnic" criminality proposed by Mr Blom-Cooper is not to concentrate detective efforts on areas of high criminal activity. Incontrovertibly, fewer arrests will mean fewer convictions, and what has not been recorded as being done will not have been done. Mr Alderson, vastly admired as the dissident conscience against the coming "Police State", has contributed to a new concept of malign neglect. It is a policy calculated to keep profile-proud senior officers in a sustained state of high regard by the cultivated Sunday papers.

And, as one of them reassured us a few Sundays ago in the great James Baldwin spirit of *Burn, Baby, Burn* and *The Fire Next Time,* burning down one's own neighbourhood could produce "social and economic gains" (even if only "some").

> "The politics of race relations is like a lever whose fulcrum is close to one end. By dint of great pressure (burning down their own neighbourhoods, for instance) the ethnic minorities can occasionally move the lever an inch or two and achieve some economic and social gains. But those opposed to them need only the lightest touch to hold the lever where it is."[3]

How reactionary indeed of the police (and the fire) department to keep their fingers on the lever! Obviously, all that stands in the way of socio-economic progress is for them to look away . . . in benign, or malign, neglect, depending on your point of view.

[3] Laurence Marks, "Brixton's sideshow became star event", in *The Observer*, 13 September, p. 9.

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A Special Book Section

History & Archaeology

Lost Innocence

Archaeologists as People—By CHARLES THOMAS

WHEN I WAS demobilised, and became an undergraduate in post-War Oxford (curious days, those; I shared a room with a malarial ex-brigadier who persistently bullied our Dean, an ex-captain), I joined our local archaeological society at home during my first long vacation. This was the logical extension of my schoolboy interest. The society was a Field Club. Its president was a genial antiquarian parson, and the members knew very little about the archaeology of their own (or any other) area. The resident expert was a retired schoolmistress, who had read the right kind of books and who knew people who had conversed, on familiar terms, with Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Our main annual festival, the summer excavation, always took place in August because all the active members were schoolteachers and the timing had to fit in with school holidays. No museum anywhere in the west of England had any curator remotely qualified to pronounce on matters archaeological, and it was a big moment when Sir Cyril Fox retired to Exeter. As far as I can recall, it was a point of dogma that the Neolithic period began in (exactly), 2,000 B.C.; and another that everything stated or published by the Ancient Monuments inspectors from the Ministry of Works must be correct, because they were experts and would therefore know. A few members of this Field Club, when they undertook field-work, recorded exact site-locations in terms of latitude and longitude, including degrees, minutes and seconds, instead of using eight-figure National Grid references. This was the system favoured by the first president (a retired Indian engineer colonel) and first treasurer (a retired rear-admiral) and I never found out how it worked. I can't now remember what sort of glue we used to stick bits of pottery together but I shall never forget its smell.

The point of this reminiscence is that I am talking, not about the 1920s—when C. E. Vulliamy, author of *The Polderoy Papers* and other entertaining works, was the sole operational archaeologist west of the Tamar—but about 1950, and later. Archaeological activities took place, like Edwardian tennis-parties, in the soft purple haze of high summer, with minimal competitiveness and no sense of urgency or responsibility. There was another haze lying over all, too; one compounded in equal and harmless thirds of innocence, easy ignorance, and total amateurishness.

NOW ALL THIS CHANGED; and in the setting of a British tradition of antiquarianism stretching back to the 13th century, the change took place in (I quote St Paul) a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. I suspect that my academic generation—I graduated in 1951—may be the last to span two such diverse worlds. In my own home area, relatively poor in that middle-class stratum from which all similar endeavours are fuelled, I was myself in large part the unwitting agent of change.

Greatly daring, I had conducted a youthful correspondence with V. Gordon Childe; and despite possessing only a law degree, I next spent two years under his tuition at the Institute of Archaeology and went on to real, "scientific" jumbo-size excavations of the sort much favoured in the 1950s. Then it was back home again, starting the first extra-mural classes in archaeology, organising training seasons in the field and spreading the gospel according to the approved textbooks. In 1961, the old Field Club spread its wings and became a much enlarged county society, with a real annual journal (which I founded and edited), full of long words, foreign references and spiky illustrations. Slightly before this, at the age of 29, I had been lucky enough to land one of the very few available university lectureships, and that automatically made *me* an expert, too.

What comes back to me now, vividly, is that sense of arrogance—it is one against which I and many of my contemporaries have had to fight, some harder than others—deriving from the heady concept of professionalism. We were paid to be archaeologists. We were paid full-time, and could

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enter "Archaeologist" on our passports, and this removed us from, and elevated us far above, amateur practitioners in much the degree of that gulf which yawns between Harley Street and the fairground quack. The truth, of course, was analogous to that older truth uttered by a Hanoverian George about the lawyers. We knew very little more archaeology than the amateurs, but we had been taught in which books to look it up.

THIS LOSS OF INNOCENCE, coinciding with the first noticeable rise, in any quantity, of a class of paid professionals, was only part of a change that continued beyond the 1950s and that became more radical. I suppose one significant turning-point (and again I can date this, precisely, for my own area; it was in the summer of 1970) arrived when, for the first deplorable time, it became clear that the amateurs and the volunteers old and young could no longer be asked to pay for the privilege of taking part in field campaigns. They had long handed over notional weekly sums, of the order of a fiver or less, towards their food, the hire of tents, etc. From now on they would have to be *paid*; not much, it is true, but an approximation of a weekly wage plus free board in the case of specialist or supervisory helpers.

This *bouleversement* had come about because the scale of most excavations had gone well beyond the point where elderly enthusiasts, trowelling and brushing tiny areas from the comfort of abandoned cushions covered in Liberty prints, could conceivably open enough ground in a season to justify the rising background costs. Heavy labour was needed. This meant young labour; and since the late 1950s, the only real source for such gangs was made up of undergraduates and training-college students (who were also expensive to feed). These young people had become accustomed to getting pocket-money, and then volunteer rates, and lately something more akin to unskilled wages, from the State-sponsored excavations. Only by offering comparable inducements, and the lure of milder working-conditions, could societies hope to recruit the kind of people who would agree to shift rocks, manually remove tons of overburden, and wheel heavy barrows.

However, excavations, so attractive to the general public—and in those happy days one always put out a collecting-box for visitors—no more constitute archaeology than appendectomies do medicine. If that period after 1950 saw a steady social revolution in the way people adhered to British archaeology, then from about 1970 a second and far more fundamental revolution was gathering momentum. This time, it was to be a political one (and I exclude any sense of Marxist or anti-Marxist historical interpretations of the material past). In January 1971, after some behind-the-scenes gatherings and enclaves, the largest British archaeological gathering ever recorded took place, in London University's Senate House, at which the organisation called RESCUE was founded.[1] The keynote was the imperative, last-minute rescue, mainly through promoting what had come to be called "rescue archaeology" or "rescue excavation" (in the States, "salvage archaeology" at that time), of the little that proved to remain of the country's visible heritage; mainly prehistoric and protohistoric monuments, rather than standing buildings. The one-word title, pictorially symbolised by a giant bulldozer attacking Stonehenge, both imitated *Shelter*, *Oxfam*, *Heritage*, etc, and reflected the personal involvement of many archaeologists in other and non-archaeological conservation lobbies.

Some day, and I trust soon—because, though good documentary archives exist, they must be supplemented from memories—the political, or socio-political, or politico-social story of archaeology in Britain in the decade 1971–81 will be compiled. I disclaim any notion of writing it myself, though I was centrally involved; as a founder, then Trustee and vice-president of RESCUE, and in the crucial period from 1970 to 1973 as president of the older Council for British Archaeology, a body whose fortunes were singularly entwined with those of the pressure-groups. All that I could do, as a historian, was to contribute progress reports with an eye to posterity.[2] But either from the chair or on the side-lines I was, and then realised that I was, peculiarly well-placed to observe the process of fellow-archaeologists becoming *people*.

THE MYTHS WERE SHATTERED, one by one. Archaeologists interviewed Ministers, promoted their cause in the various media, raised funds (not very successfully) from industry, rubbed shoulders with the better-organised naturalists, ramblers, countryside-champions and such really respectable bodies as the National Trust. New regions, and areas, with new offices, units, flying-squads, committees and councils—and because of them, hundreds of new fully-paid posts—came into being. Fresh university posts multiplied, under a smiling and encouraging University Grants Committee. And quite inept youngsters were, all of a sudden, paid thousands a year. No longer could one keep track of who was who. Strange new groups, the hippies of archaeology—bands of fairly

[1] Cf. *Rescue Archaeology*, ed. Philip Rahtz (Penguin, 1974), especially chapters 1, 3 and 20.

[2] "Ethics in Archaeology", *Antiquity*, vol. 45 (1971), pp. 268–274; *After Rescue, What Next?* (first De Cardi Lecture), Council for British Archaeology (1976).

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experienced all-the-year-round diggers, often filthy, with limited theoretical knowledge, and given to sleeping in barns or under hedges to conserve their lodging allowances—emerged; and there was a danger that, like Steinbeck's Okies, they might fall prey to agitators and demand a union.

Millions of pounds were changing hands yearly in the name of archaeology. Three years ago, lecturing to the British Association at Bath (and I felt obliged, then, to title my talk "Is Archaeology Necessary?"), I estimated that at the mid-'70s peak between eight and ten million pounds was changing hands per annum in all and any forms of archaeological employment. I doubt if, in the mid-'50s, the comparable figure exceeded two hundred thousand.

The collapse, which has been at first hardly detectable and then gradual and progressive, followed the collapse of central Government funding, and possibly, too, that of public confidence in most Government agencies. It is true that the rate of destruction of the visible past has appreciably lessened; but partly because, as a nation, we no longer build motorways, new towns, and vast extra-mural industrial complexes. Now the boom is over; and many archaeologists, in search of a fresh philosophy, are tempted to withdraw into conservationism.[3] The pool of jobs has shrunk alarmingly, and among the University departments—the training-grounds for the officers of this old army—no less than four are recommended for closure by that very UGC that promoted the earlier expansion.

The latest, surely one of the most bizarre, applications of the present Government's doctrine of "privatisation" surfaces in a Michael Heseltine paper[4] which suggests that the main state agency, the current Directorate of Ancient Monuments and Historic Buildings, could be handed over to some fresh body comparable with the National Trust. Gloom on all sides. In fact, the only aspect of archaeology where the graph-line continues to slope upwards seems to be that of commercial publishing (a 1978 conservative estimate of turnover—about three millions), but very few archaeologists get fat on what the publishers allow them.

KENNETH HUDSON'S *A Social History of Archaeology* is a good book, from a skilled pen, and the integrated illustrations are superb.[5] It is in effect a romp through the history of British archaeologists—working overseas, notably in Egypt and the Middle East, as well as at home.

The author was not himself very much involved in the political excitements I described earlier and, though he pinpoints essentially the time-scale I would choose myself, I don't think he has selected all the key issues, or clarifies the continuing and sometimes apparently insoluble dilemma facing the several hundred relict amateur-based societies: what part can we play in archaeology today? (A Damoclean sword hanging over their corporate head is the possibility—not, I feel, likely to be realised while the House of Lords exists—of our falling into line with almost every other civilised nation, and introducing a system of licensing for *all* forms of archaeological excavation; at least a third of current excavations would not be, and should not be, so licensed.)

On the other hand, Hudson, who knows broadcasting backwards, contributes a brilliant summary of the role played by the BBC and certain IBA companies in promoting both a market and an informed public support; and the last chapter, covering the genesis and growth of what is called industrial archaeology, will be a standard account from one of that subject's few identifiable founders.

IS IT A FACT THAT, in times of stress and difficulty, a discipline seeks comfort in self-examination (leading, perhaps, to a measure of retrospective self-congratulation)? Glyn Daniel has both in his own right and as the editor of *Antiquity* long promoted the accurate recording of past archaeological careers and, more importantly, of the growth and transmission of ideas. This is an essential, under-appreciated branch of European historiography. An international conference on the history of archaeology, held in Denmark in 1978, has now yielded its appropriate volume.[6] Canada, America, India and New Zealand are covered alongside Europe and its Old World extensions. In most papers, reminiscences may intrude, but does this matter (if they are relevant)?

Professor Daniel, in a fruitful year, has also written *A Short History of Archaeology*,[7] presumably to stand alongside his earlier *A Hundred Years of Archaeology* (1950), itself issued in a revised and rather curiously extended form (1975) as *150 Years of Archaeology*. Yes, this too is a useful work, with plenty of illustrations, some predictable, others even novel, but it is what it claims to be; a history of the growth of (world) archaeology as an academic pursuit in its own right, and of its impact on a public that in the final

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[3] With some American influence—cf. Charles R. McGimsey III's *Public Archaeology* (Seminar Press, 1972), widely read in Britain.

[4] "DoE to end historic buildings role"—Martin Walker in *The Guardian*, 11 September 1981, seems to have been the inspired leak.

[5] *A Social History of Archaeology: The British Experience*. By KENNETH HUDSON. Macmillan, £20.00.

[6] *Towards a History of Archaeology*. Papers at the first Conference on the History of Archaeology in Aarhus, 29 August–2 September 1978. Edited by GLYN DANIEL. Thames and Hudson, £12.00.

[7] *A Short History of Archaeology*. By GLYN DANIEL. Thames and Hudson, £9.50.

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resort pays for archaeology to take place. You will not find allusions to the social and political movements of recent British archaeology in the text, the index, or the bibliography.

This is also the year in which Glyn Daniel retires from the Disney Chair of Archaeology at Cambridge. Three distinguished former pupils, with the support of a publishing house whose long partnership with Professor Daniel has profoundly influenced most public attitudes to the visible past—at home and overseas—have joined to offer him an appropriate *Festschrift*.[8] Our future monarch, another former pupil, offers an attractive Foreword. In the context of what I have written so far, it is the second half of the book—the sections on "Archaeology and the Public" and "The Editor of *Antiquity*" (i.e., Glyn Daniel as a person, teacher and publicist)—that I would urge upon anyone who seeks to know why archaeology has become so popular. Eric Peters (of Thames and Hudson) and Paul Jordan (of Anglia TV) write—and they are vital and sensible accounts—on archaeology and publishing, and archaeology and television. Richard Atkinson's essay ("Glyn Daniel as Editor") is a long-awaited analysis of the profound impact exercised by the journal *Antiquity*, particularly since 1958.

THE PRODUCTION of biographies, and even better, I suppose, the stimulation of autobiographies, of leading individual archaeologists constitutes a relatively recent branch of the history of this discipline. It is also a relatively patchy one. Traditionally, the archaeologist with something to say shoots his bolt in middle age, in the shape of what is known in the trade as an "aims and methods" statement (*Approaches to Archaeology, Archaeology and Its Problems, What Is Archaeology?, Archaeology in the Field*, and so on).

Retrospective accounts of famous figures, notably of those whose private lives encompassed wealth, sunshine, women and subsequent controversy, can be fun, but can also shed more light on current tastes and modes of so-called research than on the history of archaeology proper. Sylvia Horwitz's account of Sir Arthur Evans, discoverer of Knossos,[9] is indeed highly readable in a galloping sort of way. I found the portions dealing with Evans as a person—his flamboyant generosity, his initial support for the Boy Scout movement as a surrogate for his own lack of children, his personal bravery and championship of suppressed ethnic

[8] *Antiquity and Man: Essays in Honour of Glyn Daniel*. Edited by JOHN D. EVANS, BARRY CUNLIFFE, and COLIN RENFREW. Thames and Hudson, £25.00.

[9] *The Find of a Lifetime: Sir Arthur Evans and the Discovery of Knossos*. By SYLVIA L. HORWITZ. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £9.95.

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minorities—both revealing and fascinating. Somehow the Knossos passages reminded me that far more Britons visit the place as package-tourists than can afford to do so as purely archaeological pilgrims, but the mote may well be in my own eye.

THERE HAS TO BE a clear distinction—and I am underlining, not inventing, this point—between biographies of archaeologists written by biographers (like Sylvia Horwitz, or Alan Houghton Brodrick's 1963 study of the Abbé Breuil) and those written by other archaeologists. The latter genre kicks off with Stuart Piggott's *William Stukeley* (Oxford, 1950), and a by no means unworthy addition is *Prehistorian*, Sally Green's recent study of Vere Gordon Childe.[10] This is not the first book about the *vieux maître* since his death in Australia in 1957—two previous ventures, by Barbara McNairn and Bruce Trigger, have explored Childe's theoretical attainments and influences[11]—and I doubt it will be the last. It is however not only a model biography of its kind; it is a remarkable accomplishment by someone who was presumably still in, or hardly out of, her cradle when Childe died, yet who manages to hit off both the man and his career almost exactly.

Childe was a unique and not very happy spirit. He was an eccentric; the off-putting, even slightly frightening variety, not the instantly lovable kind. Behind the extraordinary appearance a massive restless brain ticked away the unsatisfying minutes. He could be inspiring, kindly, and even in his own way lovable; but this persona was revealed only to a small circle of colleagues, some old and close friends like Palme Dutt and Jack Lindsay, the quaint coterie of the old London University Institute of Archaeology when it was housed in St John's Lodge, Regent's Park, and to his personal graduate students. I was fortunate enough to be one, for two years, during which (in common with all his students) I obtained a view of archaeology, everywhere, as a unified world process that has coloured my attitude to the subject ever since.

Sally Green, drawing skilfully and selectively on people's memories as well as on prolonged and careful research, explains much of Childe's character in the light of his complex ancestry and background. A little of this I knew, because of the accident that my grandmother, who was born in South Australia in 1867 and lived (her memory unimpaired) to the age of 99, had known Childe's parson father. His present biographer extends herself to Childe the unsuccessful politician, Childe's Scottish years—having taught, under Stuart Piggott, for a decade in the department Childe founded in Edinburgh I must add that this by itself valuably adds to Scottish academic history—and Childe sternly bumbling through the preposterous machinery of the University of London. She reprints Childe's designedly posthumous *Valediction*, and what is probably as near as anyone can now get to a complete bibliography.

Not just archaeologists (who will need the Trigger and McNairn *aperçus* for contemporary statements about the impact of Childe's ideas), but straight historians of ideas could profitably digest Sally Green's volume. If O. G. S. Crawford's *Said and Done* (1955) is still the most informative, and easily the most readable, of the archaeological autobiographies, I have convinced myself that *Prehistorian* is probably the best biographical study of its kind to date. The author, herself an archaeologist, had the rare good sense to enlarge her book from an earlier thesis and not (thank heavens) to commit the common fault of slapping a raw thesis into print. She and her publishers merit considerable praise. If I have one criticism, it is that she does not (very possibly found she could not) deal with the eventual impact that Childe's popular works, like his *Prehistoric Communities of the British Isles* (1940, and later revised versions), had upon the informed and semi-informed archaeological public at extra-mural class and local society levels.

FINALLY, AND I hope not too awkwardly, a reminder that one facet of the (national, archaeological) Loss of Innocence was the terrifying realisation that Science might actually be involved. A new term of abuse in archaeological circles is "innumerate"; persons so categorised are seen to be defective, in that, by reasons of age or deficient training or stubborn refusal, they clearly cannot comprehend computer-based methods applicable to archaeological findings. Well and good; all right; some of us will live and die in innumeracy.

However, not all the ancillary disciplines involve gibbering symbols. The long flirtation with anthropology—a sweet-smelling marsh into which prehistorians plunge, seeking the elusive blossoms of analogies between what primitive peoples do now and what past primitives might have done—has been given new point in Bryony Orme's elegant handbook, *Anthropology for Archaeologists*.[12] This is exactly what it sets out to be, clearly written, with the main topics ("Settlement",

[10] *Prehistorian: A Biography of V. Gordon Childe*. By SALLY GREEN. With a Foreword by JACK LINDSAY. Moonraker Press (26 St Margaret's Street, Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire), £8.95.

[11] *The Method and Theory of V. Gordon Childe*. By BARBARA MCNAIRN. Edinburgh University Press. £3.75. *Gordon Childe: Revolutions in Archaeology*. By BRUCE G. TRIGGER. Thames and Hudson. £10.00.

[12] *Anthropology for Archaeologists: An Introduction*. By BRYONY ORME. Duckworth, £22.00.

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"Pastoralism", etc.) as chapters and a proper sense of reality and restraint. Highly recommended; as must be *The Environment in Prehistory*,[13] the latest of a welcome series of handbooks, this time in the form of a symposium volume with two skilled editors and seven of their colleagues up-dating in not too difficult a format the contemporary findings (by the main archaeological periods) about our past environment.

Innumeracy may be just excusable. Ignorance, when enlightenment is to hand, about the natural setting of Man in prehistory is not, and long has not been. Today's archaeologist may have gained in social and political awareness, but he or she belongs to a calling in which the short boom years seem to have passed, and for which the bells of retrenchment (indeed, the dread bell of redundancy) toll with increasing voice. Perhaps, driven back to our harmless Tithe Maps, cosy summer digs, even our reprehensible cabinets of flints and coins—if the metal-detector pirates have left any in the ground, that is—we shall ineluctably be forced into another Age of Innocence. It will at least cost very little.

[13] *The Environment in British Prehistory*. Edited by IAN SIMMONS and MICHAEL TOOLEY. Duckworth, £22.00, paper £7.95.

History as Narrative

Countering The Computer—By JOHN BOSSY

A YEAR OR SO ago Lawrence Stone published in the journal *Past and Present* a piece entitled "The Revival of Narrative", which will have come as quite a surprise to many of its readers. What it said was that it looked as if the historical wind was changing. Over the past 50 years the fashionable thing, in France, in America, and in Britain, had been to approach history as if it were a social science: to take as its subject the totality of human circumstances, to proceed and compose by structurally articulated analysis, to favour the quantifiable in description and in proof, to look, if not for all-embracing theory, at least for a high degree of generality in explanation.

This was admittedly not what most historians had been doing, certainly not in Britain, even less in places which were not mentioned like Germany: people of more modest ambitions, they had been trying to find out something about the shipbuilding industry in Scotland or Bismarck's foreign policy. But Lucky Jim and his mentors, for whom History was speaking in (to quote Stone) "the scrapings and shavings of historical antiquarianism, the publication of documents merely because they had never been published before, and the rehashing over and over again of the same tired old questions", could not be regarded as the fine flower of the profession, the inventors of gunpowder, the wave of the future.

It was, in this case, quality not quantity which mattered, and quality was on the side of totalisation. Stone himself, in his *magnum opus The Crisis of the Aristocracy*, had produced a weighty example of it, and even more weighty examples could be cited from France. So it was rather a shock to find him saying that the revolution seemed to have run out of steam, that Thermidor was round the corner, that one way and another history conceived as the telling of a story seemed to be coming in again.

It is true that five years earlier, in the first essay reprinted in *The Past and the Present*,[1] he gave evidence of having been put on by a sociologist (Robert Nisbet) and a psychologist (Liam Hudson) to the idea that the new dispensation, by putting its head into the computer, had suffered the loss of important antennae like art and imagination. Still, it was something else again to come out with what was virtually a confession of sin, to condemn the construction of books in analytical storeys, to speak with appreciation of the literary virtues and the narrative mode, to greet with genuine pleasure Hugh Trevor-Roper's life of Sir Edmund Backhouse, to make an appreciative reference to G. R. Elton, to commend those works of political history which had a sequential beginning, middle and end, and which "have for decades been treated with indifference or barely concealed disdain by the new social historians."

Since there has been some discussion about what he meant by narrative, I had better give his own words:

> "There are signs of change in the central issue in history from the circumstances surrounding man to man in circumstances; in the problems studied from the economic and demographic to the

[1] *The Past and the Present*. By LAWRENCE STONE. Routledge, £8.75.

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> cultural and emotional . . . in the subject-matter from the group to the individual; in the explanatory models of historical change from the stratified and monocausal to the interconnected and multicausal; in the methodology from group quantification to individual example; in the organisation from the analytical to the descriptive; and in the conceptualisation of the historian's function from the scientific to the literary."

From the examples he gave of it, this conception of narrative seemed to include at least two different things. It included the rediscovered tradition of Ranke and Mabillon, of David Knowles and Michael Roberts, of Jim Dixon and Lady Antonia Fraser. It also included the descriptive but not obviously narrative mode for which the model was provided by social anthropologists, exemplified in Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie's *Montaillou* and perhaps also in Theodore Zeldin's history of 19th-century France. They seem on the face of it strange bed-fellows, and though I have a feeling that he was entitled to put them together I am not sure that I know why. It is something to do with the fact that both sorts of history are more like novels than like *The Crisis of the Aristocracy* or Fernand Braudel's *Mediterranean*: they tend to be a good read. You can also see some kind of a meeting-place in the annals of the poor as lovingly recorded by Richard Cobb.

ANYWAY, THE LARGE QUESTION is on the table, and though it has been got there by methods which sometimes seem a bit crude, the effort has been worthwhile. While everybody is getting their breath we can look at some books which may help to clear the mind before we plunge in further. The first is a collection of essays by Le Roy Ladurie,[2] which is rather a turn-up since Le Roy Ladurie happens to be represented both in Stone's gallery of villains (for his inaugural lecture at the Collège de France, entitled *L'histoire immobile* and translated here as "History that Stands Still"), and in his gallery of heroes (for *Montaillou*). If the test of a narrator is that he is interested in people in relation to circumstances rather than in the circumstances themselves, Le Roy Ladurie certainly passes it, but that seems an insufficiently rigorous test.

Certainly the ecological preoccupations dominant here do lead to a kind of fascination with the immutable: he is concerned to rebut one theory of change, the Marxist, and his usage of the quantitativist's normal resource for telling a story, the graph, is rather special. The demographic hills and valleys are dwarfed by the environmental mountains, which impose physical, biological and to some extent cultural rigidities, and create or maintain stable states over long periods: in this case in rural western Europe between roughly the 13th century and the 18th. From the peasants of Montaillou coping with the Inquisition around 1300 to Rétif de la Bretonne describing the life of his father, *coq de village* in 18th-century Burgundy, the scene is roughly the same.

All told, the history between is one of zero growth, a paradoxical version of the ecologists' paradise, later evoked without parody in a reference to the Aveyron, an inland department of southern France, around 1925. Stone objects that Ladurie has ignored the Renaissance and the Reformation, but this can hardly be so since he has written a good deal about both Catholicism and Protestantism in his favourite region; and there is a good deal to be said for envisaging the Christianity of this and other regions as a stable traditional structure persisting in spite of everybody—perhaps especially in spite of the Church—as part of a multi-secular stable state. I think myself that there is room for saying both that traditional Christianity is a relatively stable structure (though not one whose foundations are ecological) and that the structure has, to mix metaphors, a life of its own which will in the long run produce events measurable on the seismograph of the most événemential historian.

ONE OF THE SMALLER PIECES in Le Roy Ladurie's collection is called "The Aiguillette: Castration by Magic." It is an account, mainly from 16th-century writers like Jean Bodin and Thomas Platter, of the ritual of knotting a sort of metal-ended shoelace in order to provoke sexual impotence in the person or couple against whom it is directed. Le Roy Ladurie's purpose in reporting it seems to be to explore what might be contributed to the comprehension of his stable state by an exploration of Freudian elements in the peasant psyche. But I wonder if his description of the thing is correct: as he describes it, it does not seem to be about castration but about causing disturbance in the marriage relation in such a way as to set by the ears a community which marriage holds together. It would, for example, bind a husband in relation to his wife, but not in relation to the adulterous partners to whom one would expect him to resort. The ritual has to be performed during the marriage service, at the actual words "Whom God hath joined together . . .", and is a parody of it; it was apparently so feared as widely to discourage people from marrying openly in church, and was on every score an evident tool of the devil.

So interpreted, the *aiguillette* emerges both as

[2] *The Mind and Method of the Historian.* By EMMANUEL LE ROY LADURIE. Translated by SIAN and BEN REYNOLDS. Harvester Press, £20.00.

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part of a stable structure, and as something more amenable to chronology than a castration complex. For, whatever the structural anthropologist may say, a historian must surely make the banal point that you cannot have an anti-sacrament unless you first have the sacrament; so that the history of the *aiguillette* evokes a whole long story during which the sacramental structure has been put in place, and having been put in place has been worked on, elaborated and used by people for their own private purposes, according to rules which do not seem very arcane. It also gets us a tiny bit nearer to understanding one of the great traditional questions of early modern European history, the chronology of the witch-craze; and it makes the point, which some might have deduced from *Montaillou* though its author did not, that even a traditional Christianity is not primarily a method of dealing with the environment but a system of human relations. Which, I suppose, is where its ultimate kinship with the narrative mode, its story-producing and story-inducing character, lies.

HERE WE ARE on ground trodden with immense concern a while ago by a historian very different from both Stone and Le Roy Ladurie, Herbert Butterfield. Butterfield was a practitioner and a historiographer of the Rankean mode of narrative political history (though he practised various other kinds too), and also an extremely articulate advocate of the kinship between the frame of mind required to practise it properly and the Christian view of life and human destiny in which, as a Methodist, he himself believed.

He was specially concerned with two places where this kinship seemed to be called into play. One was located by the idea that the history of international relations ought to be approached as the history of individual relations writ large; both, he thought, were illustrations of the same ultimate flaw and best considered with an Augustinian consciousness of original sin; in the proper conduct and description of both, the thing to be avoided was self-righteousness, and the thing to be encouraged was imaginative sympathy with the other party. The position was evidently connected with his having started under the aegis of Harold Temperley, historian of the origins of the First World War; he maintained it vigorously in the aftermath of the Second. Another was something to do with the individuality of each particular complex of relations and considerations, what he tended to call the predicament, on the larger as on the smaller scale. To expound the relevant predicament in its full particularity and with the largest sensitivity was the function of narrative history,

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and you could not do justice to it any other way.

It was characteristic of his *gravitas* that he spent much of the last years of his life (he died in 1979) going into the origins of historical narration. Unlike classically-inspired colleagues, who got their standard from the Greeks, his point of departure was the Old Testament, his impulse the idea that it was among the Jews that the fusion of history and theology had first taken place, his hope—at least so I imagine—to try and show that the vision of a god who works in history was the final ground of the historical enterprise as such. It would have been a daunting attempt for a younger man: the text of *The Origins of History* as now edited by Adam Watson[3] is obviously in an imperfect state, especially towards the end; and the idea, if I have got it right, was probably unworkable anyway. For all that, he was grappling with his problem at a level a great deal deeper than the rest of us, and ought to be read.

IN ACCORDANCE WITH his principle of giving the other man a show, Butterfield wrote a chapter on the Greeks and another on the Chinese. The Greeks, particularly Ionians like Herodotus, turn out to be rather like the *Annalistes*, concerned with things like climate and large cross-cultural comparisons and explanations in a universe not dissimilar to Braudel's. But his heart was evidently elsewhere, and he cites with pleasure some remarks of the Jewish historian Josephus about the superiority of barbarian to Greek historiography, as well as Egyptian observations that the Greeks seemed to have a very thin sense of the past.

The meat of the book is in his treatment of the Old Testament and of its narrative precursors and parallels in Mesopotamia, Egypt and Anatolia. A concern for the past, a sense for narrative joining the past to the present, arises in connection with those same events which seem to provoke a need for gods: natural catastrophes on the one hand, and the conflicts of cities and kingdoms on the other. One might deduce that from the beginning historians were divided into *Annalistes* and Rankeans, both equally concerned with gods, but gods of a different kind. Perhaps the Egyptians were the first *Annalistes*: they certainly seem, in their measurements of the annual height of the Nile, to have invented the quantitative series. Among the Rankeans the first who inspire Butterfield to real warmth are the Hittites, whose history, like their geographical situation, seems somewhere between the Jews and the Greeks: it possesses Butterfield's desiderata of combining religious feeling and factuality, of not boasting, like the Assyrians, of

[3] *The Origins of History*. By HERBERT BUTTERFIELD. Edited with an introduction by ADAM WATSON. Eyre Methuen, £12.50.

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seeing two sides of a question, of bringing moral feeling to bear upon international relations.

The Jews, he concedes, were not quite like that, though they shared with the Hittites an idea of the covenant with God which is the foundation of a national history. Their peculiarity was to have founded their relationship with God on a historical event, the Exodus from Egypt, to such a degree that you became a member of Israel by accepting the event and the associated law and promise, and the community was a sort of Whig interpretation of history on the march. Towards the close of the Old Testament period the hard edges of this consciousness were softening, and by the time of the composition of the Books of Maccabees the Jews were writing history at the level of the Hittites. They were also, however, allowing their historical vision to disintegrate into the legalistic and the apocalyptic, at which point Christianity came along. From this point the story seems held together more by Butterfield's faith than by anything else: the faith tentatively (at least in form) expressed at the beginning of the last chapter, "The Great Secularisation", about the connection between transcendental Christianity, a concrete sense of events and an avoidance of the idolatry of abstractions.

This will not be everyone's cup of tea. Those who like something more secular may turn to another narrator, Hugh Trevor-Roper, Butterfield's surprising successor as Master of Peterhouse in Cambridge; on which subject he tells, at the end of *History and Imagination*, a collection of essays dedicated to him on his retirement from Oxford,[4] an extremely good joke turning on the prophetic powers of Evelyn Waugh.

Trevor-Roper is a classicist, a disciple of the Greeks and of Gibbon, a Renaissance rhetorician. Sometimes he overdoes it; sometimes, as in his account of the vision of an Iranian engineer met in Qom some 20 years ago—"pylon nodding to pylon across the Persian hills"—he hits the nail sweetly on the head. He tells a good story, as Lawrence Stone testifies; as Stone can also testify, he is a scourge to what he considers cant. He would probably have considered as cant a good deal that was dear to Butterfield. So it is nice to see among the essays in this volume a characteristically unruffled piece of 17th-century diplomatic history by John Elliot, who might be thought a shining example of what Butterfield wished to recommend. It is rather a pity that, at a moment when counsel is needed, his voice comes to us, like Stone's, from the other side of the Atlantic.

[4] *History and Imagination: Essays in Honour of H. R. Trevor-Roper.* Edited by HUGH LLOYD JONES, VALERIE PEARL, and BLAIR WORDEN. Duckworth, £25.00.

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Romans & Britons

The Imperial & Celtic Interplay—By GRAHAM WEBSTER

ARCHAEOLOGICAL PROGRESS in Britain is beset with difficulties. The most worrying has been lack of finances in universities and in the Department of the Environment, which is responsible for ancient monuments and rescue excavation. A rapid burst of expenditure in the early 1970s helped to establish working units in major historical towns, valiantly attempting to rescue the remains of our past before the heavy machinery of modern construction removed everything. Excavation techniques have advanced rapidly, and field archaeologists suddenly began to realise that they were in every sense highly skilled professionals, although this was hardly reflected in their status and salaries. An abrupt withdrawal of funds in our national crisis has left many high and dry, without funds or staff, and struggling to complete large-scale work now well advanced.

This unhappy state of affairs is reflected in publication. The great General Pitt-Rivers laid it down, as an axiom, that nothing is discovered until it is published, so it is in the interest of all directors of excavations to place the results of their work before the public at large. But they are seriously delayed by the very nature of their work.

The refinement of techniques, both for excavation and post-excavation work, has been apparent over the last two decades. Sites are worked on a much larger scale with open stripping instead of the small trenches or boxes of an earlier age, and the work moves at a slower pace, more meticulously and with more resources for recording methods in data-collecting, planning, and photography (often by vertical true-colour stereoscopy). To these must be added sampling for recovery of environmental evidence (which can provide information about the climate and flora of critical periods in the development of a site), and laboratory analysis of pottery, metal and glass artefacts (which yield data about sources of supply and manufacturing techniques). In addition, all stratified animal bones are subjected to careful analysis, to determine the types of animals, their age and condition, and methods of butchery and processing.

Unfortunately, much of this can be started only when the excavation is completed, and thus adds very considerably to the time spent in preparing reports for publication. It is now commonplace for a large-scale excavation to be completed in a matter of months, but for the collection of data to require three or four years before it can all be gathered together. This long delay before the results of excavations reach the outside world creates great difficulties for most archaeologists—and not least for those who attempt to write general accounts of Roman Britain.

Most archaeological reports are now so technical that only initiates can read them with profit, and few outsiders are willing to pay £30–£40 for a large volume, when all they can appreciate are the plans, the photographs, and a few pages of summary.

It is hardly surprising that the general public, with the help of the media, has a distorted view of the past and sees archaeology as a romantic fantasy based largely on hunting for treasure, while the large market for pseudo-archaeological science-fiction tends to deny man's great achievements by introducing alien or supernatural elements from outer space.

IN THE FACE OF these difficulties, archaeologists should feel the need to impart the results of their work rapidly to the public in comprehensible and attractive terms. Some have responded well to this challenge, especially when they are associated with museums, such as the Museum of London and the Colchester and Essex Museum. Both have provided a steady stream of excellent, small, but reasonably priced publications for their visitors—for example, *Archaeology of the City of London* (1980), Philip Crummy's *In Search of Colchester* (1979), and David Clarke's *Roman Colchester*[1]—but these are not as widely known as they deserve. And the Department of Urban Archaeology of London has developed a considerable reputation for rapid production of its excavation reports, such as the quite superb report on *The Roman Riverside Wall and Monumental Arch* (1980) by the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society. Peter Marsden's *Roman London*[2] provides a useful background to excavations in the City.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS, like other professionals, find it difficult to step back from their work and

[1] *Roman Colchester*. By DAVID T. D. CLARKE. Edited by MARK DAVIES. Colchester and Essex Museum, £1.50.

[2] *Roman London*. By PETER MARSDEN. Thames and Hudson, £8.95.

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take a wide-sweeping and objective view of their subject at a time of rapid change and development. A general book on Roman Britain will be out of date during the time it comes to press, and anyone taking a serious interest in this period is strongly advised to subscribe to, or look through, the annual *Britannia*[3] which includes papers on a variety of subjects, with the results of research and excavations, and also the valuable annual summary of discoveries which gives at least a brief indication of new finds long before a full report can be expected.

The Council for British Archaeology has attempted to reduce the long time-lag in publication by a system of fascicules for specific aspects of parts of large-scale work especially in the large historic cities. There are now thirteen fascicules for York and five for Lincoln, the subjects ranging from *The Environmental Evidence from the Church Street Roman Sewer System* (Vol. 14, fasc. 1) and *Selected Pottery Groups AD 650–1780* (Vol. 16, fasc. 1) from York, and from Lincoln *The Defences of the Upper Roman Enclosure* (Vol. VII, fasc. 1) and *Clay tobacco pipes* (Vol. XV, fasc. 1) from excavations carried out from 1970–74. These publications have come under attack because they are so fragmentary, and some consider the prices too high. They do, however, ensure that some of the results appear; and specialists and others can choose the subjects which appeal to them most, instead of having to buy a very large and expensive volume.

Another important CBA series results from conferences at which contributors not only speak of their recent work, but are prepared to voice their ideas and even to speculate. The latest of these is *Waterfront Archaeology in Britain and Northern Europe*,[4] which brings together from six different countries no fewer than 35 papers on a much neglected but highly important field of research. Although some of the papers are very brief, the significant aspect is the recent work on the London waterfront and the remarkable excavations in Holland and at Bergen—essential to those concerned with trade between Britain and Europe and its economic background in Roman and medieval times.

OF PARTICULAR INTEREST, since it is the Celts who provide the fundamental background to

[3] *Britannia*. Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies (31–34 Gordon Square, London WC1), annual subscription £12.00.

[4] *Waterfront Archaeology in Britain and Northern Europe*. CBA Research Report No. 41. Edited by GUSTAV MILNE and BRIAN HOBLEY. Council for British Archaeology (112 Kennington Road, London SE11 6RE), £15.00

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Roman Britain, is *Coinage and Society in Britain and Gaul*.[5] Recent studies have completely changed older ideas about the state of south-eastern Britain prior to the invasion of A.D. 43, and have advanced our understanding of the tribal territories, the dynastic changes, and the economic development of the area with the impact of trade with Rome. *Coinage and Society* includes an up-to-date series of distribution maps of British coins, based on Colin Haselgrove's supplementary list—a vast improvement on the small scale maps of Derek Allen (compiled up to 1959) which are attached to the Ordnance Survey *Map of Southern Britain in the Iron Age*. This welcome report is an apt reminder of the *people* of Roman Britain, who are all too often overlooked in general books on the subject. Too many studies are heavily weighted on the Roman side, since, due to the meagre nature of the British sources, most Romano-British scholars and archaeologists rarely attempt to view their period from the British point of view, while those engaged in Celtic studies accept the Roman conquest only with the greatest of reluctance. It is time these unfortunate prejudices were overcome and a more balanced judgment reached.

THE QUESTION arises once more with the publication of H. E. Kilbride-Jones's *Celtic Craftsmanship in Bronze*.[6] This fascinating study has taken 40 years to complete, so it is hardly surprising that it has an old-fashioned air in some places and has, in fact, been somewhat upstaged by Morna MacGregor's detailed research.[7] Nevertheless, it brings together all those aspects of Celtic craftsmanship which manifest themselves in the British Isles and securely links them with their continental origins. Mr Kilbride-Jones believes that the Roman conquest and occupation virtually destroyed Celtic society and its art, and recognises the sad effect of mass production on craftsmanship. The great majority of his illustrations (which vary in quality from the quite beautiful to the merely ordinary) are of objects found on Roman sites and especially military ones. But the soldiers of the Roman army were, in fact, mostly Celts—and almost as barbaric as the Britons. They relished fine, colourful, enamelled bronzes, and purchased them in quantity. It was the stress of this great increase in production that, as with pottery, led to simplification and devolution of style, and a dilution of the earlier superb techniques, except in those areas beyond the frontier where the limited demands of the Celtic chiefs remained—eventually to blossom in what is regarded as the Celtic renaissance. Mr Kilbride-Jones still believes in the "Withdrawal", which he spells with a capital letter, but our view of the 5th century is now quite different. Nevertheless this is a most readable and enjoyable book, and one day, perhaps, these matters will be seen in a proper perspective.

FORTUNATELY THERE ARE two books to help redress the imbalance between the Roman and Celtic aspects. Both bring us in close contact with Celtic Britain, through names and through religious ideas.

The first—*The Place Names of Roman Britain*,[8] a remarkable collaborative effort by Professor A. L. F. Rivet and Colin Smith—is in effect a geography of Roman Britain with a detailed discussion of the ancient sources. Difficulties over the interpretation of Ptolemy's figures of latitude and longitude, for generations a subject of academic debate, seem now to be resolved by finding the pivot on which to reposition his map of northern Scotland, so that it no longer leans prodigiously to the east. There is also a fascinating suggestion that one of his sources for southern Britain may have been a military map of the Neronian period, previously prepared for Scapula's advance against Caratacus. One particularly interesting aspect of this brilliant study is its evidence for the extensive Roman use and adaption of Celtic names. Although many problems remain, this list of place names, with full discussion of the sources, provides a definitive hand-book which is unlikely to be challenged for many years.

The Batsford academic stable provides us with the second work of outstanding importance—Charles Thomas's *Christianity in Roman Britain to AD 500*.[9] There is growing awareness that Christianity was practised in Britain on a much wider scale than was previously appreciated; the material evidence—from house chapels in villas to baptismal tanks and cemeteries, the Hinton St Mary pavement with its portrait of Christ and the even more remarkable church plate from Water Newton (the earliest known set)—makes a fresh approach both opportune and necessary. Professor Thomas brings to his study a deep understanding of the background to the early Church in northern Britain, and writes with great style and elegance. His book, which makes almost compulsive reading, will come as a refreshing surprise to all those who have been totally unaware of the pre-Augustine development of Christianity in these islands.

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[5] *Coinage and Society in Britain and Gaul*. Edited by BARRY CUNLIFFE. Council for British Archaeology, £9.75.

[6] *Celtic Craftsmanship in Bronze*. By H. E. KILBRIDE-JONES. Croom Helm, £15.95.

[7] Morna MacGregor, *Early Celtic Art in North Britain* (Leicester University Press, 1976).

[8] *The Place Names of Roman Britain*. By A. L. F. RIVET and COLIN SMITH. Batsford, £45.00.

[9] *Christianity in Roman Britain to AD 500*. By CHARLES THOMAS. Batsford, £14.95.

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ANOTHER SCHOLARLY, well-produced book is Anthony Birley's *Fasti of Roman Britain*.[10] Many have been waiting for years for it to appear, since it was known that Professor Eric Birley had spent many years collecting the material which he handed over to his son in 1965. *The Fasti*, a complete study of all the Roman officials and any officers of senatorial and equestrian rank having any connection with Britain, will have a permanent place on the shelf of essential textbooks on Roman Britain; it should eventually be joined by the *Fasti* of the junior officers and officials and also, of course, of the Britons themselves.[11] The only inhabitant to appear in this *Fasti* is Cogidubnus, but ironically enough under false pretences, if one now accepts Professor Jules Bogaers' interpretation of the Chichester inscription.[12]

AMONG GENERAL BOOKS on Roman Britain there is Peter Clayton's oddly named *Companion to Roman Britain*[13]—a collection of six essays of different aspects, a gazeteer of sites too brief to be of much value, a list of museums and of governors of Britain, and a bibliography. "Introduction to Roman Britain" might have been a better title since it is handsomely produced and illustrated, and would make an admirable gift to someone needing a starting point.

For the popular market, and of "coffee-table" dimensions, comes Keith Branigan's *Roman Britain—Life in an Imperial Province*.[14] It is attractively produced with a large number of illustrations (many in colour, although some have doubtful tints); quite a few are from other parts of the Roman world, and it would have been helpful if a source list had been included.

The usefulness of the end-paper maps is marred by two symbols being duplicated, another has a confusing description ("native settlements or artefacts"), and yet another is cryptically labelled: "site of other Roman relicts"! Unfortunately, too, the names of the great British freedom-fighters Boudica and Caratacus are wrongly spelt. A single page (p. 289) shows how an excavation can tell us what happened at different periods in a small workshop (this should perhaps have been developed to explain more about the archaeological processes). There is also a very useful gazeteer of sites, although it should be noted that no military bath-house has yet been found at Wroxeter, least of all one with a swimming pool! But one must not be too critical of these lapses, for Professor Branigan has achieved a non-academic style which will hold the public interest without being patronising.

Indeed, there is a great need for works like this. Although the academic tradition runs against the production of popular works, well-informed and attractively illustrated books help to break down the barriers. There is, however, a serious omission in the lack of a basic book-list to help and encourage those who may be inspired to read more.

MALCOLM TODD'S *Roman Britain 55 BC—AD 400*[15] is a very scholarly attempt to encapsulate the history of the period within 250 pages. It is highly successful, since no deviation is allowed for the more difficult social, economic and religious areas, which will presumably be covered by a companion volume. The author has the great advantage of a thorough acquaintance with the continental background and imperial history, and this is apparent in the masterly assurance of his writing. One almost has an uneasy feeling that it is too simple, but careful reading shows the scholarly caution underlying many of the statements. Nevertheless, the general reader is given little indication of the serious debates being hotly argued by front-line archaeologists at several stages in the history of the province.

THE MOST IMPORTANT general book is undoubtedly Peter Salway's *Roman Britain*,[16] in the Oxford History of England, which replaces *Roman Britain and the English Settlements* (1936), by R. G. Collingwood and J. L. N. Myres—a classic study which dominated ideas on the subject for several decades. The great spate of new discoveries from large-scale excavations, from field work and aerial archaeology, has completely changed the face of Roman Britain, and that great work was sadly out of date by the mid-Sixties.

Dr Salway began the daunting task of writing its successor in 1967, but the long period of gestation has necessitated constant revisions, as the rate of discovery grew ever faster in the Seventies with rescue work in the large cities. Inevitably this

[10] *Fasti of Roman Britain*. By ANTHONY BIRLEY. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £30.00.

[11] This is partially covered by Anthony Birley's *The People of Roman Britain* (Batsford, 1980), which includes names of merchants, craftsmen, and people of the towns and countryside.

[12] *Roman Inscriptions of Britain* (1965), No. 91. Instead of *R(egis) legati Aug(usti) in Brit(annia)* i.e. King (and) Imperial Legate in Britain, Professor Bogaers now reads:– *Re[g(is)M]agni Brit(anniae* or *annorum)*, i.e. Great King of Britain or the Britons (*Britannia*, 10, 1979, pp. 243–254).

[13] *A Companion to Roman Britain* By PETER CLAYTON. Phaidon, £9.95.

[14] *Roman Britain—Life in an Imperial Province*. By KEITH BRANIGAN. Reader's Digest, £9.95.

[15] *Roman Britain 55 BC—AD 400*. By MALCOLM TODD. Harvester Press, £19.50; Fontana, £2.95.

[16] *Roman Britain*. By PETER SALWAY. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £19.50.

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shows in places, and doubts and uncertainties have crept into the text. Nevertheless, it is a noble effort conceived on a grand scale, and its lasting value is this firm attachment to the Roman Imperial background. It is important that the student sees Roman Britain as a distant province of a great empire, but of special significance to the emperors since its garrison was so comparatively large.

The original scheme of dividing the book into two parts is followed, the historical account occupying the first 500 pages, with another 238 devoted to special aspects, such as the degree of assimilation by the Britons into Roman ways, the geography of the province, and the social, economic, and religious aspects. This seems an unfortunate division as, apart from the geography, these matters are deeply affected by the historical development and decline as a whole, and should properly be integrated into the main text. Although this volume will have neither the effect of its predecessor nor its remarkable staying power, this is no reflection on the author. It is simply due to the rapid rate of discovery, admittedly slowed down at present by the recession.

Ards & Hands

Rural History—By RONALD BLYTHE

UNTIL THE 19th century nothing would have made much sense or had any really important relevance to the majority of people's lives in this country if the agricultural element had been left out. No farming cycle—no structure to the year. No structure to society either, nor to religion, the law, politics, and a vastly reduced or totally otherwise-based imagery for art and literature. Habit, custom, the class system, our very national mores, all would not have evolved as they have done had the entire population not gone round and round with the ploughings and seedings and harvests.

Now, only a tiny fraction of us are bound to the wheel of the natural year, though being released from its spin isn't quite the blessing which our forefathers, wildly speculating, could have imagined. It is a blessing, of course, not to have that until-death-do-us-part slog of a working life which one does not have to be all that old to recall. Poets as well as social historians give thanks in this respect:

> "When I see men, and women, bent over the crops [says Geoffrey Grigson] I realise it isn't so agreeable for them. '*C'est dur l'agriculture*' (read Zola in *La Terre*). I like seeing machines which keep the human back from bending, as in the last five thousand years."

All the same, if our immersion in the non-stop spate of rural literature proves anything, it does seem to prove that while we toiled through the relentless seasons we retained some kind of balance that is missing now. Free after these millennial going-the-rounds with the crops, we are discovering the absence of any other continuity, the lack of an alternative everlasting circle.

The investigative emphasis has been, both in terms of popular village history and agrarian studies, at the point where all those who were connected with the ancient pattern of agriculture, and its social setting, have been able to give a direct account of it, either in words or photographs. This almost direct access which we have to the period *c.* 1850–1950 is exciting and remorselessly fascinating. It is also profoundly moving. In another generation or two it will not be possible for ordinary computer man to listen to ordinary corn-growing, stock-herding man as the latter has basically existed since fields were made. Thus the greed for his dying voice.

But before discussing the impact of *The Victorian Countryside*, a magisterial collection of essays which traces every shade of meaning in this just-vanishing voice, it might be as well to start with an anthology of studies which connect one, so far as it is scientifically possible, with the work-sounds and sights of the very first farms. As its editor Roger Mercer points out, *Farming Practice in British Prehistory*[1] is only the initial trickle of what must very soon be the great flood of new discoveries and, subsequently, of fresh attitudes released by the publication this year of the Cambridge *Agrarian History of England and Wales*.[2] Once this remarkable work has been assimilated by specialist and general "country writer" alike, the entire subject must benefit by having its time-scale drawn back, not to what they used to call the mists

[1] *Farming Practice in British Prehistory*. Edited by ROGER MERCER. Edinburgh University Press, £9.50.

[2] *The Agrarian History of England and Wales. Vol. I.* Edited by STUART PIGGOTT. Cambridge University Press, £20.00.

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of antiquity, but to many a clearly recognisable morning B.C. when there were ditches to be dug and hurdles to shift.

IN BRITAIN at any rate, B.C. is easier on the feelings than A.D. The dozen or so contributors to *Farming Practice in British Prehistory* are freed by huge swathes of years from the strange emotional tensions which creep into most later rural narratives, and they make refreshing company. Like most academics, they will have their little joke, their occasional reference to what is current, as if to jolt both themselves and their readers into the commonplaces of the present in order to appreciate that frequently all that modern scholarship does is let ancient societies testify to humdrum activities. But it is no good our hearts going out to these societies from such a distance, as they laboriously drained fields by a river which would one day be called the Stour, or slashed and burnt their way through future Hampshire. Best, as these searchers of their farms do, to assume that life was likely to be fairly good rather than "brutish" (as they used to say); or even, as they tugged up the oat harvest by the roots on the cliffs which were to become Cornish, ecstatic. There was a lot of sunshine in 2,000 B.C. Beginning from thousands of different farming centres, the majority of them unknown before aerial photography, our Neolithic and Iron Age ancestors chopped and ploughed the wildscape into a landscape.

When Caesar arrived in A.D. 43 he found a prosperous agricultural scene:

> "The population is exceeding large, the ground thickly studded with homesteads, closely resembling those of the Gauls, and the cattle very numerous. . . . The climate is more temperate than Gaul, the cold being less severe. . . ."

Our farming was three-and-a-half thousand years old when Caesar caught this rich glimpse of it. Palaeobotanists (whose work more than any other division of archaeology makes a thrillingly direct contact with remote summers), by studying fossil pollen assemblages from water-logged deposits, estimate that by the time this established farming landscape was present on the light soils of the south and east, widespread clearance had taken place throughout Britain. The purpose of this excellent book is to reveal how farming spread across the entire country from an early date, "and the very high efficiency and sophistication of which its practitioners were capable, allowing the production of massive food reserves." So immense and intriguing a subject is the pastoral and arable history of these islands from *c.* 4,000 B.C. to the close of the Saxon kingdom that Peter Fowler can justly refer

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to "the mere rump of time since 1042." Yet the still deeply entrenched vision of rural Britain, and all the essentially village laws which still control our private and public attitudes and behaviour (and indeed practically everything which has ensured historic power for the few and historic frustration for the rest of us), belongs to this mere rump of time, for 1042 is the year in which Edward the Confessor came to the throne and set in motion those events which have so profoundly affected the countryside to this day. It is from the tail end of this agriculture-based culture that most of us now find ourselves totally detached—and we don't know whether to cheer or weep.

THE GREAT VIRTUE of coolly learned books like *Farming Practice in British Prehistory* is that they crack through what is, comparatively speaking, a fairly recent barrier to our knowledge of what has actually happened here since the first ploughs went in. *Ards* they were called, ingenious bow-shaped wooden implements, drawn by yoked oxen, which rootled through those early fields with considerable efficiency. The evidence is of a far larger population and, consequently, a far greater production of food, clothes and household goods than we credited.

"Who owned the land in prehistoric Britain?", asks Peter Fowler. Did anyone? If he and his colleagues are unable to answer this, they do all convincingly imply that there were scores of generations which, although historically inaccessible up until our own times, did possess very much more than we, in the conceit of our "progress", have previously thought possible. There are the bumps and humps of their enclosures, the cairns which tell of their stone-picking—"a thankless, mindless task of bitter memory" to our grandparents, let alone the Windmill or Beaker women and children—and everywhere from Bodmin to Thurso, now that we know what to look for, the indelible digging or raising of lynchet, reave and dyke, and the beautiful fields in which the emmer wheat rustled. This archaeological key to ancient husbandry lets us out of a parochialism which has hedged us in for far too long. By being so immensely old, our farming acquires a quite different drama from the post-Saxon one which has so preoccupied us.

IT WAS A DRAMA which scarcely touched the imaginations of such classic farming commentators as Arthur Young, Cobbett, Thomas Hardy, Richard Jefferies, W. H. Hudson and George Sturt. Young and Cobbett, anyway, were radical progressives in whose eyes agriculture was still the most important national industry, and who were impatient with the social myths and moods which hobbled it. Hardy, Jefferies and Hudson (all born in the 1840s, and all writing during the first decades of the great farming depression which began in the late 1870s and which only recovered when the urgent food requirements of the Second World War stampeded the entire decaying, inefficient business into today's unparalleled success and profitability) did indeed look back, Hardy in three different ways.

Most importantly, where his art was concerned, Hardy looked back just 50 years or so to his mother's Dorset. He used Jemima Hand's bitter pastoral as a kind of maulstick to distance himself from a picture of village life which, had it been exactly contemporary, would have limited his action. In any case, part of his genius rests on being able to achieve the ultimate in rural story-telling—and all the best village stories are about things which happened just before one was born.

His second look-back was over what in East Anglia they used to call "the coming-down" process. Gabriel Oak in *Far From the Madding Crowd* was lucky. He came down from master-shepherd to labourer-shepherd due to an economic mishap, but being 28, virtuous and indispensable, he married his pretty employer and came up again. But poor Tess had been slithering down for ages from the armorial heights depicted in the window of Bere Regis church. Below the window sprawled the family tombs,

> "their brasses torn from the matrices, the rivet-holes remaining like martin-holes in a sand-cliff. Of all the reminders that her people were socially extinct there was none so forcible as this spoliation."

Although Hardy's Darwinism allowed him to mention scientific facts about what his Suffolk friend Edward Clodd called "the childhood of the world", they were fossilised facts, not the fact that (especially where Dorset was to emerge) millennia of shepherds, ard-men and field-clearers had worked the land with perhaps as much ordinary human satisfaction and joy as those pitifully-paid, excellent husbandmen who toiled around Hardy as he wrote—including the many labourer-members of his own family. As it was, there was little except a swirling foggy barbarity between the Roman bones he dug up while building ugly Max Gate and the trilobites and zoophytes in the rock-face to which the Man of Letters clings in the proto-cliffhanger instalment of *A Pair of Blue Eyes*. No countless lifetimes of emmer wheat, plucking sheep, beaker-ornamenting, and going off to the local henge for harvest festival.

JEFFERIES WAS DIFFERENT, of course. Chronically industrious as he was (and still

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under forty when he died), he put aside little patches of time for connecting himself with the timelessness of the land. But William Henry Hudson—an American who was born in Buenos Aires and who, at twenty-eight, came to England as a drifting, solitary naturalist—though a dreamer of genius, was non-mystical and uncontained by medieval limits when it came to thinking about practical human matters concerning food, coverings and shelter. His own existence being a poor and uncomfortable one of trampings, warmings-up by evening fires in inns and cottages, weatherings of all sorts, and scanty meals, it wasn't necessary for him to discard much in the way of a superior condition to become one with any man, Neolithic or Victorian. Although it was a oneness which renounced closeness, he was able easily and naturally to align himself with country people, whether casually encountered in the present or suddenly thought of in a past which rolled back and back far beyond the late social framework in which the villages of English literature were fixed.

Hudson remains an exceedingly interesting writer, being both tight-lipped and open-hearted. *A Shepherd's Life* (1910), long regarded as his best book,[3] is full of instances of his brief meetings with toilers in fields which are immeasurably more ancient than the rural attitudes of his day allowed. The sullen mixture of the ignorance and indifference of agriculture to its roots, so to speak, horrifies him, as he watches the plough go in on Salisbury Plain. He cannot think why the modern farmer isn't moved, or questioning. As the destruction rushes on:

> "One wonders if the ever-increasing curiosity of our day with regard to the history of the human race in the land continues to grow, what our descendants . . . will say of us and our incredible carelessness in the matter! . . . One cannot but experience a shock on seeing the plough driven through an ancient, smooth turf, curiously marked with barrows, lynchets, and other mysterious mounds and depressions. . . ."

What would have been Hudson's reaction to the full-flowering re-creation of one of these earliest of farms, and in his familiar Hampshire—the Butser Ancient Farm Project from which Roger Mercer and his colleagues were able to draw deductions which persuade one that B.C. could have been as cheerful a time as any that followed?

As for Hudson's contemporary encounters, the briefer they are the more they hang around in the mind. Take this one from the opening chapter of *A Shepherd's Life*: it is with a rook-boy who suddenly races across a vast ploughed field towards the writer, who was bicycling along a desolate lane on a wild March day. They met at an angle, the boy smiling but wordless:

> "What did you want? . . ."
> "I didn't want anything."
> "But you started running here as fast as you could the moment you caught sight of me."
> "Yes, I did."
> "Well, what did you do it for. . . ?"
> "Just to see you pass."

Something of this vivid first and last collision between rural commentator and his subjects—though it is always the former who does the running—makes the basis of most of today's village history. Michael Watkins' *The English*[4] is an eloquent example, although the essence of his response to a society which for him, quite properly, has to include miners, fishermen, journalists and lock-keepers, is anti-valedictory. All shall be well, and all manner of solidly sensible folk from big house to public bar shall be well.

[3] *A Shepherd's Life*. By W. H. HUDSON. Macdonald Futura, £1.50.

[4] *The English: The Countryside and its People*. By MICHAEL WATKINS. Photographs by PETER PUGH-COOK. Elm Tree Books, £9.95.

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man,[5] first published a quarter of a century ago and now re-issued, it is a very different matter. Now aged ninety-two, born in Dorset in the year when Hardy was writing *Tess*, and living at this moment in Gainsborough's Suffolk, George Fussell's experience of farming is unique. These two volumes, written in collaboration with his late wife, are the statements of the Every(husband)man from Elizabeth to Victoria, enthrallingly factual, balanced and utterly unpretentious in their nice old-fashioned "teaching" manner of presenting such a welter of information. Both books are an amalgam of witness, authoritative reading, and simple exposition. They are a plain initiation of the very highest order into the circumstances of people who, for the most part, were able to follow tradition, as they believed, for ever.

THE DOCUMENTATION of the 19th-century village, its class structure, worship, labour, customs, speech patterns, recreations, diet, crimes, natural history, etc. is immense, and its key authorities so often quoted that the averagely interested person who has read his way through Joseph Ashby, Cobbett, the Hammonds, Lord Ernle, George Ewart Evans, Rider Haggard, Kilvert, Jefferies—and most of our best fiction, memoirs, and poetry—will feel that he knows as much about life then as those who lived it. But there was bound to be a disorder and a confused emphasis in the usually ramshackle accumulation of such a highly detailed mass of information, particularly when it gets all mixed up in the talk of old 20th-century villagers with their strong duality—a good part of almost everything they are belonging to a vanished scene, the other apparently quite at home in what has replaced it. We needed a sorting-out or breakdown of all this written and spoken record—if only to have it proved that a great many things have stayed outside it.

G. E. Mingay's *The Victorian Countryside*[6] offers the fullest, most concise (if 46 authoritative essays by trustworthy hands can be called concise) view yet of what happened to rural Britain between 1830–1900: far, far too much to justify our notion of quiet and peace. On the contrary, below the jogging, formal surface there were strenuous upheavals, from top to bottom of a severely stratified society, which make contemporary village life seem bland in comparison. These were the years of mechanical inventiveness and battles about schooling between the farmers and clergy; the heyday of palace-building on their new acres by the new rich; the time when the ancient isolation was routed by railways and the post office; the birthday of the agricultural unions; and, prolonged though it was, the death-day of the human body being used and seen merely as a "hand", as they so exactly put it. This mixture of ethics, pretensions, fantasy, wealth, squalor, glorious craftsmanship, strong argument, passionate reading, excessive architecture, village desertion, slump, ignorance and class distinction was no pot-pourri from most of our yesterdays, but about as strong and potent a whiff of existence as the investigative nose can take.

Tennyson, visiting Lyme Regis, said, "Don't talk to me of Monmouth. Show me the exact spot where Louisa Musgrove fell." And, with the kind of grasp which Professor Mingay and his contributors give us, we too can say, where the 19th century is concerned, "Don't talk to me about Disraeli or Gladstone. Take me to Little Waldingfield." With them as mentors, we can see that the high drama of life ended (more or less) where it originated: in the woods, on the arable, by the pastures.

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[5] *The English Countrywoman: Her Life in Farmhouse and Field From Tudor Times to the Victorian Age. The English Countryman: His Life and Work from Tudor Times to the Victorian Age.* By G. E. and K. R. FUSSELL. Orbis Publishing, £10.00 each.

[6] *The Victorian Countryside.* Edited by G. E. MINGAY. Two vols. Routledge, £25.00 each, £40.00 the set.

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Norman Ravitch

The Armenian Catastrophe

Of History, Murder & Sin

THERE IS little difficulty in viewing the 20th century as an age of extreme human brutality. Total war on a world-wide front—deliberate massacres of defenceless populations—sophisticated means of both conventional and thermonuclear annihilation—and the tragic *Völkerwanderung* of refugees are all too familiar to many as the recent past and as a permanent threat. The word *genocide* has been coined to bring recalcitrant language up to date with modern realities. One author, Gil Elliot, has estimated that over 100 million people have been killed in the first 70 years of this century as a result of organised violence; his evocative memorial to these victims bears the appropriate title, *Twentieth Century Book of the Dead* (1972). Thus, much of the present century has been murderously catastrophic for millions of human beings on all continents and in all walks of life. There is certainly no lack of thought, discussion, and creative imagination expended on the assimilation of these horrors. Art, literature, the cinema, television, and more academic media as well, have responded adequately, at least in quantity; and words like *holocaust, genocide,* and *extermination* are generally familiar.

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One particular collective victim, however, remains convinced that its catastrophic confrontation with the 20th century has never received adequate recognition and understanding, not to mention resolution. The Armenian community, spread out into a world-wide diaspora, believes its catastrophic history to be "a forgotten genocide" (to cite the title of a recent study from the Armenian community). The Armenians were the objects of murderous annihilation within the present century, first in a dress-rehearsal in the 1890s while the Ottoman Empire was ruled by Sultan Abdul-Hamid II, and subsequently in a "final solution" during World War I when the Young Turk revolutionaries who led the Ottoman Empire implemented a more thorough and successful attempt to eliminate the Armenian population from its territory.

Since the First World War, relatively few Armenians have remained in Turkey. They survive largely in the minuscule Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, in various Middle Eastern states, and in Europe and the United States. Their experience of genocide is deemed "forgotten" because it has been overshadowed by more recent holocausts and, in some cases, it has even been challenged as an historic fact. Those guilty of the crime, generally

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identified as "the Turkish government", refuse both admission of guilt and reparation. And no acceptable solution to the Armenian question has been found, since neither the fictitious autonomy of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic nor the prosperous assimilation of Armenians (into American, European, or Middle-Eastern societies) is deemed an adequate result of the Armenian movement for national liberation. Where Jews have the State of Israel as a successful, if precarious, reality, and almost every emergent nationalism generally finds a Homeland or a State, Armenian nationalism has led to permanent catastrophe and non-recognition. In an age showing no diminution of nationalist feeling, the Armenians virtually alone remain unconsoled and unconsolable. As yet another "Christ among the nations" it is still in its Passion, and the resurrection has not yet come.

IF THE ARMENIAN FATE is poignant, the story of its historical treatment may be even more troubling, for Western historiography has not eased the pain any more successfully than the fortunes of war or the decisions of governments. For the Armenian community, or much of it, historiography has treated it no more compassionately or justly than the victors of World War I. Its genocide remains a footnote, an aside, or even a piece of special pleading. For the historical community, on the other hand, the Armenian catastrophe has in a variety of ways been explained away. It exists only in the larger context of War, Nationalism, and Imperialism; the catastrophe is affirmed only by denying its importance, satisfying the mind with the requirements of historical objectivity but leaving the heart somehow unconvinced. The historiography of the Armenian catastrophe reveals perhaps more than differences of opinion between historians. It reveals certain limitations inherent in the writing of history itself and in the attempt at understanding the past.

Estimates, Lies & Statistics

THE MOST RECENT scholarship relevant to the Armenian catastrophe has focused on two interrelated problems: (*1*) the general question of the possibility of objective treatment of the catastrophe itself; and (*2*) the statistical fate of the Armenian victims. Gwynne Dyer has recently written what appears to be an objective, cool assessment of Turkish and Armenian historiography of the catastrophe of 1915 and its aftermath.[1] With persuasive examples he demonstrates that neither Turkish nor Armenian writers have been willing to face up to events which are shameful to the one party and traumatic to the other.

Too intimately connected with the events which saw the creation of a relatively homogeneous Turkish national state and the corresponding death-blow to the aspirations of Armenian nationalism, Turks and Armenians have agreed only to believe in the other's conspiracy—a plot of the Armenian revolutionaries during World War I to subvert the Ottoman war-effort and to aid the Entente Powers, particularly Czarist Russia, and a premeditated, satanic decision of the leadership of the "Committee of Union and Progress" (CUP) in Constantinople to exterminate the Ottoman Armenians while the wartime opportunity temptingly presented itself.

This is merely an "agreement" to disagree on every important issue of Turko-Armenian relations. And because the Turkish and Armenian languages are rarely accessible to outsiders, historiographical stagnation may be expected to continue. Neither of the antagonists shows much sign of willingness to re-confront the issues in a more objective spirit. And Dyer himself is perhaps a bit less unimpeachably objective than he imagines. While not doubting the fact of genocide in 1915, he finds no convincing evidence that the CUP leadership planned and executed a premeditated act of genocide, and he judges them as more "desperate", "frightened", and "unsophisticated" than evil—men gripped by legitimate fears of Armenian subversion and trapped by their own desperate situation.

IF THE POSSIBILITY of an objective history of the Armenian catastrophe remains in dispute, so also does the very fact of the genocide of Ottoman Armenians during World War I. There is no agreement among historians that a massive genocidal action against Ottoman Armenians was attempted or achieved. "Optimal genocide" as defined by a current sociologist of genocide and "victimology", V. N. Dadrian, requires a "destructive process" which

> "is massive, relatively indiscriminate in terms of victims' age, sex and other categories [aiming at] total obliteration of the victim group. . . . The scale of casualties is maximum and victimisation is optimal."[2]

Dadrian assumes a casualty level of from one million to 1½ million Armenians as a result of Turkish

[1] Gwynne Dyer, "Turkish 'Falsifiers' and Armenian 'Deceivers': Historiography and the Armenian Massacres", *Middle Eastern Studies*, Vol. 12 (1976), pp. 99–107. Dyer, letters to *Middle Eastern Studies*, Vol. 9 (1973), pp. 129–130; 377–385.

[2] V. N. Dadrian, "A Typology of Genocide", *International Review of Modern Sociology*, Vol. 5 (Autumn, 1975), p. 210.

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action in 1915 and its consequences, famine and disease.

Yet it is precisely over the question of the number of casualties that the reality of genocide has been called into question. All historians admit that there were numerous Armenian victims of deportation, murder, warfare, famine, and disease, but their estimates range from acceptance of the "official" Armenian figures of $1\frac{1}{2}$ million (a Marseille monument is dedicated to the memory of "1,500,000 Armenians who were victims of a massacre in 1915 under the orders of the Turkish government") to admission of perhaps as few as 200,000 victims.[3]

The controversy over the reality of genocide rests directly on the unresolved question of how many Armenians were domiciled in the Ottoman Empire at the outbreak of World War I. The Patriarchate of the Armenian Apostolic Church (loosely referred to as the "Gregorian Church", to which the vast majority of Armenians have always belonged) estimated its flock at about 2,100,000 persons in the Ottoman Empire on the eve of World War I, while official Ottoman census figures referred to no more than 1,300,000 Ottoman Armenians.

Both sides in this statistical warfare have been accused of deliberate inaccuracy. The Armenian authorities allegedly inflated their ranks to justify their national aspirations, both prior to World War I and also in the aftermath of the catastrophe when they sought the creation of a mandate for Armenia, while the Turkish census figures have often been scorned as deliberately falsified for chauvinistic reasons and, in any case, not based on any real census enumeration. What is at least clear is that even in the eastern provinces of the Ottoman Empire, the ancient Armenian heartland, Muslims outnumbered Christians. Richard Hovannisian's estimate of the Armenian population of the Ottoman Empire in 1914 falls somewhere betweeen $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 million.

In this statistical campaign Hovannisian's principal antagonist is Stanford J. Shaw who accepts the official Turkish figure of around 1,300,000 Ottoman Armenians. Through a careful study of the Ottoman census between 1831 and 1914 Shaw has concluded that the Ottomans did create a fairly efficient system for enumerating population—a system appropriate to the nature of Ottoman society, no more subject to error than similar census attempts in European states in the 19th century, certainly better than the slapdash estimates of foreign visitors to the Ottoman Empire, and certainly not deliberately falsified. Kemal H. Karpat also has deemed the official statistics of the Ottoman census "a reliable source for the study of Ottoman population."[4]

WITH NOTHING BUT RESPECT for Shaw's careful research, his ability in the Turkish language, and his intimate knowledge of Ottoman archives—he is, after all, a distinguished historian of the Ottoman Empire and former editor of the *International Journal of Middle East Studies*—one nevertheless approaches some of his conclusions with uneasiness. In Vol. 2 of *History of the Ottoman Empire and Modern Turkey* he demonstrates an arithmetic carelessness which is troubling. Accepting the official Turkish census report of 1,300,000 Armenians on the eve of World War I—for him certainly a reasonable assumption—Shaw goes on to calculate that only 200,000 Armenians perished through deportation, famine, disease, and warfare, one of the lowest figures of Armenian dead ever suggested. Since only about 100,000 Armenians remained in the Turkish state after the World War, what happened to the other 1,200,000? Shaw estimates that 500,000 fled to the Caucasus and to other neighbouring territories during the War, territories soon to be detached from the new Turkish state. 150,000 to 200,000 he assumes to have emigrated to Western Europe and the USA. If only 200,000 indeed perished, about 300,000 to 350,000 remain unaccounted for in his account of the catastrophe; in short, Shaw's figures do not add up.[5]

Shaw might properly have concluded his estimates of Armenian casualties by finding that as many as 550,000 Armenians remained unaccounted for and perhaps perished. Some were undoubtedly converted forcibly to Islam. These discrepancies, in fact, are but the tip of the iceberg. Shaw's entire treatment of the Armenian question is so "pro-Turkish" that Richard Hovannisian judges his volume "a disservice to scholarship in general and to the study of Armenian-Turkish relations in particular." Shaw, in turn, in a lively exchange in the pages of the *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, dismisses Hovannisian by stating baldly:

[3] Stanford J. Shaw and Ezel Kural Shaw, *History of the Ottoman Empire and Modern Turkey*, Vol. 2: *Reform, Revolution, and Republic: The Rise of Modern Turkey, 1808–1975* (1977), p. 316.

[4] Richard G. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence, 1918* (1967). Stanford J. Shaw, "The Ottoman Census System and Population, 1831–1914", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 9 (August, 1978), pp. 325–337. Kemal H. Karpat, "Ottoman Population Records and the Census of 1881/82–1893", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 9 (May, 1978), p. 257.

[5] I had occasion to draw Professor Shaw's attention to another statistical error in his book. He replied with appreciation, admitting that "as a mathematician I fear I had better go back to school" (letter of 1 November 1978). His comment concerned a rather minor matter. The "disappearance" of some 300,000 Armenians is a question of a rather different magnitude.

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> "to those who are ethnically, politically, or emotionally committed to a particular cause . . . no amount of scholarship could bring 'conviction.' "

The passions do not cool down.

IS IT THEN SURPRISING that members of the Armenian community throughout the world do not forgive and forget?

Indeed, it has become the special task of organised Armenian groups to recall, on all suitable occasions, the catastrophe of 1915. It is justifiably believed by them that the world does not remember what occurred or that it prefers to forget. Any appearance by Turkish officials becomes a suitable occasion for protest and recollection. Turkish officials abroad are still occasionally subject to the same assassin's vengeance which befell Talaat Pasha in Berlin in 1921. The attitude of the Turkish Republic towards the Armenian question—that the catastrophe has been "exaggerated" or that the Armenians "got what they deserved", or better still, a disinclination to confront a shameful past at all—guarantees that the Armenian community will redouble its already extraordinary efforts to recall its tragedy.

Finally, the success of the Jewish survivors of the Nazi extermination programme in realising their national aspirations serves as a reminder too that the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic is an inadequate counterpart. The government of the West German Republic (if not the East German) has admitted the facts of the anti-Jewish Holocaust, as the Turkish government never really has admitted its own misdeeds, whatever their extent; and while German atonement has hardly satisfied or can satisfy even human justice, its partial assumption of guilt and expression of remorse only more strikingly highlights Turkish obstinacy.

Thus, the Armenian community finds little inner peace. It lost its "war of national liberation" at a terrible price and has never tasted victory. It persists in observing that Adolf Hitler himself referred to the Armenian fate as an example of the lack of world concern for unpopular minorities.[6] Abandoned not only by the Turks and the Great Powers at the World War I peace conferences, but also by public opinion, the Armenian wounds fester and never heal, and it is perhaps too much to expect Armenian historians to live up to the highest objective criteria.

The Roots of Armenian Nationalism

THE STUDENT OF HISTORY, then, can understand the inability of most Armenians and Turks to face the catastrophe of 1915 without blinding passion. But he is less prepared for the controversy in the scholarship of Western historians not emotionally tied to either of the antagonistic national communities. The events of 1915 remain difficult to interpret and to resolve.

Historians have been in general agreement that the fate of the Ottoman Armenian community had its roots in the late 19th century when the Ottoman Empire confronted the challenge of Western liberal society. Organised by the beliefs of Islam and the practice of a number of traditional Near Eastern multi-ethnic empires, the Ottoman state was a non-national empire which increasingly stood in a backward relation to the dynamic national states of Western and Central Europe.

The Turkish ethnic element provided both the ruling class and the laborious peasantry of the Ottoman Empire, while non-Turks filled every rank of society below the governing class. Muslims of whatever ethnic origin were governed largely by the legislation of the Koran and by their own traditions, while Christians and Jews were organised into *millets* under their own clerical leaders and religious and social law. Religious toleration was always more secure in the Ottoman Empire than in pre-modern Europe; and if Christians and Jews were characterised as "*rayah*", the "flock" of the Sultan,[7] they were often in more favourable circumstances than the Muslim peasantry of Anatolia. The backwardness of the Ottoman state politically, culturally, and economically could be overcome by a degree of modernisation or Westernisation which by its very nature would destroy the traditional patterns of Ottoman life—both the practices regarded by many in the West (and by Ottoman liberals) as "abuses" and also the traditional safeguards by which a mosaic of peoples

[6] Armand Arabian, "Time to Remember the 'Other' Holocaust", *Los Angeles Times*, 22 April 1979, part iv, p. 5.

[7] Most historians have accepted that the term "*rayah*" for infidels betrayed contempt and disdain, as if non-Muslims had no more rights than sheep or goats, to have their throats cut when it suited their "shepherds."

Elie Kedourie disputes this interpretation, contending that "*rayah*" was used in the ancient and biblical sense of a flock guided by its benevolent shepherd. While not venturing to claim that the Ottoman Sultan and ruling élite were to be identified with a biblical "good shepherd", he nevertheless is persuasive in documenting a certain Western misunderstanding of the Near East, a misunderstanding he centres in the work of Arnold J. Toynbee and his associates. Elie Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version and Other Middle-Eastern Studies* (1970), pp. 362–363. Dadrian, who accepts the "contemptuous" interpretation of "*rayah*", has written me that Kedourie's view merely demonstrates his partiality for the Ottoman Empire (letter of 10 May 1979). For a sustained polemic against Western misunderstanding of the Near East see Edward W. Said, *Orientalism* (1978), in which some of the most respected scholars of Islam and the Near East are found seriously wanting.

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whose religious traditions constituted their identity maintained themselves.

The infiltration of Western political ideas and practices, cultural values, and economic reform meant also the growth of nationalistic sentiment among groups which had never enjoyed a national identity in modern times. Inhabitants of the Balkans were to become increasingly conscious of being Serbs, Bulgars, Greeks, or Rumanians. In time even Muslim peoples would discover that an Albanian or an Arab was not a "Turk", and the ancient Armenian people would also develop a revived sense of national identity. All these peoples would come to feel insecure or unfulfilled in the dynastic Ottoman state and to seek autonomous or independent homelands.

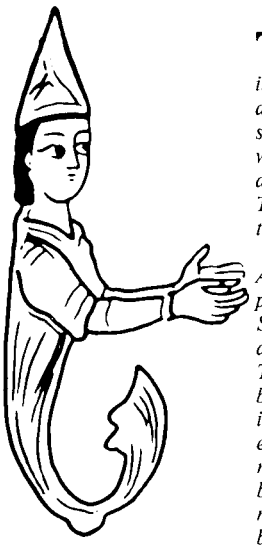
The Ottoman Empire simultaneously became fragmented into rival ethnic groups who appealed to co-nationals beyond Ottoman frontiers and to the Great Powers for aid, and the Ottoman Empire itself was threatened with being progressively carved up into non-existence. The Turkish ruling class (to which individuals from other ethnic groups had always been assimilable at a price) and the Anatolian peasantry were, in fact, the last of the proto-national groups to develop any national feeling. It was no easy transition from Ottoman and Islamic loyalty to an adherence to Turkish nationalism.

THE ARMENIANS, unlike the Balkan peoples, had not even an independent nucleus of a national state—no autonomous Moldavia-Wallachia, no Serbia or Montenegro, no Greek principality, no Bulgarian autonomous provinces. They found themselves the inhabitants principally of two imperial states: the Ottoman Empire in its period of decline, and the Czarist Empire in its phase of expansionism and increasing Russification. As the Ottoman Empire was reduced in size by nationalistic revolts, foreign intervention, and unsuccessful wars, the Armenians along with the Turks came to compete for the same Anatolian homeland. Professor Bernard Lewis observes with calm objectivity that Armenian aspirations were the most deadly nationalistic claim which the Turks had to face. Two nations struggled for a single homeland: the Armenian catastrophe and its victims (which Lewis is prepared to put at 1½ million) were the direct result of unreconcilable national aims.[8]

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of Armenian goals being realised has been frequently expressed by historians.

For Ferez Ahmad, Armenian goals were incompatible with the Young Turk Revolution which aimed at the creation of a modern Turkish state. The Armenians, in seeking their own national purposes, were trying to preserve a status which could only be anachronistic or destructive of the rival, and presumably paramount, goals of the Turkish Revolution. The destruction of the Armenian community was somewhat analogous to the excision of the nobility during the French Revolution. Elie Kedourie has deemed Armenian aspirations a dangerous "fantasy", while even more sympathetic treatments betray the feeling that the Armenian nationalists were victims of their own naivety on numerous occasions.[9]

The Burden of History



THE SEIZURE *of the Turkish Consulate in Paris is the most dramatic move in a seven-year underground war which caused the death of at least 12 Turkish diplomats or their relatives.*

The Armenian Secret Army has struck in places as far apart as Sydney, Los Angeles, and Western Europe. The targets have always been diplomats or offices in Turkish state enterprises. And the motive advanced has been revenge for the massacres of Armenians by the Turks in 1915.

But the Turks do not accept this motive. Turkish officials point out that the current campaign began in 1974, soon after the Turkish invasion of Cyprus. They believe it is Greek Cypriot extremists who recruited Armenians to begin the terrorist war.

THERE ARE *about 60,000 Armenians still living in Turkey, almost without exception Turkish-speaking and absorbed into Turkish society. Outside Soviet Armenia the largest community is in Beirut and, according to Armenians, it is there that the Secret Army has its headquarters.*

John Bulloch

in the DAILY TELEGRAPH

[8] Bernard Lewis, *The Emergence of Modern Turkey* (1968), p. 356.

[9] Ferez Ahmad, *The Committee of Union and Progress in Turkish Politics 1908–1914* (1969), p. 156. Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version*, p. 292, Richard G. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence*, p. 23.

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Armenian nationalism, however, may appear fantastic only because it has so evidently failed. One must discuss the goals of Armenian nationalism before judging its goals irresponsible, for what 19th-century national movement outside Western Europe did not appear illusory? What sensible man would have given Zionism, for example, any chance of success before 1917 (or even much later)?

After the loss of political independence in the 14th century the Armenian people became subjects of foreign and Islamic rulers. Even in the preceding millennium Armenia's independence had always been precarious and, whether independent or subjugated, the Armenians had come to identify themselves solidly with their own Gregorian Church, making them almost equally outsiders in an orthodox Christian Roman Empire, a Muslim Sunni Ottoman or Shiite Persian Empire, or an orthodox Russian Empire.

Some Armenians chose to live beyond the frontiers of the Ottoman and Persian states; and Armenian diasporas often prospered economically and became centres of Armenian cultural preservation and revival. The first book in Armenian was printed in Venice and the first newspaper in Madras. As early as the 17th century Armenians began to appeal to European goodwill and intervention to remedy the sorry conditions of their people in Muslim lands (and with the founding of the Mekhitarist Institute in Venice in the 18th century the revival of the Armenians began). Objects of the missionary work of both the Roman Catholic Mekhitarist order and American Protestant missionaries, Ottoman Armenians were slowly oriented towards the West, introduced to Western national feeling, and stimulated to develop their own study of native history, language, and literature.

With the backwardness of the Ottoman state becoming apparent, educated Armenians became partisans of reform—especially on behalf of those of their people in the eastern provinces of the Ottoman Empire who were the most sunken in ignorance and poverty and the most oppressed by corrupt officials and roaming bands of Kurdish tribesmen. The Russian conquest of the Caucasus placed a Christian power over increasing numbers of Armenians—an attraction to the Armenians and a threat to the Ottoman state. But until the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78, with the public demand of the victorious Russians that the Ottoman power reform itself and improve the lot of the Armenians, the Armenians had not for a long time entertained any thought of making political demands.[10] It was Russian intervention which from this point on enticed the Armenians and made the Turks fearful and suspicious. By refusing to meet the demands of the Armenians and their patrons among the Great Powers the Turks drove the Armenians into "the arms of the revolution."

THE SEVERAL ARMENIAN nationalist parties of the 1880s and 1890s were (despite some differences) all basically secret, revolutionary parties seeking, by violence when necessary, the freedom of Turkish Armenia from political and economic oppression. This sometimes meant a forthright call for independence or a programme of reforms within a federated Ottoman state—but it did always mean the dismantling of much of the Ottoman despotism exemplified by the reign of Abdul-Hamid II. Some Armenians came to the advocacy of independence immediately; others believed in it as an eventual goal; but all the Armenian political parties (of which the Dashnaktsutiun was the most famous) were subversive of the Hamidian régime. The Ottoman government was well informed through its secret service about the identities and the goals of the Armenian revolutionaries, both inside and outside Ottoman territory.[11]

The Czarist authorities of Russia were no more friendly to the Armenian revolutionary movement than the Ottomans; from the reign of Alexander III onwards, the Armenians were regarded as dangerous revolutionaries detrimental to the stability of the Russian autocracy. Armenians demanded an end to both Ottoman and Czarist despotism—and the model of revolutionary action was the Balkan movements for national independence, which step by step led the Balkan peoples from oppression to autonomy within the Ottoman Empire, and from autonomy to final independence under Great Power guarantees. This was the programme of the Armenian national movement as well. Few among the Armenian revolutionaries doubted that it was realistic. Despite the failure of foreign intervention in 1828–29, 1877–78, and 1894–96—the last failure having resulted in a considerable massacre of

[10] Simon Vratzian, "The Armenian Revolution and the Armenian Revolutionary Federation", Part I, *The Armenian Review*, Vol. 3 (Autumn, 1950), pp. 3–31. Vratzian, a participant in the Armenian revolutionary movement and a leading official in the short-lived Armenian Republic, is always somewhat inconsistent about whether Armenian nationalists did, or did not, seek independence; whether they were, or were not, loyal to the Ottoman state. This is characteristic of the entire Armenian national movement. It is clear that the Dashnaktsutiun was opportunistic in its advocacy of "autonomy" or "independence" for Turkish Armenia. See Simon Vratzian, *Armenia and the Armenian Question* (1943), pp. 19–24.

[11] Louise Nalbandian, *The Armenian Revolutionary Movement: The Development of Armenian Political Parties through the Nineteenth Century* (1963), pp. 97–182, 184. Thus, the Sultan's government and its CUP successors also presumably knew about opposition within the Armenian community to the revolutionary movement.

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Armenians—on the eve of the First World War the Armenian nationalists again looked to the Great Powers (including reactionary Russia) for the realisation of their national goals, and thus demonstrated the movement's "greatest naivety and weakness."[12]

Taking Sides

NOT SURPRISINGLY, the case for Armenian nationalism has found relatively little support among historians outside the Armenian community.

For Armenian writers (of whom Simon Vratzian and Louise Nalbandian may serve as outstanding examples) the Ottoman Armenians were a sorely oppressed people living in their ancient homeland without elementary security of life or property. They had been conquered but remained unconquerable. They had as much right to national liberation as any of the nations of Europe or the Ottoman Empire. In United Nations debates on the Algerian revolution against the French, the Algerians stressed the legitimacy of their struggle on the ground that the French were guilty not only of having subjugated them through war but of denying them their political, social, economic, and cultural rights. Wars of "national liberation", if controversial, have in the post-World War II era received considerable international support. The Armenian movement was also one for "national liberation."

In explaining the warlike behaviour of the Turks towards their Armenian subjects, Armenian writers and some of their non-Armenian supporters have often been tempted towards racialistic explanations. The Gladstonian tradition of abhorrence of the depravities of the "terrible Turk" is a belief in the utter incorrigibility of the Turk when confronted with a Christian dependent population. Much of the Entente propaganda during World War I (Arnold Toynbee's classic account is a very special example, about which I will say more

[12] The victory of the Balkan peoples, a beacon of hope to the Armenians, actually caused Abdul-Hamid II to re-emphasise the Islamic nature of his rule. To survive, in his eyes, the Empire had to deal decisively with the Christian population of Asia. See Lord Kinross, *The Ottoman Centuries: The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire*, (1977), pp. 552–554. The 1877 victory of Russia not only had resulted in the loss of Ottoman territory to the emerging Christian states of the Balkans; it had also seen over one million Muslim refugees leave the lost territories, increasing the Muslim majority in what remained of the Empire. A "re-Islamisation" of the Ottoman Empire could only spell doom for the Armenians. Kemal H. Karpat, "The Transformation of the Ottoman State, 1789–1908", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 3 (July 1972), p. 272.

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below[13]) stressed the hatred of the Turk for the Christian. Even a contemporary sociologist finds it difficult not to allude to the Turkish "national character" as the cause of the Armenian catastrophe, while the pages of *The Armenian Review* offer regular homage to the incorrigibility of the Turks.

A second theme of Entente propaganda, exemplified by André Mandelstam (a Czarist dragoman in Constantinople and an anti-Bolshevik émigré), concerns the role of the German military advisers in the Ottoman Empire in the deportation of the Armenian community in 1915.[14] Modern scholarship has pretty clearly exonerated the Germans from any real role in the catastrophe of 1915; but the temptation to associate the Germans with this early genocide, and even to give them a prominent, determining role, is a perpetual temptation in the light of later German history.

André Mandelstam's work was humanitarian in aim; but he always remained a pro-Entente, pro-Czarist apologist, unwilling even to confront the role of the Russian Empire in the fate of the Armenians. He failed to discuss Russian suppression of the Armenians under Alexander III and Nicholas II, and Russian cooperation with and indirect encouragement of Abdul-Hamid II. Indeed, Russia's reversal of her anti-Armenian policy in 1907 owing to her opposition to German penetration of the Ottoman Empire—thus, a re-opening of the Armenian question internationally—led directly to the revival of Armenian hope in Russia and the corresponding tragedy during the World War.

The fear of a pro-Russian rising among Ottoman Armenians was decisive in the formulation of CUP policy in 1915. The Great Powers and their intervention in Ottoman affairs never did the Armenians any permanent good and made them all the more suspect in Turkish eyes.

> "The complete uselessness to the Armenians of both European and American friendships must have ultimately surprised the Turks as much as anyone else."[15]

Thus, historians have uncovered few grounds for the legitimacy, or at least the viability, of the Armenian struggle. Humanitarian sympathy aside, few take up the Armenian cause.

THE CLASSIC historical condemnation of the Armenian national cause is found in William L. Langer's *The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890–1902*. Ending his discussion well before the events of 1915, Langer clearly condemned the Armenian revolutionary movement as socialist or "national-socialist" and concluded that the revolutionaries were determined to provoke reprisals and massacres by the Turks in order to encourage Armenian popular support for the revolution and Great Power intervention:

> "And so the revolutionaries began to get what they wanted—reprisals. It mattered not to them that perfectly innocent people were being made to suffer for the realisation of a program drawn up by a group in Geneva or Athens, a group which had never been given any mandate whatever by the Armenian community. So far as one can make out the Hentchak agitators were ardently supported by the lower-class Armenians in Constantinople, with whose help they forced the election of the patriot Ismirlian as patriarch in 1894. But the upper classes appear to have been opposed to the whole program; indeed, they were victimised themselves by threatening letters and by blackmail into the financing of a scheme which they regarded as disastrous. As for the peasantry in the provinces, it is perfectly obvious that they did not know what it was all about. . . . Whether they liked it or not, they were marked out by others for the sacrifice; their lives were the price to be paid for the realisation of the phantastic national-socialist state of the fanatics. . . ."[16]

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[13] Arnold J. Toynbee, "A Summary of Armenian History up to and including the year 1915", in Lord Bryce's *The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire 1915–16* (1916). V. N. Dadrian, "The Genocide, the Armenians and the Turks: A Reply to Congressman Wayne Hays and to Apologists of the Turks", *The Armenian Review*, Vol. 28 (Winter, 1975–76), pp. 358–359.

[14] André Mandelstam, *La Société des Nations et les Puissances devant le problème Arménien* (1926). Ulrich Trumpener, *Germany and the Ottoman Empire 1914–1918* (1968), pp. 200–270. Frank G. Weber, *Eagles on the Crescent: Germany, Austria and the Diplomacy of the Turkish Alliance, 1914–18* (1970), pp. 145, 149–150. Writing during the Second World War, Emil Lengyel, in his *Turkey* (1941), p. 206, made the Germans responsible for the Armenian disaster. Also writing during the Second World War, Ernest Jackh interpreted the needs of wartime propaganda somewhat differently. Wanting to praise Turkey for its refusal of close collaboration with Hitler, Jackh said virtually nothing at all about the Armenian catastrophe. *The Rising Crescent: Turkey Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* (1944).

[15] James B. Gidney, A *Mandate for Armenia* (1967), p. 31. Ernest Edmondson Ramsaur, Jr. affirms that the Armenian question meant to the CUP that their country was attracting far too much unfavourable attention from the European powers. *The Young Turks: Prelude to the Revolution of 1908* (1957), p. 31. From a far different sympathy, R. W. Seton-Watson determined that it was half-hearted European intervention which had increased the sufferings of the Armenian people. *The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans* (1917, reprint 1966), p. 114.

[16] William L. Langer, *The Diplomacy of Imperialism 1890–1902* (1965), p. 160. His labelling of the Armenian movement as *national-socialist* can hardly be considered a slip of the pen.

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Langer's views were based partly on conservative Armenian opposition to the national liberation movement, and they have been repeated in the works of many historians.[17] Langer's animus towards the Armenian nationalists derived in part from an ideological hostility to revolutionary movements and a disinclination to engage in what he termed a "sentimental view of international relations."

Indeed, it has been observed with legitimate bitterness that when the Armenians were passive in accepting their precarious existence in the face of Turkish and Kurdish violence, they were deemed servile and cringing by Western diplomats and travellers; when they did resist the Turks they were charged with causing their own destruction. Certainly, those advocating the theory of wars of "national liberation" in recent years have shown no hesitancy in sacrificing a portion of the enslaved nation for the sake of a future emancipation. But whether the Ottoman Armenians subscribed to these views or acted upon them to any significant degree still remains a moot point.

It is, in the last analysis, unprofitable to seek to decide whether the Armenian desire for freedom was the cause or the result of Turkish repression. It was probably both.

The Missionary Spirit

IF THE ARMENIAN SIDE of the question has found only mild support among historians and the views of William L. Langer have significantly coloured historians' judgments about the Armenian nationalist movement, the result has largely been a dominant preference among historians for a modified Turcophile approach to the whole Armenian catastrophe.

An interpretation of the Armenian question generally favourable to the Turks among Western historians results largely from a recoiling from the humanitarianism of the American missionaries in the Ottoman Empire, an appreciation of the successes of Turkish nationalism and modernisation, and most recently a desire to strengthen

[17] See Stanford J. Shaw, in "Forum: The Armenian Question", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 9 (August 1978). Robert F. Zeidner, "Britain and the Launching of the Armenian Question", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 7 (October 1976), p. 477. Firuz Kazemzadeh, *The Struggle for Transcaucasia, 1917–1921* (1951), pp. 24–27. E. E. Ramsaur, *The Young Turks*, p. 10. Elie Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version*, pp. 295–296. Curiously, Kedourie blames the Toynbee-Chatham House group for their view that the Assyrian Christians (the so-called Nestorians) were responsible for their own annihilation in Iraq, yet he essentially holds the Armenians responsible for their fate (pp. 378, 389).

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Turkey in the interests of Western or American global objectives. The most graphic evidence of this Turcophilia is to be found in the "rehabilitation" of the arch-enemies of the Armenian people, Abdul-Hamid II and the leaders of the CUP, particularly Talaat Pasha.

Mustapha Kemal Atatürk himself, though not conspicuous as an enemy of the Armenians, has had an extremely favourable press among historians as "the George Washington of the Turkish nation." And Abdul-Hamid II, the "Red Sultan" of the Gladstonian liberals and the *bête-noire* of all right-thinking Europeans, has emerged at the very least as a much misunderstood man and sometimes as a hero of modernisation. Seeking to save his domains from the imperialistic designs of European greed and from the nationalistic terrorism of his Christian subjects, Abdul-Hamid was perhaps the victim of a "persecution complex" (Langer). But he was only seeking to save the Empire—and could find suitable means only in its re-Islamisation. Since the 18th century, French and Russian claims to protection over Ottoman Christian communities had reinforced the identification of nationality with religious creed and had undermined the survival of a multi-racial Ottoman identity.

The Sultan forged a new bureaucratic police state with the telegraph, the railroads, and the modern police methods introduced from the West.[18] The Armenians, more than any other dissident group, were both dangerous and vulnerable. Even the massacres of Armenians by government directive could be seen as "pre-emptive" lest local Muslim fanatics take the initiative in dealing with the Armenians and thereby weaken the prestige of the régime and cause extreme cruelty.[19] Misunderstood and misjudged, the Sultan was nevertheless a moderniser of sorts who strengthened the Empire and delayed its partition for three decades. The Young Turks, in turn, understood the needs of state-building even more clearly than the Sultan they deposed:

> "The complete modernisation of the entire structure of the Empire was their answer to the problem of saving the state. They did not want only to save the state in its existing form; Abdul-Hamid had accomplished this in a masterly way. The Unionists wanted to revive it and make it a going concern in the modern world. . . . Their programme of reform was destined to alienate all those whose privileged positions were based on the traditional order. Muslim Turks, Arabs, and Albanians protested as vigorously as the Christian Greeks, Slavs, and Armenians against the nationalisation of life. But the CUP found the idea of a Muslim and Christian, both citizens of the same state, being governed by different laws an anachronism opposed to the most fundamental principles of modernisation. On such an issue they refused to compromise. This policy proved disastrous for the Empire though it laid the foundations for the future Turkish state."[20]

The Young Turks were, thus, the "first group in the Ottoman state to approach the social, political, and cultural transformation of their society in the spirit of modern politics."[21]

ONE MIGHT BE TEMPTED to criticise the Turkish "progressives" of the CUP for abandoning liberalism and stressing only nationalism; but they felt that the pressures of European imperialism had made it impossible for them to remain liberal and tolerant. They knew as early as 1902 that the Christian populations of the Empire preferred to seek their goals outside the frontiers of the Ottoman State rather than within a reformed Empire. Dissident nationalism and foreign imperialism killed whatever generous and liberal solutions had once been entertained. The fantasy of a multi-national "Ottomanism" was revealed to the CUP leadership in all its starkness—and it succumbed to nationalism as its non-Turkish opponents had already done.

In the light of the crisis of the Ottoman State, the Young Turks are forgiven a good deal. Sympathetic to their dilemmas yet unwilling to conceal their brutal responses, Bernard Lewis gives perhaps the best formulated assessment:

> "If we define toleration as the absence, not of discrimination, but of persecution, then the Ottoman record until the late 19th century is excellent. . . . With the visible decline of Ottoman power and the rise of European influence in the 19th century, there was a catastrophic change for the worse in the position of the Ottoman non-Muslims. . . . Liberal principles required the Turks to give the subject peoples full equality of rights in the state; national principles entitled these peoples to rebel against it, and set up independent states of their own; Christian and Imperial principles enabled the powers of Europe to intervene on their behalf, supporting their claims both to citizenship and to secession. In these circumstances, suspicion, fear, hatred—

[18] Sydney N. Fisher, *The Middle East, A History* (1968), p. 301. Marshall G. D. Hodgson, *The Venture of Islam* (1974), Vol. 3, p. 253. Kinross, pp. 535–559.

[19] Stephen Duguid, "The Politics of Unity: Hamidian Policy in Eastern Anatolia", *Middle Eastern Studies*, Vol. 9 (May 1974), pp. 139–155.

[20] Ferez Ahmad, *The Committee of Union and Progress* . . . , p. 156.

[21] Kemal H. Karpat, "The Memoirs of N. Batzaria: the Young Turks and Nationalism", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 6 (July 1975), p. 276.

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and sometimes, we may add, the high example of Western intolerance—transformed the Turkish attitude to the subject peoples. Turkish weakness and uncertainty, in the face of foreign invasion and internal rebellion, often led to terrible oppression and brutality. . . ."

The Emergence of Modern Turkey, pp. 355–356

Were Abdul-Hamid II and Talaat Pasha not so obviously outclassed by Atatürk and his accomplishments, they might have emerged as undisputed heroes of modern Turkish Nationalism.[22] In any case their misdeeds toward the Armenians are allowed to recede into the background.

TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE in the historical inevitability or necessity of a Turkish national state, the Armenian catastrophe is almost "a necessity", however unfortunate. The Turks, in realising their national aspirations, really had "no choice" but to eliminate the deadly rivalry of Armenian nationalism. The Turkish homeland was coveted by two—or, if the Greeks are included, by three—antagonistic peoples, each of which was forced to contemplate the destruction of its rivals. The Turks, favoured by history, by numbers, and even by their own desperation, did what they had to do.

"Put bluntly, the rise of nationalism among the non-Muslim peoples of Anatolia eventually meant that the Ottoman Turks could no longer depend there, as they had hitherto, upon the gradual and peaceful processes of Turkification and Muslimization, but were instead obliged to accelerate those processes in Anatolia by force. The earlier consequences, bloody and tragic, were what Western writers have since ordinarily referred to as the 'Armenian Masssacres.' This term is certainly not far-fetched as a phrase to call up an understanding of the unmitigated disaster which Anatolian Armenians suffered. The words do, however, conceal from the Western Christian reader the vital fact that the Armenian 'Massacres' truly were also episodes in a slow-burning rebellion on the part of Ottoman subjects who had as their ultimate goal the destruction of the government under which they were living. In the long run the Turks would have had no true alternative except either to

[22] From the special perspective of Zionist problems and goals, for example, a recent author is able to offer a favourable view of Abdul-Hamid II and to consider Talaat Pasha a real statesman. Isaiah Friedman, *Germany, Turkey, and Zionism 1897–1918* (1977).

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excise the non-Turks from Anatolia or themselves be excised therefrom."[23]

"[The massacres] ... retain the power to shock us even today, although they dwindle into a sort of melancholy insignificance when compared with more recent happenings among the 'thoroughly civilized' peoples of Europe. At least one may recall that the excision of Anatolia's Armenians occurred in a milieu where the masses of people on both sides still lived on a low, frequently even on a primitive, cultural level.... What the Ottomans had to deal with was unquestionably a slow-burning rebellion. The Armenians' sufferings do not cancel out the facts that many of them were potential rebels against the state and that final disaster did not overtake them until when, during the first World War and with a Russian army deep within Turkey, many Moslem Turks finally became convinced that their Armenian 'fellow-citizens' were serving as an active fifth column delivering them over to their greatest and most merciless foe. That conviction was doubtless greatly exaggerated, but it had enough basis in fact that one can only dismiss it if one is willing to argue that the Turks should not have moved to save themselves.' (Thomas and Frye, p.61)

Partisans of these views may or may not regret the inhumanity of the catastrophe but they say they *understand* it, and willingly crucify the Armenian people upon the cross of modernisation.[24]

THE GROWTH OF a Turcophile bias among historians, particularly Americans, was also an ironic result of the extensive American missionary involvement with the Ottoman Armenian community.

The US Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions contributed heavily to the revival of Ottoman Armenian cultural life in the 19th century, and its efforts, apart from the creation of a small but important Protestant schism from the Armenian Apostolic Church, were felt in the raising of the educational level and national awareness of the Armenian community. Prohibited by Islamic law and custom from proselytism among Ottoman Muslims, the Protestant missionaries worked exclusively among oriental Christians, particularly among Christian Arabs and Armenians. Concerned with the spiritual and material welfare of their charges, the missionaries became vocal advocates of Ottoman reform and defenders especially of the Armenian victims of Hamidian repression.

These concerns bred a certain missionary romanticism about the Armenian people and concealed from American public opinion the real conditions of Ottoman life and the substantial dilemmas of Armenian progress in the Ottoman Empire. And despite their goodwill and praiseworthy goals, the missionaries' accomplishments were two-sided:

"In retrospect, the drama of American philanthropy in Turkey to 1914, exhibited elements of classical tragedy. Like other multi-ethnic states of the 19th century, Ottoman Turkey was threatened with disintegration should a minority group conclude that its ethnic or religious ties weighed more heavily than its loyalty to the Ottoman state. . . . By their concentration of efforts on the Arabs and Armenians, the Americans strengthened the sense of separateness of these minority groups, thus adding to the difficulties of assimilating all the subjects of the Sultan within a framework of Ottoman loyalty. Unintentionally, the Americans intensified the forces of nationalism and separatism."[25]

They also contributed to anti-Turkish feeling both among Ottoman Armenians and among Americans.[26]

THE DESTRUCTION of the Ottoman Armenian community posed a dilemma of a new sort for the mis-

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[23] Lewis V. Thomas, in Thomas and Frye, *The United States and Turkey and Iran* (1952), p. 60; "The National and International Relations of Turkey", in *Near Eastern Culture and Society* (ed. Young, 1951), pp. 170–171.

[24] Roger R. Trask, *The United States Response to Turkish Nationalism and Reform 1914–1939* (1971), p. 20. William Yale, a member of the King-Crane Commission of 1919, writes in *The Near East: A Modern History* (1959), pp. 101, 123, 231, that the Armenian catastrophe is child's play compared to the more recent examples of human bestiality. By the 1950s men expected governments to exterminate subversives by all available methods.

"Who now [Yale asks] having participated in these world conflicts, would dare to cast a stone at Abdul-Hamid for the massacre of a few thousand resulting from the pursuit of policies based on his ideologies? 'Let he who is without sin cast the first stone.'"

Richard D. Robinson, *The First Turkish Republic: A Case Study in National Development* (1963), p. 14. On the other hand, Serif A. Murdin is actually able to discuss the Turkish revolution without mentioning the Armenian catastrophe at all: "Ideology and Religion in the Turkish Revolution", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 2 (July 1971), pp. 197–211.

Ahmed Emin (Yalman), a Turkish historian, deserves credit for honestly admitting that while the 1915 deportations may have been based on legitimate Turkish fears of Armenian support for the Entente powers, some influential Turkish politicians did use it for the realisation of their goal of racial homogeneity in Asia Minor. *Turkey in the World War* (1930), p. 220.

[25] Robert L. Daniel, *American Philanthropy in the Near East, 1820–1960* (1970), pp. 122, 161.

[26] Joseph L. Grabill, *Protestant Diplomacy and the Near East* (1971), p. 47.

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sionaries. With few Christians remaining in the truncated post-World War I Turkey, continued philanthropic and educational activities could only continue on a non-sectarian basis among Turkish Muslims and only with the support of the secularist Atatürk régime. A new appreciation of the once "*terrible Turk*" soon developed, partly self-serving and partly sincere; and part of the missionary establishment became converted to a Turcophile position, which contributed to a lessening of concern with Armenian grievances, past and present.[27] The missionaries' shift from anti-Turkish to pro-Turkish views has been taken as their having learnt an important "Christian" lesson, that of forgiveness, in a general shift from doctrinal to behavioural Christianity: "American Protestants could take comfort that their Bible said applying the Word is more important than hearing it."

Since the missionaries had in fact no choice but to alter the nature of their activities in Atatürk's Turkey, such an explanation may well appear somewhat Pharisaical, to say the least. Nor is the lesson the missionaries may have learnt the only possible "Christian" conclusion to be drawn from the whole catastrophe. In any event, the missionaries reacted to their involvement with the Armenians with a certain disillusionment and repentance (which converted many of them, at least many of their established leaders, to a cooler view of the whole Armenian question). The US Senate in 1927 still refused to ratify the Lausanne Treaty with Turkey due in part to Protestant objection; but the cooling of pro-Armenian sentiment in the Protestant establishment did contribute to a more sympathetic hearing of Turkish views and justifications.

Somewhat like the early 19th-century European partisans of Greek Independence, the patrons of the Armenian people came to feel that their clients had let them down and were less noble and heroic and innocent than they had imagined. American public opinion came to prefer the hard-headed, realistic view of Admiral Mark Bristol who worked against any American patronage of Armenian irredentism and sentimental attachment to persecuted and homeless Armenians. A recent historian sums up the new-found Turcophilia very well:

> "In contesting with 'the Church Element' (that is, pro-Armenian churchmen) . . . it must be said that [Admiral] Bristol more clearly assessed the needs of the American national interest, which called for the expansion of the American marketplace. . . . Acceptance of a mandate for Armenia and championing the rights of Christian minorities in the defunct Ottoman Empire had no place in the foreign policy of a modern industrial state." [28]

Thus, the Turkish case on the Armenian question is well established; and as long as the Turkish State is deemed to be important as an ally of America and the West it will probably predominate.

Toynbee's Original Sins

SAVED INTENTIONALLY for the last are the interpretations and reflections of Arnold J. Toynbee.

Although Toynbee's brand of world history has largely failed to impress academic historians—for good reasons and bad—large numbers of educated laymen have over the years been exposed to his characteristic insights, usually mediated by some form of popularisation. Toynbee had had an enduring interest in the catastrophes of human history in general and, more specifically, in the modern clash between Armenians and Turks. It was, after all, Toynbee who edited Lord Bryce's contemporary documentation of the genocide of Ottoman Armenians in 1915 and was thereby the first historian of the catastrophe. It was also Toynbee who only several years later partly repudiated his own denunciation of the Turks and took up a more characteristic "Toynbeean" interpretation of its causes and meaning. Arnold J. Toynbee becomes, then, an historian-participant in the entire Armenian question.

When he wrote his "Summary of Armenian History" Toynbee found that Turkish nationalism, a Turkish amalgam of West European ideas and Prussian militarism, was responsible for the Armenian catastrophe. The creation of a Western national state in Turkey was the work of men whose ideology and whose obstacles both fingered the Armenians for extermination. It was "the barbarous initiation of the Near East into the European fraternity." [29]

Anyone surprised by this condemnation of Western nationalism in the Turkish experience should be referred to Elie Kedourie's warning that Toynbee was raised in an atmosphere of English

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[27] John A. DeNovo, *American Interests and Policies in the Middle East 1900–1939* (1963), pp. 255–273. A remarkable example of "conversion" from Armenian to Turkish partisanship was Caleb Frank Gates, third president of Robert College. He accepted the disappearance of the Armenian community as justification for concentration on service to the new Turkey and even adopted the "Langeresque" view of Armenian revolutionaries having deliberately provoked reprisal and massacre. *Not to Me Only* (1940), pp. 134–135.

[28] Thomas A. Bryson, "Admiral Mark L. Bristol, An Open-Door Diplomat in Turkey", *International Journal of Middle East Studies*, Vol. 5 (September, 1974), p. 467.

[29] Arnold J. Toynbee, *A Study of History*, Vol. 10 (1954), pp. 91–98. "A Summary of Armenian History . . ." in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians . . .* p. 636.

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anti-imperialist radicalism which wallowed in guilt and pleasurable repentance.[30] While Kedourie's view of Toynbee and his associates at Chatham House is often devastating and just—Toynbee is indeed inconsistent in denouncing Nationalism while lavishing almost absurd praise on Arab nationalism; he is indeed addicted to a rigid and narrow moralism; and he does favour far-fetched analogies which can be ludicrous and offensive—still Kedourie admires as Toynbee's best book *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey*. Here he reversed himself and took a view of the Armenian catastrophe which was highly understanding of the Turks and also, when necessary, critical of both Greeks and Armenians in their struggle against the Turkish Revolution.[31]

NATIONALISM AMONG the élite—whether German in the Habsburg Empire or Turkish in the Ottoman Empire—was a defensive response to imperial disintegration. The Turks were behaving like Europeans, and the rival national ideologies which (in Austria-Hungary led merely to school disputes and parliamentary boorishness) in the Ottoman Empire led to massacre. The Middle East with its lack of ethnic homogeneity and its traditional *millets* could not be assaulted by Western nationalism without the brutality of the Armenian catastrophe.[32] Toynbee decided that any Nation or People could under the right circumstances commit brutal atrocities. The Turks and Armenians were not to be regarded as especially evil or especially noble.

> "Atrocities are seldom committed spontaneously by large bodies of human beings.... More commonly the rabies seizes a few individuals, and is communicated by them to the mass, while in other cases the bloodlust of the pack is excited by cold-blooded huntsmen who desire the death of the quarry without being carried away themselves by the excitement of the chase. There seems to be much evidence for this in the history of the French Revolution, but the most signal modern instance was the attempt to exterminate the Armenians in 1915. In this case, hundreds of thousands of people were done to death and thousands turned into robbers and murderers by the administrative action of a few dozen criminals in control of the Ottoman Empire.... So far as it goes, this fact is a hopeful symptom for the eventual stamping out of the disease. But criminals by suggestion are guilty besides those who instigate the crime, and even if the extent of the moral disaster in such organized atrocities is less, that of the bloodshed and agony produced by them is generally far greater than when people simply run amuck. When once the stimuli are there, no amount of civilization is a certain antidote against their operation. The only infallible remedy is prevention...."
>
> "Orientals have no greater predisposition to atrocities than other people.... It will appear that the greater frequency of atrocities in the East has simply been proportional to the more intense operation of the stimuli there than in the contemporary West. If the history of Oriental atrocities is ever scientifically investigated, it will be found, I believe, that they have been worse during the last dozen years than during the rest of the last century, and worse again during that century than between the years 1461 and 1821. If this proved correct, there would be a strong presumption that they were not endemic, and that the revolutionary process of Westernisation was one of their causes. The two curves of atrocities and Westernisation would practically coincide, and the true diagnosis of the atrocities might be that they were a prolonged epidemic, to which the Near and Middle Eastern societies were subject from the time when they lost their indigenous civilisations until they became acclimatised to the intrusive influences of the West...."
>
> "Persecuted minorities are not necessarily blameless because they suffer.... The accusations of sedition brought against them by their persecutors are often partly true, though they are generally stultified by the disproportionate savagery of the repression."[33]

In short order, then, we have Toynbee converted from Armenophile to neutral observer; and (in the eyes of some in the Armenian community) from neutral observer to Turcophile.[34] Yet it was to become a Toynbee trademark to strive to see the unpopular side of serious issues.[35] His experiences during the treacherous Greek invasion of a seemingly prostrate Turkey in 1919 were what con-

[30] Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version*, pp. 366–374.

[31] *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey* (1922). It is perhaps Toynbee's warm regard for Arab nationalism which accounts for no mention of him in Edward W. Said's *Orientalism*. This is an omission which Kedourie would find strange.

[32] *The Western Question* ..., pp. 129–130. Toynbee's complacency about the moderation of nationalist disputes in Austria-Hungary knew nothing yet of the blossoming of pan-Germanism into the Nazi State. The Nazis removed any possible distinction between East and West in the practice of brutality.

[33] *The Western Question* ..., pp. 265–267, 326.

[34] Marjorie Housepian particularly takes Toynbee to task for having altered his view of the Turks. "Equating all violence by denying qualitative differences in motives, he reasoned that one side was no better than the other." "The Unremembered Genocide", *Commentary* (September 1966), p. 60. Probably Toynbee would have happily pleaded guilty to this charge.

[35] "I had already taken the measure of the propaganda advantage that is gained by a party that

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vinced this Hellenist that the phalanxes of Venizelos were not more civilised than the Muslim soldiery and peasantry of Anatolia.

AS STRIKING AS WAS Toynbee's change of attitude and perspective during the course of the Greek invasion of Anatolia, his later attitude towards his own work in exposing the Armenian genocide was even more transformed. Writing in the last years of his life (he died in 1975, aged 87), he came to view his scholarly activities in 1915 as an unfortunate and unconscious piece of Wartime propaganda:

> "At that time, I was unaware of the politics that lay behind this move of H.M.G.'s, and I believe Lord Bryce was as innocent as I was. Perhaps this was fortunate. For, if our eyes had been opened, I hardly think that either Lord Bryce or I would have been able to do the job that H.M.G. had assigned to us in the complete good faith in which we did, in fact, carry it out. Lord Bryce's concern, and mine, was to establish the facts and to make them public, in the hope that eventually some action might be taken in the light of them . . . that there should never be a repetition of the barbarities. . . ."
>
> "At the very time when the Russians had been committing barbarities against Jews [during the withdrawal from the Pale of Settlement], the Turks had been committing considerably worse barbarities against their Armenians. If Russian barbarities were telling against Britain and France, would not Turkish barbarities tell against Germany and Austria-Hungary? This line of reasoning in Whitehall lay behind H.M.G.'s application to Lord Bryce to produce a Blue Book on what the Turks had been doing to the Armenians." (*Acquaintances*, pp. 149, 151.)

Having decided that his scholarly talents and diligence had been misused and exploited, Toynbee then ventured to "understand" the motives of the Turkish/Ottoman CUP leadership in acting against the Armenian community.

> "Since the Russo-Turkish War of 1877–78, the Armenian diaspora in the north-eastern territories of the Ottoman Empire had been nursing political ambitions. Like the Greek diaspora farther to the west in Anatolia, the Armenians had been hoping to be able, one day, to carve out a successor-state of the Ottoman Empire for themselves. These Greek and Armenian political aspirations had not been legitimate; for the diasporas were minorities scattered among a Turkish majority. Their aspirations did not merely threaten to break up the Turkish Empire; they could not be fulfilled without doing grave injustice to the Turkish people itself. For Turkey, the Armenian question had come to a head after Turkey's intervention in the First World War, when the Russians had defeated an abortive Turkish invasion of Russian Transcaucasia and had successfully invaded North-Eastern Turkey. The Turkish authorities now found that the local Armenian diaspora might serve the Russian invaders as what we have since learnt to call a 'fifth column.' They therefore decided to deport the Armenians from the war-zone, and this, in itself, might pass for a legitimate security measure. In similar circumstances, other governments have taken similar action. . . . In Turkey, however, in 1915 . . . the deportations were deliberately conducted with a brutality that was calculated to take the maximum toll of lives *en route*. This was the C.U.P.'s crime; and my study of it left an impression on my mind that was not effaced by the still more cold-blooded genocide, on a far larger scale, that was committed during the Second World War by the Nazis." (*Acquaintances*, pp. 241–242)

THUS, WITHOUT in any way disavowing what he had written in 1916, and without in any way denying the reality of the Armenian catastrophe—Toynbee came to place the blame, not on any particular nation or group of nationals, but on the general theory and practice of Western Nationalism. Fond of referring to Armenians, Jews, Nestorians, Monophysite Christians, and Parsees as *diasporas* (or even as "*fossils*" of extinct civilisations), Toynbee found that such communities could survive and prosper only in "a network of geographically intermingled oecumenical communities" such as the Ottoman Empire with its *millet* system.[36] Modern Western Nationalism, however,

captures a monopoly of the telling of the tale. I had realized that we saw the Persians through the Greeks' eyes, the Spartans and Boeotians through the Athenians' eyes, the Philistines and Phoenicians through the Israelites' eyes." Toynbee, *Acquaintances* (1967), p. 244. Toynbee willingly paid the price of his change of mind and heart, the abandonment of a chair at the University of London supported by the Anglo-Greek community. *Acquaintances*, pp. 184–185, 199–200, 230–251. See also his *Experiences* (1969), p. 72.

[36] Toynbee, *A Study of History*, Vol. 8 (1954), p. 275. Support for Toynbee's explanation of the hostility of a homogeneous national community towards diasporas comes from Sheldon Stryker's study of the Parsee community in India—for the Parsees (as much a marginal trading community as Armenian and Jewish diasporas) did not meet with hostile ideological persecution in India. The caste society of Hindu India protected the separateness of autonomous groups. "Social Structure and Prejudice", *Social Problems*, Vol. 6 (Spring 1959), pp. 340–354.

It is, thus, Nationalism in the majority population and equally intense national sentiment and resentment in the Pariah people which together create the catastrophic situation.

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seeks "the traditional Western ideal of the homogeneous single-community parochial state." This could only lead to disaster for diaspora communities.

> "This Armenian experience illustrated a simple law of Nationalism which was manifest to historians though it had been ignored by nationalists. The destructiveness of Nationalism was proportionate to the degree of the discrepancy between the ideal of Nationalism and the local state of existing geographical and political facts."[37]

And if Nationalism did not explain enough for some of his readers, Toynbee was willing to offer the ultimate explanation from somewhere outside History itself:

> "Any great crime—private or public, personal or impersonal—raises a question that transcends national limits; the question goes to the heart of human nature itself. My study of the genocide that had been committed in Turkey in 1915 brought home to me the reality of Original Sin." (*Acquaintances*, p. 242)

Toynbee's well-known hostility to Zionism and his defence of the Palestinian Arabs stem rather directly from his attitude towards the destructiveness of Nationalism. Comparing the Jewish and Armenian diasporas, he found that at least some of the Armenians had managed to preserve in eastern Anatolia "a remnant of an ancestral territory in which they were still the local cultivators of the soil. . . ." When Nationalism, in the form of Zionism, infected the Western Jewish diaspora, "it came to affect a community whose contemporary geographical distribution and political allegiance afforded Nationalism no vestige whatsoever of a basis in the realm of existing facts. . . . There was no element in a latter-day Jewry corresponding to the autochthonous Armenian peasantry of Van, Erivan, and the Qarabagh."[38] His view of Zionism as the most extreme form of Nationalism, and the most fantastic, accounted for his unyielding hostility to the Israeli State.

DESPITE THE MANY CONTROVERSIES over the Armenian question, some consensus obviously does exist. That the culprit in the Armenian catastrophe was Modern Nationalism can be directly or indirectly concluded from the writing of most historians. What is unresolved is whether the defeated Armenian nationalism could have ever succeeded—or should have ever succeeded—or deserves in the future to have its claims recognised. The views of Toynbee, despite many reservations about his historical perspectives and methods, may serve as the basis of a consensus. Indeed, his intimate involvement with the Armenian catastrophe right from the beginning and his periodic refinement of interpretation and evaluation offer perhaps the most consistently thoughtful and informed discussion of the subject ever advanced.

One would hope that legitimate objection to his particular way of looking at the history of civilisation would not stand in the way of acceptance of his considerable insight into the Armenian question. Still, his own insistence on the reality of "Original Sin" is an admission that History itself cannot satisfy the yearning for understanding of mass murder and bestiality. Such explanation, offered by historians who are hardly either Christian or even theist, may very much seem a *deus ex machina*. It certainly will not satisfy those in the Armenian community who prefer to speak of Turkish sin and Turkish wickedness.

In the end, the failure of History to explain what may most need explaining is less a specific failure or weakness than evidence of the human condition itself. The resort to "Original Sin" may be no more and no less than a humble recognition of human limitations. Toynbee is not the first historian, nor the last, to conclude that only from outside human history may suffering humanity understand itself. And on a more mundane level, perhaps it is worth reminding historians that their attempts neatly to "round out" their explanations and to tie up all loose ends may result in great offence to those who have suffered. The "historical imperatives" of Turkish nationalism can offer nothing to its victims. One may prefer the assurance of a Léon Bloy: "*On est toujours du bon côté quand on est avec ceux qui souffrent la persécution et l'injustice.*"

[37] Toynbee, *A Study of History*, Vol. 8, pp. 295–296. For all his severe criticism of Toynbee, Elie Kedourie (*The Chatham House Version*, p. 316) basically agrees with him about the catastrophic effects of Western nationalism upon traditional societies:

> "The fate of minorities such as the Armenians or the Jews of Iraq is merely an extreme result of the turmoil introduced by the West in the East. . . . From the West there can be no escape: the Armenians tried to emulate its political ways, the Jews of Iraq tried to ignore them. For both disaster lay in wait."

[38] Toynbee, *A Study of History*, Vol. 8, pp. 295–296. It is interesting to note that Palestinian Zionists during World War I were aware of the fate of the Armenians in the Ottoman Empire and feared that the Turks might use the same methods against them. The German embassy in Constantinople used its influence on their behalf as it never did for the Armenians. The Zionists in the German Empire drew the lesson from the Armenian catastrophe that it was dangerous to rely on the support of only one power in the realisation of their goals. They also felt the need to emphasise to the Turks that the Zionist interests were closely tied to the welfare of the Ottoman state.

The Zionist community in Palestine and the Jews of the Ottoman Empire did escape the fate of the Armenians, but in view of the later Jewish catastrophe it is obvious that Zionist tactics would work with certain types of governments and not with others. The Armenian fate in no way offered any really helpful lesson for the Nazi experience.

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Peter Porter

Marianne North's Submission

We are born to whiteness
And must mark it with those graphic miles,
Creaturely or vegetable,
Scribbled on the gums of New South Wales,
Finely sententious lines
Though not of God. Such squiggles may seem
Appropriate roads on maps in Heaven. If there is a Heaven
It's because there must be something
We have moved away from. It's hardly heavy,
Only a smoke to emerge from
As if above an orchid-flooded valley
With a dry sketching-pad, a day ahead of one
And nerves for once indicative.
I cannot remember when I consented
To be born. It was many years after
My entrance on this earth. I was poised
High enough, though what our flesh must do
To be naturally patrician I leave to those
To calculate who find our planet habitable.
So many do, and oh my heart and more my eyes
Go out to unreflective strugglers,
Vines, stamens, steamed-open lilies,
Voluptuous catechisers of the death camp
We call jungle—or the reticulated root,
Shading a scorpion, which knows the hour
To lift leaf systems to the sanded air.
I can bore even myself, working at
My natural wonders. I know as well as you
That this is complex only to the pen
And my difficult purveyance. I could pack
A camera and put my life's work
Out of business. All my laborious
And loving pictures sometimes seem
Like women's dress materials laid out
In a mercer's pattern-room. I like
All complexities to be of shape
And observation, of pure distinctive essence.
The Higher Creature has simplicities of action
And arrangements called philosophy,
The which they tell me our spirited country
Has brought to their apogee. I put away galoshes
And take out my deepest waders. To any watcher,
Including God, I am a middle-aged lady
Of the dauntless British sort not feeling
Very well in a Burmese swamp—there she goes,
You say, escaping the Victorian Sick Room
But not evading fear. Do you know
My farthest journey has been away from suicide.
Let this lizard fern I'm sketching
Speak for me: "she serves that filigree
Along the air my svelte and dappled self
Keeps pennanting above our high monsoon,
A single real beyond imagining."

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The "Aryans" of Jean-Paul Sartre

Totalitarian Categories in Western Writing

By WERNER COHN

"The purpose of NEWSPEAK *was not only to provide a medium of expression for the world-view and mental habits proper to the devotees of* INGSOC, *but to make all other modes of thought impossible. . . ."*

GEORGE ORWELL
Nineteen Eighty-Four (1949)

I HAVE a friend who was recently able to leave Hungary, where he had been a dissident, and who has since devoted himself to the scholarly study of Eastern Europe. When he first arrived he would frequently refer to Communist countries as "socialist", especially when contrasting them with the West. I remarked on this habit, and it emerged that he in fact shared my view that the word "socialist" in this context is inappropriate. The problem is that the term originally implied some form of democracy ("the producers possess both political power and the means of production", in the words of the dictionary), and it is still used to describe such democratic movements as German and Scandinavian social democracy. When the term is used by Communists as self-description, it is with the propagandistic purpose of ascribing democracy to Communist régimes; and my friend had unthinkingly fallen into the trap of adopting his opponents' propagandistic terminology. Such habits develop imperceptibly and perhaps inevitably in people subjected to totalitarian rule for any length of time.

But not all those who fall into similar traps have lived under Communism or Nazism. Totalitarian categories and modes of thinking have insinuated themselves into Western writing since the beginnings of totalitarian rule. One important mechanism by which this has been achieved is ambiguity of viewpoint. A literary style variously labelled *style indirect libre* or Free Indirect Speech, but which I will here call *free indirect citation*, has generally been the carrier of this ambiguity.[1] Using neither direct nor indirect quotation, it consists of an equivocal attribution of thought or vocabulary to a named or unnamed other. In the example of my Hungarian friend, "socialist" may be interpreted to stand for "what the Communists call 'socialist'." But it could also be read as "what I, the writer, call socialist." Hence the ambiguity.

The inherent equivocation of free indirect citation can be a very effective device in fiction, but when used in scholarly or interpretive essays it leads to intellectual chaos. I shall try to show how this chaos has helped the cause of totalitarian movements in the West.

Sartre is a good place to start.

IT IS 35 YEARS SINCE Sartre published, immediately after World War II, his brilliant dissection of anti-Semitism and the Jewish condition, *Reflections sur la Question Juive* (1946).[2] The little booklet has gone through a number of editions, has been widely reviewed, and is still undoubtedly among Sartre's most famous works.

As one would expect in the case of a controversial writer, a number of reviewers had important criticisms. If Sartre's analysis had striking insights, some of his assertions were remarkably naive. He thought that "socialism" would do away with anti-Semitism. He was preoccupied with rabid anti-Semitism but gave little thought to the perhaps more prevalent genteel hatred of Jews. Many Jewish reviewers felt that he short-changed "Jewish self-consciousness" by

[1] Almost all discussion of this matter deals only with fiction. For a recent review, see Roy Pascal, *The Dual Voice: Free Indirect Speech and Its Functioning in the Nineteenth-Century European Novel* (1977).

[2] An excellent English translation, by Erik de Mauny, was published in 1948 (Secker & Warburg, London) under the title *Anti-Semite and Jew*. I have relied heavily on this translation. However, all my comments here are derived from the original French, and I have modified de Mauny's translation somewhat when I cite passages.

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asserting that anti-Semitism is the *only* basis for it. We now know, from Sartre's own words a few weeks before his death,[3] that at the time of writing his book he had been incredibly ignorant, and wilfully so, of all things Jewish:

> J.-P.S.: . . . Most of the significant things about the Jews are written in foreign languages—especially in Hebrew, sometimes in Yiddish.
> B.L. (the interviewer): You could perhaps have overcome that obstacle . . . when you wrote your book surely you had put together some documentation?
> J.-P.S.: No.
> B.L.: What do you mean, no?
> J.-P.S.: None. I wrote without any documentation, without reading one Jewish book. . . . I wrote what I thought.

Nevertheless, Sartre was a man much listened to, as he is still today after his death, and his writings were given close attention. But there is one peculiarity of his style which, as far as I know, has not been noted, and it is illustrated in the final words of his book:

> "The cause of the Jews would already be half won if only their friends found in their defence a little of the passion and the perseverance that their enemies devote to their destruction. To awaken this passion, it is useless to appeal to the generosity of the Aryans because even among the best of these this virtue is disappearing. But it may well be pointed out to each of them that the fate of the Jew is his own fate. No Frenchman will be secure as long as a Jew, in France or elsewhere in the world, has reason to fear for his life."

Who are these "Aryans" of Jean-Paul Sartre?

THE WORD "ARYAN" has a long and generally disreputable history in European thought.[4] It is true that some perfectly legitimate linguists have used it to describe the Indo-European group of languages. Professor Carleton Coon and perhaps some other anthropologists refer to West Asian invaders of India as "Aryans." But when used to designate European non-Jews in contrast to Jews, the term—at least since the early 1920s—has been used only by Nazis and by those under Nazi influence.

Nazi usage itself was self-contradictory, having been constructed from the disparate elements of pseudo-scientific pedantry and hysterical hatred; but it would be tedious and depressing to go into the details.[5] In any case there is a single authoritative source, Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, from which we can extract certain postulates that, taken together, define "Aryan" in Nazi usage:

> "Jews are 'racially' distinct from (non-Jewish) 'Germans'; the latter are 'Aryans'; Jews are not. Similar distinctions hold in other West European countries, so that, for example, 'Frenchmen' (who are also 'Aryans') are to be strictly distinguished from French Jews."
>
> "Religious distinctions are not relevant to 'racial' distinctions. Jews can never become 'Aryan', even if they convert to Christianity."
>
> "Jews are physically, intellectually, and especially morally inferior to 'Aryans.' They are, in fact, sub-human."
>
> "Jews constitute a mortal danger to 'Aryans' and must be destroyed."

So much for the "Aryans" of Adolf Hitler. But who are those of Jean-Paul Sartre? Since Sartre was neither a Nazi nor an anti-Semite—since he was, in fact, an enemy of the Germans and a defender of the Jews—it is easy enough to dismiss any possibility of an anti-Semitic intent in his work. But his repeated use of the Nazi category "Aryan" involves an ambiguity which he never resolved. Just what did he wish to convey when he wrote this word? There are at least two possible ways in which we can interpret him:

(*1*) Sartre does not accept the category as his own but reports it, perhaps with satirical intent, as Nazi usage;

(*2*) Sartre does use the category as his own, although in that case he surely could not have had all the Nazi implications of the word in mind.

I have counted seventeen instances in which Sartre uses the word "Aryan" in his book. In five of these (pp. 68, 100, 110, 112, 117 in the English edition), there are quotation marks, and thus a clear attribution to anti-Semitic usage. These are not examples of free indirect citation. But in six cases (pp. 23, 33, 68, 101, 102, 113) it is impossible to decide what Sartre had in mind. And in the six final instances (three on p. 51, one each on pp. 40 and 103, and the passage from p. 128 cited above) it seems most likely that Sartre, for whatever reason, adopted this essentially Nazi term as his own.

The overall impression is one of ambiguity and uncertainty. Sartre was a professional writer of considerable skill who must be presumed to have known how to convey precise thoughts when he had them; the most persuasive hypothesis in the present case is that he lacked them. And what impressions will his readers get, especially those too young to have been directly confronted with Nazism? Will not at least some of them be led to

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[3] Benny Levy, "The Last Words of Jean-Paul Sartre", *Dissent* (Fall, 1980), p. 419.

[4] See Leon Poliakov, *The Aryan Myth: A History of Racist and Nationalist Ideas in Europe* (1974).

[5] Such details are furnished by Max Weinreich, *Hitler's Professors: The Part of Scholarship in Germany's Crimes Against the Jewish People* (1946).

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think that there indeed are "Aryans" in this world as distinct from mere Jews?

SARTRE WAS NOT ALONE with his kind of "Aryan." The 1941 journal of a Jewish teacher in Breslau was recently published by members of his family in Israel.[6] The second entry (dated January 2, 1941) reads as follows:

> ". . . again 13 degrees below today, a hard winter. Many people have no coal, even among the Aryans. . . ."

And the index to this little book, obviously supplied by its Israeli editors, has a listing for a *Studienrat* Dr Freund with the explanatory label "Non-Aryan."

Kurt Jakob Ball-Kaduri's well-known report on the situation of German Jews in the year 1933 (published in German in 1963) attempts to reproduce the moods and the vocabulary of Jews in the first year of Nazi rule.[7] It reports, for instance, on the state of Jewish sports organisations:

> "The Makkabi clubs could still participate in the indoor sports festival in Berlin and competed in a number of events with the Aryan clubs."

It was not only in Germany that Hitler's vocubulary was used in those years. Robert Ross, reviewing the manner in which US Protestant periodicals reported on the Nazi persecution of Jews,[8] finds that the word "Aryan" was commonly used in Hitler's sense, although the professed point of view of these journals was, of course, sympathetic to the Jews. Sidney Hook recounts that he was once asked to join something called *The Society for the Help of Non-Aryan Christian Refugees*.[9] So not only was Hitler's word used, but Hitler's racial categories formed the basis for institutional practice by people who considered themselves to be, and in many ways were, thoroughly anti-Nazi.

In scholarly writing dealing with the Nazi period it is, unfortunately, routine to find a mindless use of Nazi categories. Three small examples, all concerning "Aryans", must stand for the many others I could cite.

ONE OF THE earliest serious analyses of Nazism was the widely-praised *Behemoth* by Franz L. Neumann. He saw fit to contrast Jews to "Aryans" throughout.[10] A more recent German work by Helmut Genschel, dealing with the exclusion of Jews from the German economy during the Hitler period, does the same thing, although the author sometimes uses quotation marks to attribute this usage to the Nazis.[11] Finally, a recent article in a scholarly journal (one of many which could have been chosen) discusses an aspect of education under the Nazis—very casually and mindlessly it talks about "non-Aryans" as Hitler might have (although the context makes it clear that the author had no intention of promoting a Nazi viewpoint).[12]

With this usage so established among certain scholarly writers, it comes as no surprise to see it in the less formal literature. A recent issue of a Canadian Jewish periodical contains an article on Poland.[13] We read about Warsaw:

> "During the liquidation of the Ghetto, many had fled to the cemetery, on the Aryan side, and lay down amongst the dead. . . ."

In short, anyone who reads much of the literature concerning the Hitler period will find an ambiguous use of "Aryan" in perhaps more than half the material. This is as true of scholarly as of popular writing, of contemporaneous journals of Jewish victims as of descriptions by others, of work published today just as of 30 or 40 years ago.

MAO TSE-TUNG died in September 1976, and a few months later *Problems of Cummunism*, the US government's journal on Communist affairs, carried as its lead article a remarkable review of his life.[14] The author, Professor Michel Oksenberg of the University of Michigan, was later to enter the administration of President Carter as one of the United States' chief policy-makers on Chinese affairs. The article is remarkable—considering the academic and political nature of its source—both for its hagiographic conclusions and the extraordinary ambiguity of its point of view.

In the very beginning of his essay, Professor Oksenberg is quite explicit about the point-of-view problem:

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[6] Willy Israel Cohn, *Als Jude in Breslau—1941* (Jerusalem, 1975, Bar-Ilan University).

[7] Kurt Jakob Ball-Kaduri, *Das Leben der Juden in Deutschland im Jahre 1933: Ein Zeitbericht* (Frankfurt a/M, 1963, Europaeische Verlagsanstalt).

[8] Robert W. Ross, *So It Was True: The American Protestant Press and the Nazi Persecution of the Jews* (1980), pp. 309, 312.

[9] Sidney Hook, "Reflections on the Jewish Question", *Partisan Review* (May 1949), p. 474.

[10] Franz L. Neumann, *Behemoth: The Structure and Practice of National Socialism 1933–1944* (1942; 2nd ed. 1963), pp. 113, 116, etc.

[11] Helmut Genschel, *Die Verdraengung der Juden aus der Wirtschaft im Dritten Reich* (Göttingen, 1966), pp. 96, 157, 218, etc.

[12] Jill Stephenson, "Girls' Higher Education in Germany in the 1930's", *Journal of Contemporary History*, (Vol. 10, 1975), p. 49.

[13] Sidney Du Broff, "The Jewish Ghost Returns to Poland", *The Canadian Zionist* (November-December 1980), p. 7.

[14] Michel Oksenberg, "Mao's Policy Commitments, 1921–1976", *Problems of Communism* (November–December 1976), pp. 1–26.

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> "... there are many ways to judge a political record. The most important choice is whether to appraise the record in terms of Mao's goals ... or in terms of the evaluator's preferences ... for this paper, our criterion is whether, in retrospect, Mao concluded that a given policy commitment was well conceived and achieved the objective he wished."

So notice is quickly given that the article will present not the author's viewpoint but that of the subject, Mao himself. This disclaimer might be considered a rebuttal to the charge of hagiography; but is it a credible disclaimer?[15] In his concluding judgment, Professor Oksenberg writes:

> "Did he move China in the overall direction he sought? The answer would have to be 'yes.' He left a more unified, wealthier, stronger, and more equitable society than he had found. He sought to restore national dignity, to terminate a century of foreign privilege, and to give China a voice in world affairs; he and his generation succeeded."

Whose views are these? those of Mao himself, as promised at the outset? Is it only Mao, and in no way the author of the article, who finds that Mao had "left a more unified, wealthier, stronger, and more equitable society than he had found"? The author's style here is ambiguous to the point of doublethink.

The principal vehicle for the pervasive equivocation in this article, as it was in Sartre's work, is Free Indirect Citation. Communist propaganda phrases are cited without attribution to their source. Here is a very incomplete listing of the device in this article: "he encouraged ... land reform"; "he ... pressed for ... socialist transformation"; "building of a socialist society"; "educating the populace ..."; "socialist organization of agriculture"; "sustaining socialist development." From whose point of view can Communist policies be thought of as "reform" (which, according to the dictionary, involves *improvement*)? From whose point of view is the Communist organisation "socialist" (i.e., involving ownership by the producers rather than by a ruling group)? From whose point of view is Communist indoctrination "education" (the process of imparting knowledge)? Professor Oksenberg's text leaves all such questions unanswered.

AND HE IS FAR from alone. I recently had occasion to review a representative portion of Western scholarship on Communism, and concluded that currently about half the writers on China and about a fifth of those on the Soviet Union can be said to employ "equivocally" whole chunks of Communist language.[16] More than just an occasional expression is involved. The Communist take-over of China in 1949, for instance, is routinely referred to as "liberation" by about half of the Sinologists who write about the recent period. Sometimes one reads that "the masses" control this-or-that Chinese activity. Writers on the Soviet Union tend towards more caution, but one author soberly described as an "election", without quotation marks or any indirect signs of attribution, the process whereby members of the Communist "parliamentary" bodies are non-democratically selected from above.

NOT ALL WRITERS on totalitarian themes are guilty of "free indirect citation"; and it seems to me worthwhile to consider how those who are differ from those who are not. Broadly speaking there are two sources for this kind of ambiguity.

There is, of course, a fluctuating number of totalitarian sympathisers among Western writers, and it is not suprising to find that these muddle distinctions which to the rest of us are crucial; for example, "democracy" as used in Communist propaganda versus "democracy" as used in ordinary speech in the West. Until very recently, a majority of Western scholars writing about China probably sympathised with the régime to some extent.[17] It was they who found "happy schools" and "non-alienated commune workers" where the Government of today tells us terrorism, coercion, and exploitation obtained.

Much more interesting is another group of writers, partially overlapping with the first, in whom failure of precision seems more intellectual and emotional than ideological. The totalitarian subject-matter in which they have become engrossed has simply overwhelmed them. They even tend to forget that there is another world outside. The "Aryans" of Hitler's fantasies—the "liberation" and the "reforms" of the Communist propagandist—all become real in much the sense that Superman is said to be real to certain juvenile comic-book readers. This condition is, to be sure, quite understandable when it occurs in victims on the spot. It is less so in the case of comfortably ensconced denizens of Berkeley or either of the Cambridges.[18]

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[15] Some passages in the article are critical of Mao in certain respects. I find the tone as a whole to be hagiographic, as it surely is in this citation. The reader may wish to form his own judgment by consulting the essay (Vol. XXV, no. 6).

[16] Cf. Werner Cohn, "Equivocation in the Study of Totalitarianism", *Survey* (Summer 1980) pp. 179–188.

[17] Cf. Paul Hollander's "Pilgrims on the Run", ENCOUNTER, October and November 1981 and his new book, *Political Pilgrims* (Oxford University Press, 1981).

[18] Mention should also be made of the curious affinities between current Third World ideological rhetoric and certain older totalitarian phrase-making. Thus Hitler's "New Order" is adapted, wittingly or not,

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WHAT THE fellow-travellers have in common with the innocents who are so overwhelmed is a certain species of basic gullibility. Nobody could have charged Sartre with sympathies for the Nazis when he wrote his *Reflections sur la Question Juive*. But in 1952 he became an uncritical fellow-traveller of the French Communist Party; and even after his disagreement over Hungary in 1956 he remained allied to the Party, though more loosely so, until the student demonstrations of 1968 caused him to side decisively with the Party's left-wing opponents. For about 15 years after he wrote his book on the Jews, Communist words were his words, Communist categories of thought were his categories. It seems reasonable to assume that a man who lived in the Communist intellectual environment for so many years had already early on become indifferent to, or confused by, distinctions between totalitarian and non-totalitarian thought.

It could be that most writers on totalitarian subjects occasionally slip into ambiguous usage. But there is one group of writers who, as far I could determine, are very scrupulous in avoiding it. These are the scholars to whom we owe our understanding of the nature of totalitarianism; our understanding of the essential similarity between Stalinist and Nazi rule on the one hand, and of the radical difference between totalitarianism and other forms of authoritarianism and tyranny on the other. These writers have insisted on a gulf between totalitarian and "ordinary" thought, and this understanding has sensitised them to the insidious nature of totalitarian language and totalitarian categories.

Among the very first, of course, was Hannah Arendt. I do not happen to find myself in agreement with many of her writings, but I still see her *Origins of Totalitarianism* (1968) as the most fundamental exploration of the subject. Arendt had to immerse herself deeply in the world of totalitarian propaganda, and cites from it extensively. But she never once makes the mistake, so common among lesser writers even today, of confusing her own thinking with that of the ideologues who formed her subject matter. (Her sustained analysis of Nazi anti-Semitism made it necessary for her to use the Nazi term "Aryan" repeatedly; but as befits a careful writer, she enclosed the term in quotation marks each time.)

The same may be said for the distinguished German historian of the Nazi régime, Karl Dietrich Bracher. Whether one looks for "Aryan" or other Nazi categories in his books ("eugenics" is a further example of misuse by other writers), Bracher carefully attributes these terms to their ideological sources; and his readers always know which expressions are his and which are the phrases and formulae of the Nazis.

Professor Bracher has no doubts about the usefulness of the concept of totalitarianism,[19] although the whole idea has come under attack in recent years from certain academic historians because it is allegedly tainted with "anti-Communist" bias. Bracher cogently argues against this view. Whatever the merits of the case may be, the proponents of the totalitarian concept have been able to avoid the pitfalls I have been describing.

THE PROBLEM OF free indirect citation as discussed by literary critics, has been confined almost exclusively to works of fiction. Here is a fairly typical example of this style, from the second chapter of Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*:

> "Mrs. John Dashwood did not at all approve of what her husband intended to do for his sisters. To take three thousand pounds from the fortunes of their dear little boy, would be impoverishing him to the most dreadful degree. She begged him to think again on the subject. How could he answer it to himself to rob his child, and his only child too, of so large a sum? . . ."

There are no quotation marks anywhere to announce the voice of Mrs John Dashwood, nor are there signs of indirect quotation ("Mrs D. said that . . ."). Strictly speaking, then, it is the author, Jane Austen, who tells us about the dear little boy, etc. But it seems clear here that Miss Austen intended us to hear Mrs Dashwood speaking. The "dear little boy", the "most dreadful degree" are meant to evoke Mrs Dashwood's turns of speech. And these are evoked by way of ironic mimicry; no

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for the campaign, currently being mounted in the UN, on behalf of a "new international economic order" or the "new information order." It may well be unthinking, but it is obviously insensitive to notorious Western contexts—as when Colonel Gaddafi presents his revolutionary manifesto, the *Green Book*, as "the final solution to the problem of governing. . . ."

Given the fact that Hitler's Third *Reich* was widely felt to be less an enemy than an ally in the Wartime struggle against Western Imperialism (especially the British Empire), it may not be so surprising to find Third World revolutionaries like Colonel Gaddafi updating old Nazi phrases in polemics against traditional enemies, first and foremost (at the moment) the Americans and the Saudi Arab rulers who are held to be "instruments in the hands of the American Zionist enemy." The recent charge in the Libyan journal *al-Dawe al-Islamia* (quoted in the *Wall Street Journal*. 24 August, p. 5) was that the US made "oil flow through the long bent noses of the sultans and kings." (Students of racism may well record this as a rare case of "anti-Semitism" not involving the Jews.)

[19] Karl Dietrich Bracher, "Der umstrittene Totalitarismus: Erfahrung and Aktualitaet", in Bracher, *Zeitgeschichtliche Kontroversen um Faschismus, Totalitarismus, Demokratie* (Munich, 1976).

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similar effect could have been achieved through either direct or indirect citation.

But mimicry and irony, like satire, are frequently misunderstood. Every teacher who has asked students to read Michael Young's *The Rise of the Meritocracy*, say—or Swift's *A Modest Proposal* for that matter—has been distressed by the sizeable numbers who read these pieces "straight." Further, we frequently think we have discovered an author's ironic intent only to learn from him that he had no such intent at all; this can be as true for the highly sophisticated reader as for the innocent.[20]

The very nature of free indirect citation leaves the question of ironic intent in question. The style may be used with or without such purpose. Some of our Sinologists who write about the "liberation" of 1949 may indeed be sceptics, but how is the reader to know? Professor Pascal entitled his study of free indirect citation *The Dual Voice* to indicate the ambiguous relationship between the author and some background personage (who may or may not be cited). And while all commentators agree that free indirect citation can be very effective in fiction, Pascal sternly warned against it in scholarly writing, for then we often simply cannot tell what it is that the author is saying.

Certainly, then, free indirect citation may mislead. In the case of totalitarian categories, such misleading is obviously of great advantage to the totalitarian propagandist. What more could he hope for than a confusion on the part of the Western reader about the meaning of, say, "People's Democracy"? Once we become unclear about the distinction between the Communist use of "democracy" and the meaning we ordinarily attach to this term, the propagandist has made very considerable progress.

TOTALITARIANISM is not the only subject for which sloppy writing will promote sloppy thinking; nor is the style of free indirect citation the only way to be careless about the use of language. But this style is widespread, and especially so among writers on ideological or political topics. The style is all the more insidious because its use is often unconscious on the part of the writer and remains undetected by many readers. Thirty years after the death of George Orwell, his insistence on the relationship between language and freedom—and his call for semantic vigilance—is as urgent as ever.

[20] Wayne C. Booth (*A Rhetoric of Irony*, 1974) finds that "there is reason to believe that most of us think we are less vulnerable to mistakes with irony than we are."

The Truth

"If there were a grain of truth hidden beneath the floor
he would be prepared to dig it up with his bare hands"
(Rabbi Israel of Rizin speaking
of Rabbi Aharon of Karlin)

He dug with his bare hands
through the floor of memory,
under the threshold

The truth about the truth
is not found,
a diamond buried deep

Objects which long for each other
embody the power
of magnets

David Rokeah

Translated from the Hebrew
by Ruth and Matthew Mead

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UNDER WESTERN EYES

The Spectre of Yalta

By Leopold Labedz

I. Lord Gladwyn's Curious Inconsistency

LORD GLADWYN displays [ENCOUNTER, November p. 95] a peculiar kind of political logic in approving of Yalta while rejecting *Détente*. Yet both policies reflected the same illusions and kindled similar false hopes.

In both cases, the appeasement of the Soviet Union was supposed to bring about a satisfactory *modus vivendi*. Franklin Roosevelt believed that it would be securely anchored in the brave new world of the United Nations; Winston Churchill, caught between Roosevelt and Stalin, rationalised his anxieties by settling for the fantasy of "percentages" of influence in a divided Europe. Dr Henry Kissinger thought that economic, political and military concessions to the Soviet Union would induce it to settle for the new *status quo*. Richard Nixon even proclaimed the end of "the era of confrontation."

It took quite a lot of political naivety (or *faux naïveté*) to believe that in Yalta Stalin "had agreed to hold free elections in all the 'liberated' countries. . . ." How can Lord Gladwyn still say this 36 years later, when the cynical fraudulence of this empty "promise" by the Soviet dictator is now obvious not just to the victims of Yalta but to practically everybody? It is the substantive political significance of the Yalta conference, rather than the purely formal interpretation of the pious-sounding "Declaration on Liberated Europe" which matters historically. Would Lord Gladwyn accept the argument that the trouble with Munich was not the agreement itself but the fact that the Nazis "repudiated" it 6 months later, a fact as easily predictable in the case of Stalin as previously in the case of Hitler? With the same logic, Lord Gladwyn, instead of rejecting the policy of *Détente*, should only regret the fact that the Russians have not fulfilled their May 1972 promise in the Moscow agreement (that they would not try "to obtain unilateral advantages at the expense of the other power [the USA]", which was another blatant example of Western *faux naïveté*). Yet in this case, Lord Gladwyn has shown no prior illusions about such "promises", and he has not tried to rationalise it by accepting the spurious argument that there was no alternative to this policy. Why does he use it about Yalta?

Surely not because of what he calls the "ethnically justified Soviet claim to the Curzon Line as Russia's western frontier." This could also justify Munich on the basis of the "ethnically justified" Nazi claim to their Sudeten German compatriots. Moreover, unlike the Sudeten Germans *vis-à-vis* Hitler's *Reich*, the Ukrainians and Byelorussians in question did not clamour to be incorporated into Stalin's empire. The only argument that remains concerns the compulsions of the war situation. This is used to justify Yalta in terms of *Realpolitik*.

But how realistic in fact were the expectations which formed its premises?

One can only give some examples of the illusions underlying it. Roosevelt genuinely believed that Stalin would allow free elections in Eastern Europe. He also accepted in Yalta his "historical" claims to Manchuria and Outer Mongolia in return for the (unnecessary) Soviet involvement in the war against Japan after the defeat of Germany. He really thought that Stalin would reciprocate his concessions, because of (as he put it) "*noblesse oblige*." A sympathetic American historian,[1] quoting Roosevelt, wrote that Stalin's "efforts to moderate Russian social conditions suggested to the president a sympathetic quality in his nature. . . ." Churchill had fewer illusions, but even he told the British Cabinet after his return from Yalta that

> "so far as Premier Stalin was concerned, he was quite sure that he meant well to the world and to Poland. He did not think that there would be any resentment on the part of Russia about the arrangements that had been made for fair and free elections in that country. . . . He felt no doubt whatsoever in saying that Stalin had been sincere."[2]

Stalin refused in Yalta to agree to have Western observers at the promised "free and fair" election in Poland. Yet Hugh Dalton quoted Churchill as saying at the time:

"Poor Neville Chamberlain believed he could

[1] Hugh de Santis, *The Diplomacy of Silence* (1980). p. 132.

[2] Quoted from the minutes of the War Cabinet meeting in David Carlton, *Anthony Eden* (1981), p. 247.

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trust Hitler. He was wrong. But I don't think I'm wrong about Stalin."

Later, Churchill wrote in his memoirs that Stalin was a man with whom "one could talk as one human being to another" (though he once called him "an unnatural man").[3]

These were the private sentiments of the top leaders. Most of their subordinates expressed no less obtuse political expectations. Thus Charles ("Chip") Bohlen wrote that "there was hope, as we left Yalta, of genuine cooperation with the Soviet Union on political questions after the War." He thought that the Soviet Union, the USA and Britain were "at one in their fidelity" to this principle.[4]

As his recent biographer records, Anthony Eden "was the Soviets' favourite British statesman." He felt "a sympathy" and "a real liking" for Stalin who had "never broken his word." He also thought that Stalin was "a good European." He had less foreboding than Churchill about Soviet behaviour during the War and "showed marked enthusiasm for close cooperation with Moscow." In the words of Nikolai Tolstoy, he "sincerely believed in Stalin's goodwill" and "nurtured long-lasting delusions concerning his benevolence and moderation." It is not surprising that he signed in Yalta the disgraceful agreement for the forcible repatriation of Soviet nationals ... and he reported it to the Foreign Office in a tone of smug self-satisfaction:

> "At dinner last night my conversation with Marshal Stalin turned for a moment on the Russian troops whom we had in England. The Marshal said he would be extremely grateful if any arrangements could be made to get them back here. I said we should be glad to do anything we could to help. . . .[5]

In the same spirit of zealous "good will", Roosevelt assured Stalin at Yalta that American troops would not "stay in Europe much more than two years",[6] a mindless piece of diplomacy if ever there was one.

The quality of Western political perceptions at the time of Yalta can be gauged by such instances as the statement of Maxwell Hamilton (the head of the US mission in Helsinki) who told Andrei Zhdanov that both the United States and the Soviet Union, in spite of different socio-economic systems, have "the same ideals of democracy and freedom for the people"; or the report of the US representative in Tirana, Joseph Jacobs, who wrote of Enver Hoxha that "there was no indication that the present leadership was unfriendly towards the United States or Britain."[7] One can multiply almost *ad infinitum* the examples of such imbecilities during the "Good Uncle Joe" period. Not only the unspeakable Joseph Davies (the *aficionado* of the Moscow Trials whom Roosevelt, after Yalta, sent to London to restrain Churchill), but also Harriman's friend, the eternally innocent Harry Hopkins (whom Roosevelt dispatched at the same time to accommodate Stalin) expressed this type of fatuity so frequently that it is difficult to choose among their many pronouncements. Hopkins told Roosevelt during the final Yalta meeting that "the Russians have given so much at this conference that I don't think we should let them down." And need one recall the silliness of a Henry Wallace or of a Lord Beaverbrook?

The Yalta agreement certainly reflected this airy-fairy political climate and was not just based on hard-headed rational calculations. The unexpected results of this policy, and the emotional disillusionment that followed, demonstrated this quite clearly. Some realistic analysts, I must say, saw things clearly, then and now. They were, at first, reproved for predicting what became known as the "Cold War" and then, later, reviled for supposedly wanting to reinstigate it! They were like the messengers who brought the "unglad tidings" and whose heads were always being called for. The prescient few were dismissed at the time of Yalta much as the critics of *Détente* were abused a quarter-of-a-century later. Lord Gladwyn's originality consists of having no illusions whatsoever about the latter, while retaining all his illusions about the former.

A most curious inconsistency!

II. The Trouble with Harriman

ANOTHER EXAMPLE of a curious rationalisation of the Yalta policy was given in the same issue of ENCOUNTER by the last surviving top diplomatic negotiator from that epoch, W. Averell Harriman, who played an important role as President Roosevelt's envoy in Moscow. His answers to the probing questions of George Urban revealed the underlying weaknesses of his diplomatic approach then and of his justifications now. Harriman's attitude to Stalin remains peculiar, to say the least:

> "What I am saying is that Stalin had a fine appreciation of people who were prepared to work with him, as distinct from those who were strictly antagonistic. He was astute. He had a good understanding of the other man's point of

[3] Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, Vol. VI: *Triumph and Tragedy* (1954), p. 214. Averell W. Harriman in *U.S. Department of State: Foreign Relations* (1943), p. 942.

[4] Charles E. Bohlen, *Witness to History, 1929–1969* (1973), p. 200.

[5] Carlton p. 246; Nikolai Tolstoy, *Stalin's Secret War* (1981), p. 289; see also his *Victims of Yalta* (1977).

[6] *U.S. Department of State, Foreign Relations: Malta and Yalta* (1945), p. 615.

[7] de Santis, pp. 141, 143.

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> view. . . . It was not my job to assess Stalin's character. . . . I did not give a damn about Stalin's character. . . . I had a mission to perform, and it wasn't that of a tourist or a student of Communist history."

The strange—and how very American!—attitude of ahistorical "pragmatism" is all here. For this *soi-disant* diplomat, it does not matter what Stalin's character was or how Communist history could affect his mission! They can be safely disregarded in the performance of what he thinks is a practical task in hand, defined as "the defeat of Hitler with the minimum cost in American lives." The Nemesis for this short-sightedness came later when more American lives were sacrificed in Korea and in Viet Nam. . . .

Harriman says that he is "interested how we could have done better", but in a curious (and psychologically telling) phrase, adds: "I am interested in listening to it, but not in joining the discussion." He still does not find anything wrong with past short-sightedness:

> "In 1941–43, we were not interested in what Stalin's peace policies might turn out to be. . . . Later on, I was much concerned about Stalin's plans for a post-War European settlement and was able to give some advice to President Roosevelt which proved to be correct."

But it was not at all only a sequence of priorities in Harriman's preoccupations. It was also some shedding of his earlier illusions. He confessed it himself in his message to Roosevelt (15 August 1944):

> ". . . I am for the first time since coming to Moscow gravely concerned by the attitude of the Soviet Government."

But the illusions were still there. His dispatches from Moscow (which can be found in the State Department's volumes on US foreign policy) were far from being, in Urban's phrase, "absolutely prophetic" and certainly not deserving of "great admiration." He did not believe that

> "the Soviets are desirous of communising Poland, or setting up a puppet government. . . ."

In reminiscing about Yalta in his memoirs he wrote:

> "I believed at the time that Stalin meant to keep his word, at least within his own interpretation of 'free election'. . . ."[8]

He is fudging historical facts when he tries to present himself, retrospectively, as more prescient than he was. He says that he "and Bohlen agreed before leaving Yalta that there was bound to be trouble ahead"; but this was not so. Both Bohlen (see p. 93) and he were still prisoners of their misconceptions. He would not agree with George Kennan that "the Western allies should have refused to bargain with the Russians at Yalta." It was only after he left his post in Moscow that he congratulated Kennan on his realistic "Long Telegram" which marked the turning point in the American perception of Soviet policy (and which, ironically, Kennan has now "disowned" in his memoirs).[9]

AFTER THE TEHERAN CONFERENCE at the end of 1943 the US Embassy in Moscow reported an almost "revolutionary change" in the Soviet press, and after Yalta the American diplomatic dispatches still echoed the old line. *Izvestia* said that the Yalta conference was "the greatest political event of current times." Harriman, alas, expressed no disagreement with Harry Hopkins who opined about Yalta:

> "We really believed in our hearts that this was the dawn of the new day we had all been praying for. . . ."[10]

The most weighty argument justifying Western diplomatic ineptitude *vis-à-vis* Stalin is, of course, the concern about the Soviet role in the war against Hitler. On close inspection, however, this argument is not really persuasive.

Lord Gladwyn refers to it, and Harriman says that he was sent by the President "to keep Russia in the War." This somehow seemed to imply for the Americans not just the continuous supply of arms but also constant political concessions. Stalin naturally emphasised the major role being played by the Red Army. But there was, in my view, no reason for Western leaders and diplomats to feel any sense of guilt over the question of the Second Front, or anything else. After all, Stalin helped Adolf Hitler when Britain fought alone, and he would have continued to do so but for the "treacherous" attack of his erstwhile partner. As for the argument about the possibility that he might again come to terms with Hitler, Harriman himself effectively disposes of it:

> "I do not think that was possible. Too much bitterness had accumulated between the Russians and Nazi Germany—too many terrible things had happened. . . . I was convinced that a second Stalin-Hitler pact was not on the cards."

Why, then, did the Allies continue in the role of supplicants when it was Stalin who was to all intents and purposes dependent on them?

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[8] *Special Envoy to Churchill and Stalin* (1975), pp. 290, 340, 404, 414.

[9] *Special Envoy*, pp. 414, 548. Cf. George Kennan, *Memoirs*, Vol 1, p. 294.

[10] Robert E. Sherwood, *Roosevelt and Hopkins* (1948), p. 870.

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Economic and military support is one thing; political appeasement is quite another. What a contrast with Stalin's own diplomatic behaviour! He was reluctant to make any concessions even when German troops of Hitler's Wehrmacht were nearing Moscow. . . . Harriman himself says that

> "[Roosevelt] could only influence Stalin when Stalin had something at risk that Roosevelt was in a position to deny him."

But Roosevelt "was hopeful that his personal relationship with Stalin could carry on after the War" and believed "that after the War American and Soviet societies are going to converge"—a judgment Harriman himself characterises as "nonsense", but says that it was not for him "to correct the President." But if not for him—the President's special envoy to Stalin—then for whom? He certainly displays a strange understanding of his diplomatic duties and public responsibilities. Asked by Urban whether Roosevelt's "overconfidence" *vis-à-vis* Stalin "was due to his lack of any profound knowledge of Bolshevik history and the world Communist movement generally", Harriman gave a revealing reply:

> "I don't know—I have never bothered to find out."

But he still believes that Roosevelt

> "knew how to handle Stalin, as one could see at both Tehran and Yalta."

What one could see at Tehran and Yalta was, unfortunately, precisely the opposite. Harriman admits that:

> "Roosevelt did not fully [*sic*] understand Soviet thinking, and I do not know if any of us did when it came to talking to the Soviet side directly."

Somewhat inconsistently, after denying that there was anything basically wrong with US policy at the time, Harriman comes with the final justification:

> "People who now tell us that we ought to have had more foresight and pre-empted this or that Soviet move are wise after the event."

But is this really true? Harriman dismisses what he calls "the wisdom of hindsight", but in fact the critical voices about the Roosevelt-Hopkins-Harriman policy were raised *at the time*. They were, to be sure, discouraged, but they were heard in the British Parliament and in the American press, not to mention the voices of the future victims of Yalta. (General Sikorski and Premier Mikołajczyk tried to open President Roosevelt's eyes, but it was a hopeless endeavour; he was only interested in Polish votes in the US election, and when no longer concerned with getting them, he quite cynically betrayed the Poles.) [11]

Possibly to assuage his conscience, F.D.R. indulged in some flights of fancy on the thorny "Polish question." As Elie Abel, the co-author of the Harriman memoirs, observed (*Special Envoy*, p. 369):

> "Only one aspect of the Polish puzzle seemed to intrigue Roosevelt—the fate of Lwow. According to Harriman's notes:
>
> > The President developed the fantastic idea that Stalin might agree to have the city, which was a Polish island in a sea of Ukrainian peasants, governed by an international committee, leaving it for future plebiscites to decide the outcome. I tried to tell him that it was impossible to have a Polish, capitalistic city in a Ukrainian, socialist countryside. The President saw no problem with that. He said the peasants could come into Lwow and sell their produce to the Poles for roubles. I tried to explain that in the Soviet Union the government took most of the farm produce anyway and that, even if there were no political difficulties, the distribution system he had in mind would not work. I carried it as far as I could until he became annoyed that I was unwilling to dream with him.
>
> When Roosevelt was in a mood for dreaming aloud or romancing (as Harriman sometimes called it), it was not wise to take his flights of the imagination too seriously. This was Roosevelt's way, Harriman had long ago decided, of not then facing up to a definite position."

FOLLOWING HIS CHOICE of taciturn wisdom, and not having "the guts" to stand by his opinions when facing Roosevelt, Harriman tries to give the impression that he was very very tough in standing up to Stalin. As he put it in the Urban interview:

> "I would summarise my relationship with Stalin in a single phrase: a contest of wills."

Some wills! some contest! Harriman even now has a sneaking admiration for Stalin and thinks that comparing him with Caligula is "not quite justified." This about a man who was responsible for more deaths than Caligula, Genghis Khan, and

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[11] In his *The Rise of the Soviet Empire* (1964, p. 127), Jan Librach wrote:

> "It has often been argued that since Poland was already occupied by the Red Army there was nothing else the Western powers could do. This is not a valid argument. The only rational course would have been open opposition to the Soviet claims in Poland. At the time of the Yalta Conference this could no longer influence the course of the war against Germany. . . but the Western Allies would have kept a moral and political position of great strength, allowing for future bargaining with Moscow. . . ."

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Hitler taken together! He also frowns at the comparison of Stalin with Ivan the Terrible:

> "It wasn't that the Kremlin I saw somehow bore the traces of the court of Ivan the Terrible, for (if I am not mistaken) Ivan was the monarch who murdered his son in a fit of anger. Stalin was not like that."

George Urban, quoting Stalin's daughter's report about the fate of her family, effectively disposed of this piece of Harriman misapprehension. Harriman still cannot understand Stalin's behaviour:

> "The contradiction between his personal courtesy and his wholesale liquidations always puzzled me."

Harriman's self-gratulation extends to personal matters. He thinks that Stalin's courtesy to him

> "was something more than cordiality extended to Roosevelt's representative as US Ambassador. It went back to the circumstance that in the 1920s I had, together with other American businessmen, taken manganese concessions in the Caucasus."

He explains with extraordinary naivety:

> "Some of my friends feared that Stalin would resent my earlier role as 'a capitalist' who had come to 'exploit' the new Soviet state at a time when it was undergoing grave difficulties. But this was not at all Stalin's attitude. On the contrary, he observed to me on one occasion: 'You came to our country at a time of need and ready to help us . . .'."

What Stalin really thought of Western capitalists who, then as now, were ready to sell the Bolsheviks even "the rope for their own execution" can only be surmised. But Harriman's class-consciousness does not stop here. It is ironical to hear him—after he swallowed such un-Marxist interpretation by Stalin of the profit motive as charity—telling the American press correspondents at his Moscow Embassy (on 19 January 1944) that

> "I do not know what the Poles in Poland think. We know very well what the Polish Government in London thinks. It is predominantly a group of aristocrats, looking to the Americans and the British to restore their position and landed properties and the feudalistic system of the period before and after the last war."[12]

This was at the time when the Polish Government in London, after Stalin severed diplomatic relations with it when his crime in Katyn was discovered, was vilified by Soviet propaganda as consisting of "feudal landlords." Harriman disregarded the fact that it included the Peasant and Socialist parties and was officially committed to a radical land reform after the war. Repeating Soviet stereotypes of this kind is particularly strange, coming as it did from a multimillionaire son of the US "railroad king." The reference to the "feudalistic system of the period before and after the last War" only betrays his ignorance. The "feudal landlords" were hardly feudal even in the period of the "republic of nobility" before Poland lost its independence in the 18th century. Anyway, as the present developments in Poland make abundantly clear, what was at stake was the fate not of "feudal landlords", but of the whole nation. Stalin understood it very well, so did the Poles, but Harriman obviously did not, or chose not to.

It is not all that surprising that for Harriman even now Stalin's behaviour—courtesy and all—is still a puzzlement.

To answer this puzzle, he repeats the hackneyed phrase used first about the Bolsheviks in Czarist Russia and later warmed over by Isaac Deutscher in his biography of Stalin. Khrushchev echoed it in his conversation with Harriman, who drew the following profound conclusion at the end of Urban's interview:

> "Khrushchev said: 'Like Peter the Great, Stalin fought barbarism with barbarism, but he was a great man.' That, I believe, is the truth about Stalin."

The casuistry of this persistent cliché is quite astonishing. Is it so difficult to see that Stalin was not merely using the methods of barbarism, but was himself the very historic embodiment of it?

[12] *Special Envoy*, p. 291.

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Life & Letters Today

Oxford

NYET!: **In response to your language problems, I can claim no less astonishment. On research in Cambridge I saw instructions to *"Keep Off the Grass"* in King's College (two languages) and notices to the effect that St John's College was closed to visitors (four languages).**

On my return to Oxford, I was dismayed to see that Trinity College was also closed to visitors (hand written, in over half a dozen languages of which the most legible was Russian). THE TIMES

London

RELATIONS: **Einstein's General Theory of Relativity, replacing conventional notions of space and time, helped unconsciously to create the propensity towards relativism in morals and so much else which is the hallmark and scourge of our century. I say (Paul Johnson writes) consciously because no one believed more strongly in absolute values than Einstein; and Relativity has nothing directly to do with relativism.**

DAILY TELEGRAPH

New York City

TRENDY?: *In the beginning there were designer dresses, the fancy labels seemed harmless enough, and they sold clothes.*

Next came designer blue jeans. And soon, designers were putting their flowing signatures on perfumes, eye-glasses, running shoes, even automobiles.

Now for those unsure of their own taste not only in clothes but in candy, help is on the way: "Designer Chocolates" are coming.

Godiva Chocolatier, a Belgian candy maker owned by Campbell Soup Co., this fall will bring out a line of confections under the imprint of one of America's leading couturiers. They will be called "Bill Blass Chocolates."

The price tag on the Bill Blass version is $14 a pound. For this, one might at least expect to get candy with letters on it. But it turns out that only the centre piece in each box will bear the "B.B." initials. Here, it appears that a subtle reverse snobbism is at work. "I want them to look hand-dipped, homemade", Mr Blass says. "Not *designed*."

Rival candy men were sceptical. "You can put out a quality box of chocolates for $5", says a vice president for Fanny Farmer Candy Shops. Russell Stover Candies declare that "we produce a fine boxed product for the average consumer, not something gimmicky."

The president of Barton's Candy Corp. says the gimmick won't work. "Blass is associated with styles that change every year. This is fine for cars and clothes, but it doesn't translate to candy. Chocolate isn't trendy." WALL STREET JOURNAL

London

QUOTE UNQUOTE: **In Brighton Sebastian Coe's big rival Steve Ovett went for an early-morning run despite losing the world record for the mile. "Sorry, nothing to say, I'm giving no quotes", said Ovett.** THE STANDARD

London

SAGAN'S SAGA: *Not deterred by the fact that his theme is the universe and beyond, Professor Carl Sagan—creator, chief writer and TV narrator of* Cosmos *(BBC 1)—has fairly zipped around this little world in the course of the series. His "personal voyage" has taken him to 40 locations in 12 different countries [writes TV-critic Joe Steeples].*

We have seen him seated in a cafe on an Aegean island—his reason for being there was because it was the home of Pythagoras. Last night's swan took him to an Indian temple where for no apparent good reason he spouted on about our "great cosmic lotus dream."

But perhaps I do him an injustice and Dr Sagan doesn't need jets for his world-wide jaunts. Judging from the flowery excesses of his language, he is probably wafted to all those exotic places by the power of his own hot air.

Through no fault of his own the good professor's voice is a Kermit-the-Frog soundalike. On top of that, he has a strange way of exploding his consonants, so you become transfixed not by what he's saying but by the sounds he's making. He cannot say "millions", it comes out "gndillions", and he went on a lot last night about "a landdd designeddd anddd nameddd flattt anddd."

At the end of the programme, his last words were: "One way or another we are poised at the edge of forever." But not, alas, after 55 long minutes, at the edge of our seats. DAILY MAIL

London

MASTER'S VOICE: **There has been a bizarre hitch in the plans laid by Futura, the paper-back publishers, to make Alan Stratton's novel "The Empire Builders" their blockbuster of the year. The book, which deals with the building of a vast property empire, fell foul of the company's new chairman, Robert Maxwell, after the recent takeover by Pergamon Press.**

Maxwell was so offended by a character in the book, an unscrupulous MP of East European origin called Carl Maxwell, that he ordered its withdrawal unless the name Maxwell disappeared from the text. After a hurried reprinting job, "The Empire Builders" will appear at the end of next month, with Maxwell's namesake metamorphosed into one Carl Masters. DAILY TELEGRAPH

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Translated by **Carol Cosman**

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